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Collier's

July 6, 1956 Vol. 138 No. 1

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CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

What you can learn from the deep sea diver about high blood pressure...

Though deep sea diving is hazardous, divers can work for years without serious mishaps. They do so by avoiding situations that mean trouble . . . and by taking other precautions for underwater safety. For instance, they never work too long at great depths under great pressure.

Anyone with high blood pressure (hypertension) of the moderate, uncomplicated type . . . should face his situation in much the same way as the deep sea diver does his work.

This is because successful control of this disorder may depend upon knowing what to do and what not to do. In fact, by avoiding situations and conditions that adversely affect blood pressure, it is possible in many cases to bring an elevated blood pressure down . . . or keep it from rising to excessively high levels.

What is high blood pressure and what does it do?

When hypertension occurs, the very small terminal portions of the arteries contract. Pressure within these narrowed blood channels rises . . . and the heart works harder to force needed amounts of blood through them.

If the blood vessels are strong enough to withstand the extra pressure, harmful effects may not be noticed for many years. The continuous strain, however, may eventually overwork the heart and weaken the blood vessels throughout the body.

If hypertension develops, then what?

If the disorder is mild and not caused by some underlying disease, the patient can do a great deal to help himself just by taking it easy . . . emotionally and physically.

Since tension, anxiety and worry are believed to be related to this disease, it is important to live calmly and to be moderate in eating, working and everything else. One good rule is this: *do everything your doctor permits, but no more.* Following this rule alone is often all that is needed to help patients live long, comfortably and usefully with hypertension.

If more rest and recreation, and avoiding tension and strain, fail to control this disorder . . . then the doctor may try diet, drugs or surgery. Use of newer drugs gives promise that dietary and surgical treatment are less likely to be needed.

What about guarding against hypertension?

When hypertension is discovered early, it is usually easier to control.

So, everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight or have a family history of the disorder.

One important safeguard is weight control. For high blood pressure occurs more than twice as often among overweight people as among thinner people.

Many helpful and reassuring facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, Your Heart. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

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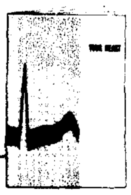

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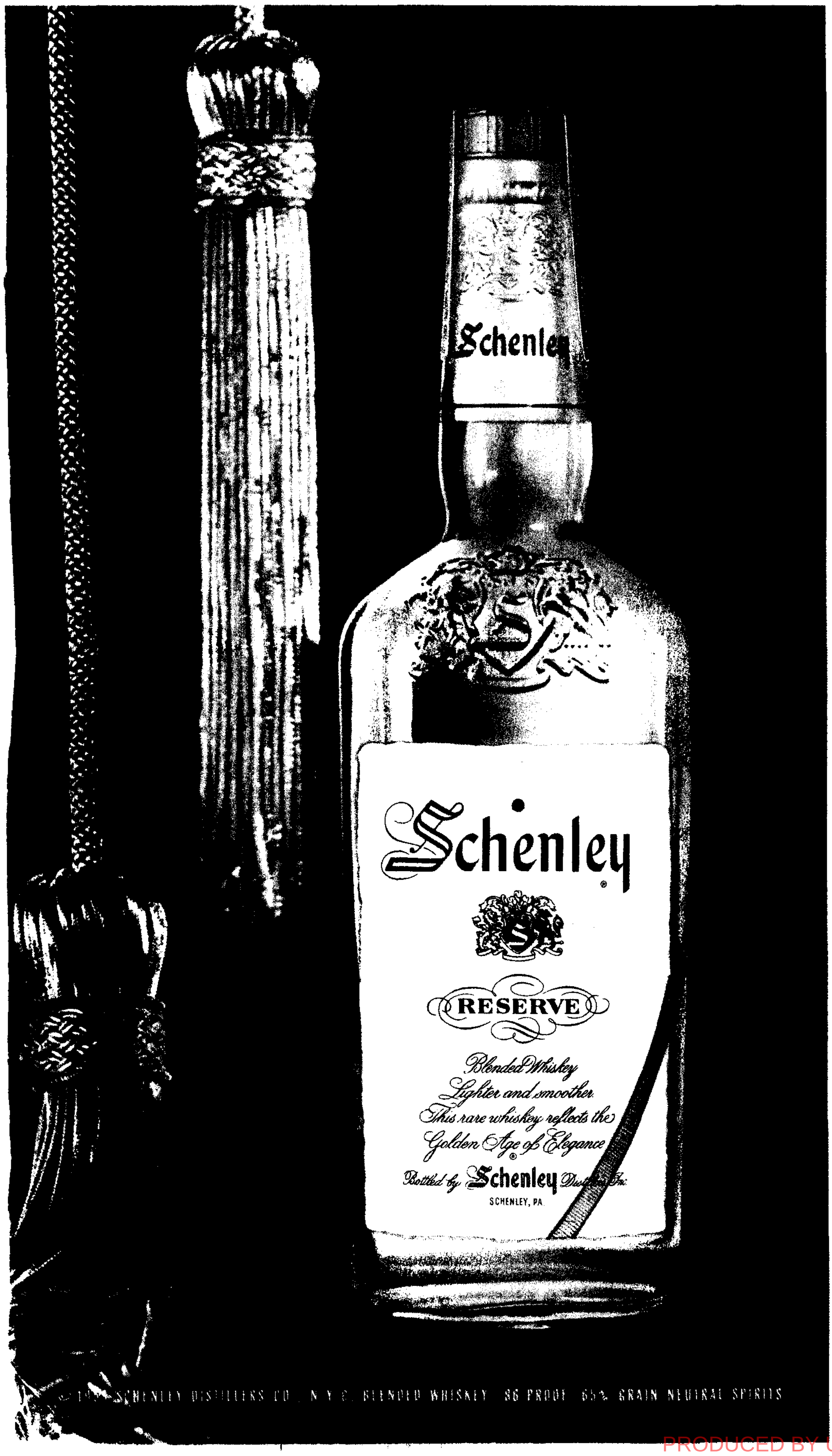

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Appointment with O'HARA

MY EXCUSE for not having said anything sooner about Elvis Presley is that I thought it would go away. But the daughters of the early Frankie-boy swooners are carrying on the tradition established by their mothers, and until Elvis has completed his bookings we are going to be hearing about the screams and faintings of little exhibitionists who can't have any fun unless they're making nuisances of themselves. In my day, or what I call the Cracked-Ice Age, the men who brought out the worst in girls were Rudy Vallee and Paul Ash. The Villa Vallee was at 10 East 60th Street in New York, the exact same spot that is now called the Copacabana. Paul Ash usually led the orchestra and mastered the ceremonies at the big movie houses in New York and Chicago. Because Vallee had gone to Yale it was somehow all right with mothers if you took their daughters to his crib, although you were more likely to be seated at a table near Larry Fay and other mobsters than to encounter Jock Whitney and other Vallee classmates. In general, Villa Vallee was an orderly joint as night clubs went, but even in the movie houses the Vallee and Ash fans were, by comparison with their present-day nieces, quite subdued. I suppose we were, in 1928, close enough to the Victorian era to allow an audible sigh to suffice as a confession of frustration. A thousand sighs are awfully audible, but at least they're not carnage.

What can the mother of a Presley fan say when little Debbie has to be bailed out for disorderly conduct? Does she level with the kid and admit that she herself has a moccasin that she swiped from Frankie-boy? Or does she clout the child over the head with an old Tommy Dorsey record and tell her to take it easy? This is not an isolated problem, and deserves the attention of Dr. Gesell.

I also wonder how Elvis would turn out if he could be induced to retire for a few years and go to Yale. I suggest Yale for this experiment in education because I live in Princeton. No matter where he went, those first two years would be tough on the neighbors.

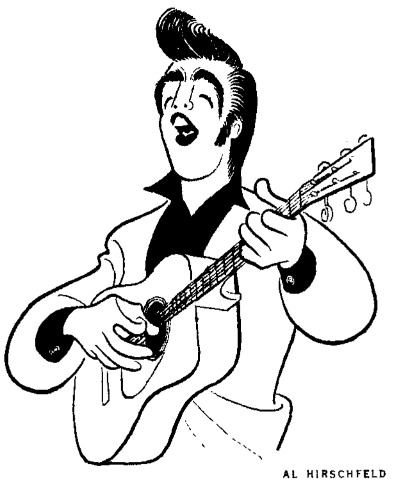
* * *

NOT EVERYTHING on display here is sparklingly original and I speedily admit that I am not the first to question the effectiveness of those holiday accident statistics. But I do question their effectiveness. I can sit here and make two fairly long-range predictions: the first is that more people will be killed than ever before in the history of the Fourth of July, and I can explain it by the fact that the Fourth is a midweek holiday and therefore will have motorists Going on the preceding weekend and Coming on the following weekend. My second, or alternate, prediction is that fewer people will be killed than on any Fourth since, say, 1946. I can explain it by the fact that the Fourth is a midweek holiday.

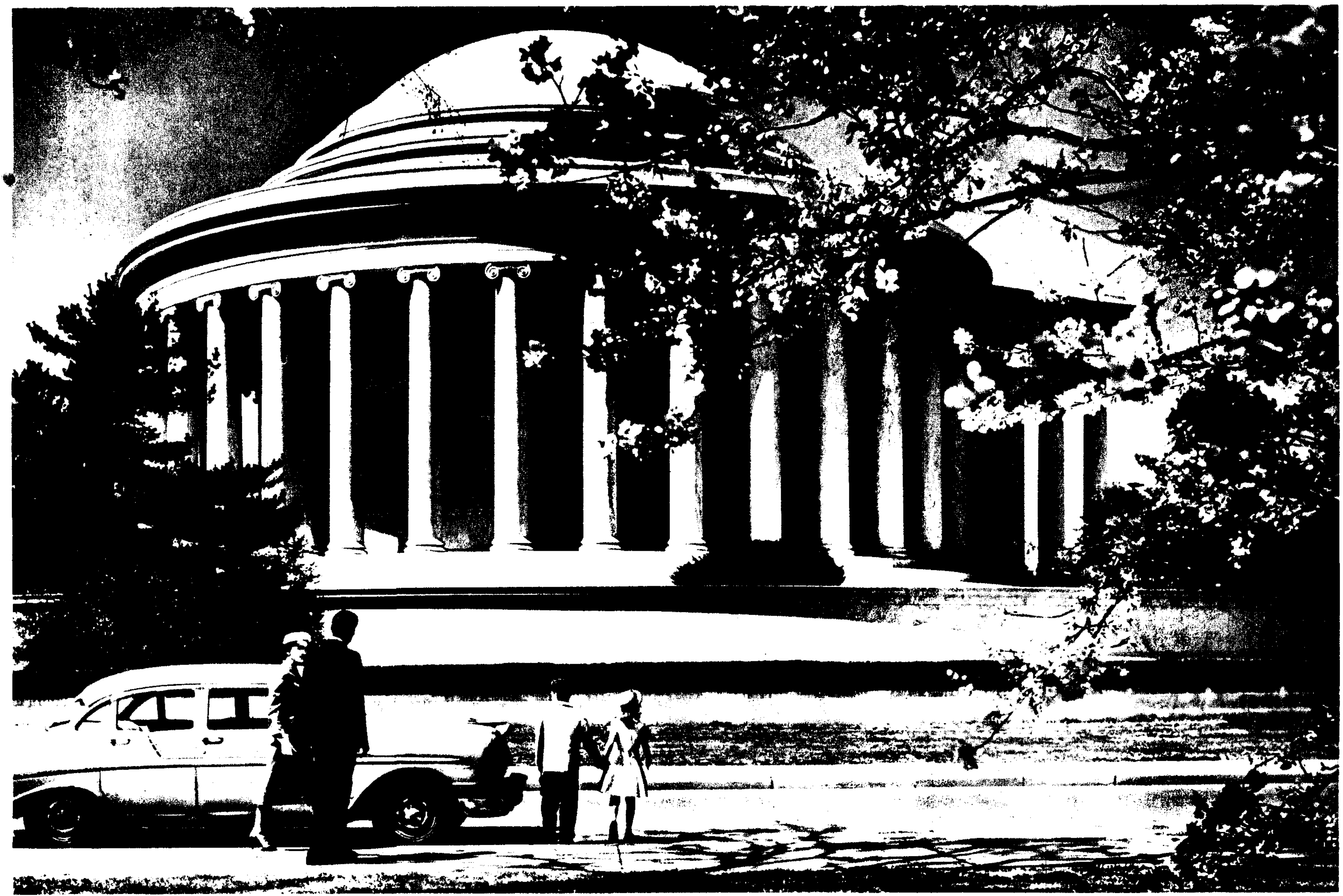
In the East we listen to the six-o'clock news on the radio and are told that Pennsylvania or Massachusetts leads the nation in fatalities, but that California, in spite of three hours' difference in time, is not far behind. The same damned fools who are listening with a gin-and-tonic in their hands are going to drink not one bit less because Texas leads Pennsylvania. The same jerk is going to get out of a traffic line and roar along the shoulder of the road and push his way back into line. The same slob who is only going from one village to another two miles away will chug along at 25 mph regardless of the prevailing traffic speed. The same bands of brandos on motorcycles will zing and blast their way between traffic lanes. The drivers who cause the accidents do not all figure in the statistics, and they are not afraid of the statistics, and they are not impressed by the statistics.

For a different reason I am not impressed by statistics about motor accidents. No matter what the statistics say, I do not believe that women are safer drivers than men. Proportionately fewer women may end up on a cot or a slab, but there are no statistics on how many accidents are caused by women who do not figure in the accident reports. And I always am extra alert in New York State when I see a license plate with MD stamped on it, and in other states when I see a caduceus on a car.

Once again I repeat my annual helpful hint: watch out for the driver who drives with his left hand resting on the roof, or dangling outside the car. He (or she) is an in-



I wonder how Elvis Presley would turn out if he went to Yale for a few years



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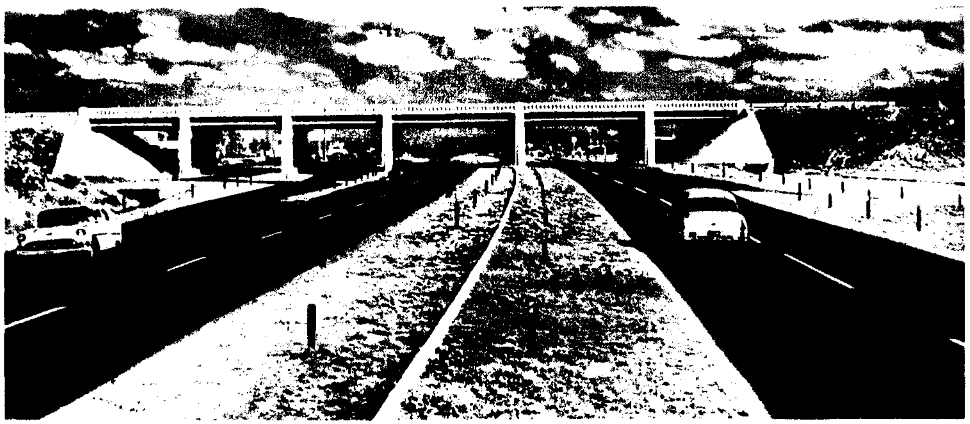

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Appointment with O'HARA continued

considerate driver, which means a careless driver, which means a dangerous driver.

I have a new motoring slogan which I somehow doubt will get very far: if you're going to kill somebody, be sure it's you.

★ ★ ★

I AM VERY PROUD of my rather tenuous connection with the American theater when Broadway can come up with The Most Happy Fella to follow, in just a few weeks, My Fair Lady. (The temptation to make something of a happy fellow following a fair lady is almost overwhelming, and maybe I better go in and take a cold shower.) Frank Loesser, who is not runner-up to anyone in all-around talent, has taken the Sidney Howard play They Knew What They Wanted and made of it a musical show that belongs in what *I* regard as the elite company of Show Boat, Porgy and Bess, Of Thee I Sing, Pal Joey and South Pacific, all of which are shows that substantiate our claim to world superiority in that particular art form.

And when you consider that Loesser wrote the libretto, the lyrics and the music for The Most Happy Fella, he can make a substantial claim to membership in the company of George M. Cohan and Noel Coward, the only other men I can think of who were triple-threateneers. Devoted readers of these lines will recall that two years ago I reported that Loesser was at work on this project and that I looked forward with pleasure to the opening. I went to the opening, and I was satisfied. The combination of Loesser and Howard's play was in itself a big build-up, and it was one time when the build-up did not let me down.

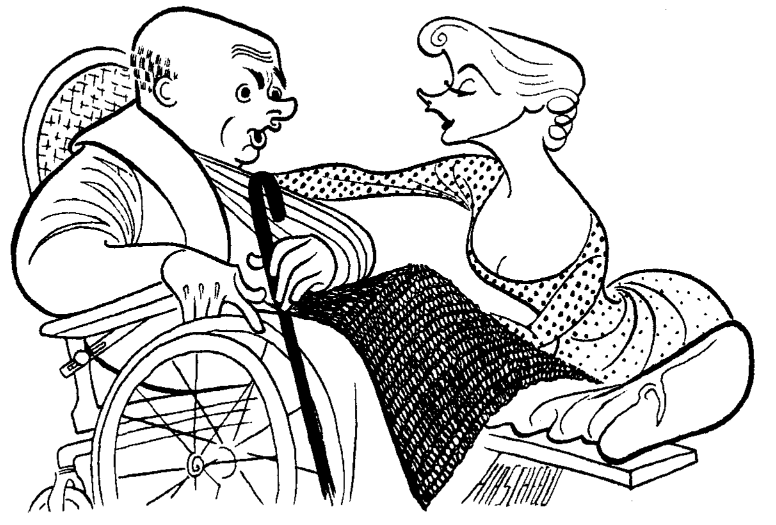
You may know the play. Tony, an aging and rich grower of grapes, negotiates by mail for a wife, sight unseen, but instead of sending his own photograph, he sends the picture of his younger, handsomer foreman. The postally wooed bride-to-be, who has been dealing them off the arm in a San Francisco hashery, is so annoyed when she sees she has been tricked that she falls into a fast clutch with the foreman. There are biological plot complications from here on, further confused by her falling genuinely in love with her legal husband, and I am not going to tell you any more plot, but you can see that it is of such stuff as operas are made on. Loesser uses spoken dialogue only when he chooses not to use *recitativo,* which makes the show more operatic than Broadway (you are hereby requested to ignore the fact, if you know it, that the Met is on Broadway and no musical comedy is).

The Tony role is sung beautifully by Robert Weede, the Rosabella role of waitress-bride is sung beautifully by Jo Sullivan. But it may be said of both of these talented people that they didn't have to sing so well, since they act so competently, and they didn't have to act so well since they sing so beautifully. My compliments for acting and singing are extended to the lesser players, and I urge you now to start pestering your New York office to try to get you seats for this show. It will be revived over and over again in years to come, but you shouldn't pass up the chance to witness the orginal production.

★ ★ ★

THE LATE Samuel Shellabarger was a pleasant gentleman whose historical novels were treated with more respect than historical novels have been getting in recent years. He was, as you probably know, an educator and a scholar, and it was invariably said of his work that the scholarship showed through. He did not hesitate to put his name to his novels, and I pay him this oblique tribute because I want it made clear that I do not have him in mind when I report that some historical novels are said to have been written by college professors using pseudonyms.

Ever eager to be helpful, I hereby offer a nom de plume to a professor-novelist who wishes to remain obscure: sign yourself Norman Conquest, old boy. —JOHN O'HARA



Two most talented people: Robert Weede and Jo Sullivan in The Most Happy Fella

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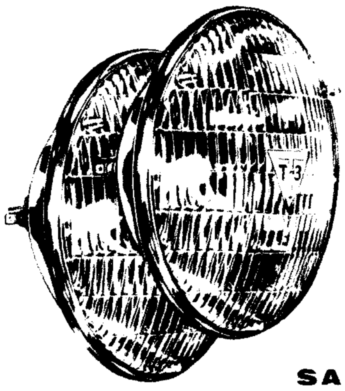

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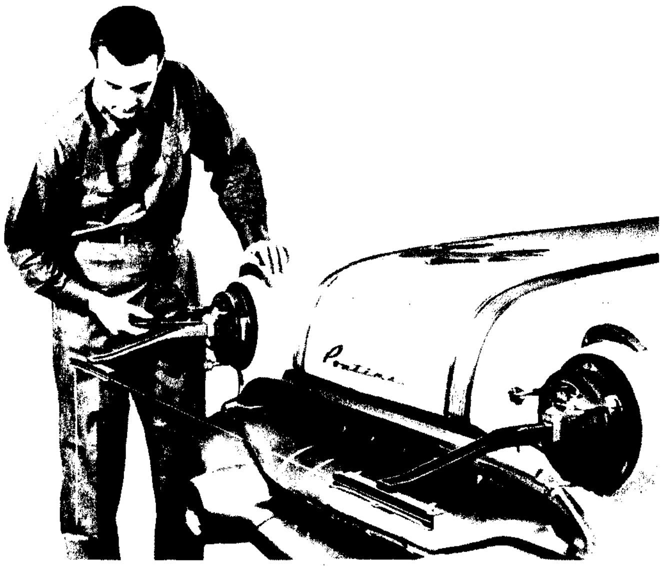

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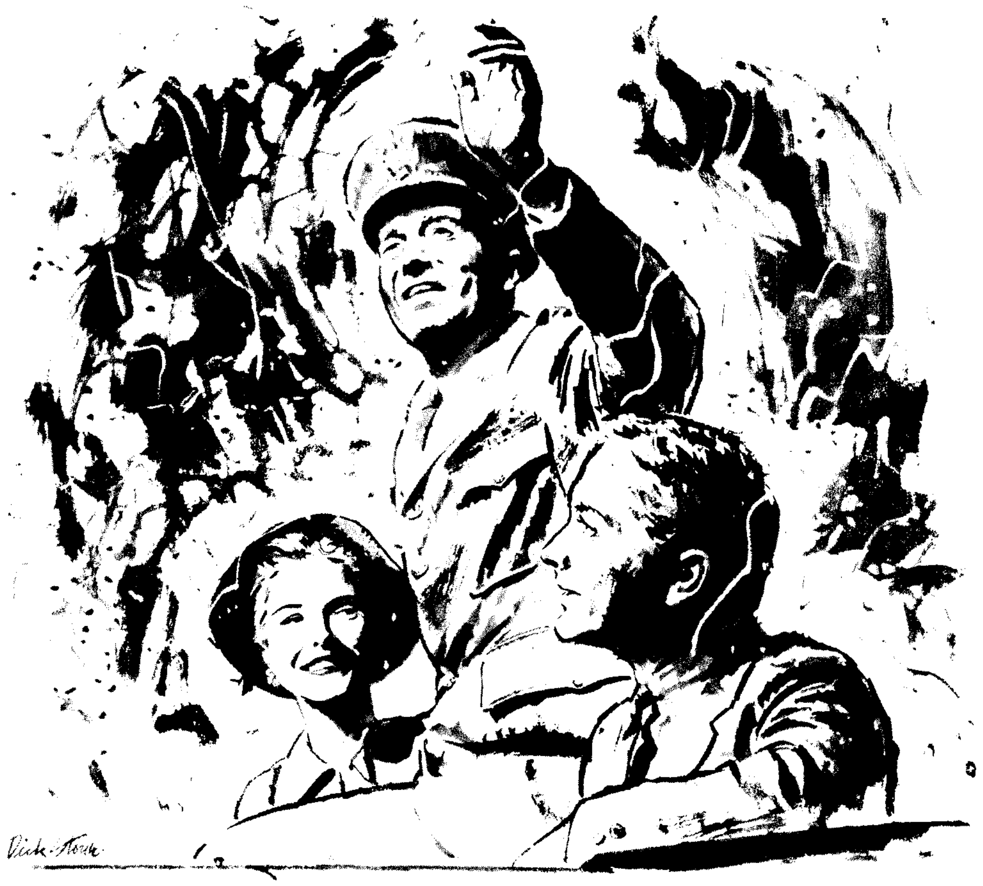

"You must be so proud of him," Betty said that day as they rode with his father in the parade

Operation Grandson

By RAY WAGNER

WE'RE too much alike, Brad thought, as he glanced at his father. That's why I can't help him. "Turn off the radio, Dad," he said. "You've heard that news three times."

His father's head lifted. The face turned toward Brad—a face with the proud look of command in it, only there was nothing left for his father to command. Milton Platt was retired: *Major General Milton L. Platt, U.S.A., Ret.* Those last three letters spelled despair for his father.

The radio was snapped off and Brad's father rose from his chair. "I think," he said restlessly, "that I'll go and mow the lawn."

He had mowed the lawn only day before yesterday, Brad knew. It didn't need cutting again. He followed his father outdoors. "I came over here to talk to you, Dad," he said, "but you didn't give me a chance."

"Is it the same old business, Brad?" his father said. "About my needing something to do? Because if it is, you're wasting your time. It's no use a man trying to dodge the fact that he's no longer needed. He's just got to learn to live with the idea."

There were so many things Brad wanted to say. Why couldn't he ever say the words when he was face to face with his father? "There are plenty of places you're needed," he began. "I talked to Bill Higgins at the Breakfast Club only yesterday. He'd like you to speak to the group next week. They'd like to hear about your war experiences."

"That's all over," his father said. "Past. People are not interested in those years any more."

Nobody's forgotten, Brad wanted to say. You're still important. You're important to me. You'd be important to your grandson, too, if you'd just give him a chance.

"Say," he shouted above the whir of the mower. "Billy wants you to umpire a Little League ball game this afternoon, if you can make it."

For just a moment his father seemed about to say yes. There was a look in his eyes that was almost like longing, the look that had been there that time eight years ago when he had first seen his grandson, holding him awkwardly and calling him the Little General. Lately, his father had dropped that nickname. "Let them get one of the younger fellows for this afternoon," he said now. "I've got an appointment downtown."

Brad sighed. He had passed his father on Main Street one day, hurrying to one of his "appointments." Brad had watched him duck into a drugstore for a pack of cigarettes, buy a newspaper, and then board a bus for the Air Force base, where he had probably walked around by himself for a while and then returned home.

"Nothing physically wrong with your father," their family doctor had told Brad. "No reason for him to lose the weight he has. Do you suppose he's grieving? Think his retirement is the cause of his trouble?"

"I know it is," Brad had said.

"Get him interested in something—someone," the doctor had said. "Make him feel needed."

FOR THREE MONTHS Brad had been trying. Now, suddenly, he felt angry. "I've got a picture of you, Dad," he burst out, "with mud all over your face. You're in a jeep with three enlisted men and they're as much of a mess as you are. It was in the middle of a battle that no one thought you could win—but you didn't know how to give up. What's happened to you, Dad? Where's that fight gone to?"

For a moment they faced each other, breathing hard. Brad's glance was the first to falter. "I'm sorry," he said inadequately. "But some things have to be said."

"Well, now that you've said them," his father said coolly, "hadn't you better be getting home? Betty will have your lunch on the table."

Brad started down the walk in the bright sun-fresh day. On just such a day he had sat in the back seat of an open car beside his father in a homecoming parade. There'd been Betty close beside him, her hand warm in his own. "Oh, Brad," she'd said, "you must be so proud of your father!"

"Sure," he'd said, trying to sound casual. "Like any son is proud of his father."

"Brad, why can't you two ever say what you think to each other?" she'd said to him later. "Why can't you tell him how much you think of him—what you said to me—that if we ever have a son, you want him to be like your father?"

"Because," Brad had pointed out, "I'm the way he taught me to be. He's never had much use for words." And he'd thought, as the stars on his father's shoulders glinted in the sun: He knows how proud I am—how proud to be his son.

AFTER LUNCH, half the Little League ball team congregated in the rumpus room, raising the usual din. Today it got on Brad's nerves. "You kids will have to cut some of that noise," he called.

His son's head appeared around the door. "Dad? Did you ask Grandpop about umpiring for us?"

"Billy," Brad said, "your grandfather isn't feeling well today. He—" He broke off, faced with that candid childish gaze that allowed no evasions. "Go on back and play," he commanded, "and don't make so much noise."

A moment later he heard a brisk, familiar step on the walk outside. In another moment the doorbell rang.

Brad could tell by the look on his father's face that he'd come here to finish the fight—the fight that neither one could ever win. "You don't seem to believe," his father began, "that I have an appointment downtown this afternoon. You seemed to doubt—"

Suddenly it was more than Brad could bear. "Oh, Dad, let's not argue. Billy's the one who was disappointed about this afternoon. Why don't you go and say hello to him? He hasn't seen you for a long time. He's back there in the rumpus room with the rest of his gang."

For a moment his father seemed about to leave the house. Then on some sudden impulse he changed his mind and headed back toward the room where the boys were playing.

Their noise stopped so abruptly that Brad realized something had gone wrong. At the doorway of the rumpus room he saw it all in a flash: his father's straight-backed figure; the six small boys, silent and wide-eyed with guilt; an open trunk, scattered Army equipment.

The general's battle jacket, with its tarnished stars, sagged on Billy's shoulders. Army field glasses hung almost to his knees. More of the general's gear had been parceled out to the other boys—boots, coat, various jackets and caps.

"How many times," Brad said, trying to hold onto his temper, "have I told you boys you're to stay out of that trunk? We'll have to get a lock for it. Those are valuable mementos."

Brad's father gazed at him with that cool look of authority. "It doesn't need to be locked," he said.

He turned to his grandson. "A general," he said, "doesn't wear his stars in the field. And your line of defense over there on the left flank leaves you open to attack. Now, if you'd close your lines over here . . ."

It was two hours later when his father came out of the room. He sat down on the couch for a moment. "I forgot all about most of the stuff in that trunk," he said. "Forgot it was even here."

"They're always into it," Brad said, "if I don't watch them. I'd better have it put in storage."

"I'd rather you'd leave it right where it is," his father said.

Betty came in with coffee. "Thanks," his father said, "but I haven't got time. The game starts in a few minutes. I have to umpire. I promised—the Little General."

Brad didn't answer. For some things there weren't words. But perhaps there didn't need to be. Perhaps love and respect, if they were really there, could be conveyed without words. THE END

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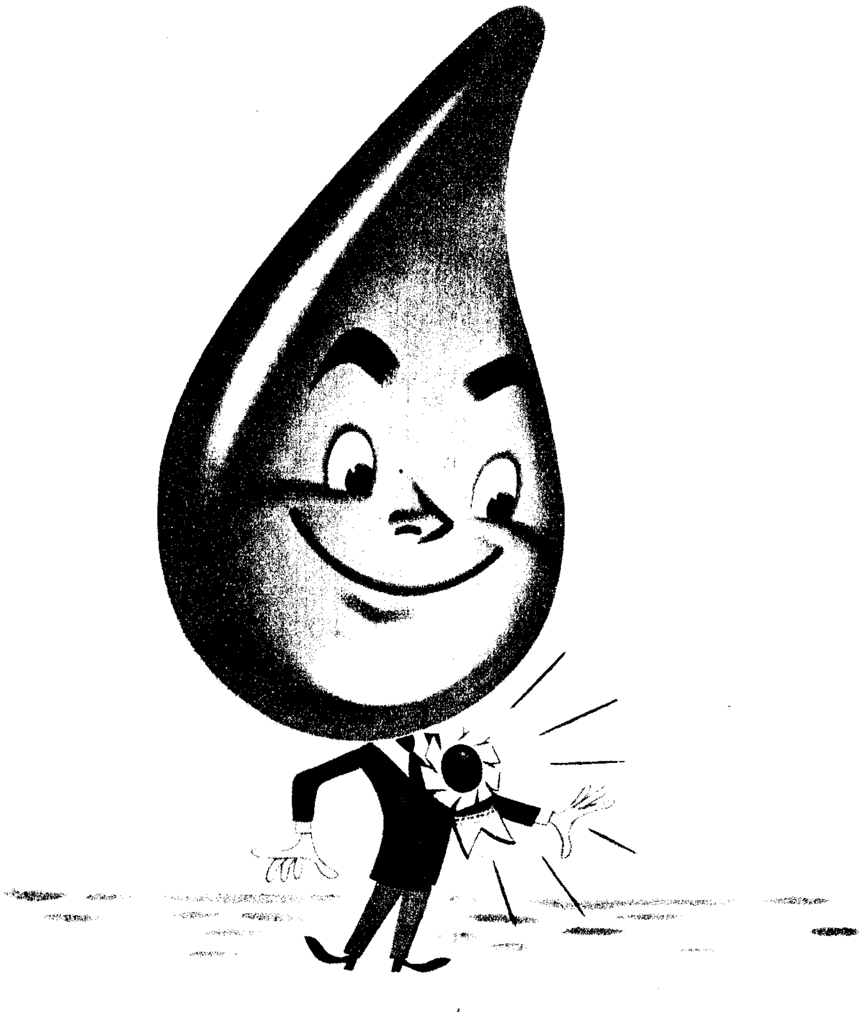

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

WE LIKE TO REMEMBER Joel Sayre for Rackety Rax, a book about a gangster who muscled in on the college football business and organized a team with professional wrestlers in the line and prize fighters in the backfield. What happened thereafter on and about the respectable gridirons of the country makes a very funny story. (That's the last plug we'll ever give for a 25-year-old book.)

Sayre is an ex-newspaperman who has written fiction and nonfiction for many magazines, starting years ago with H. L. Mencken's American Mercury. He now lives on the West Coast and writes for the movies. His other books have been Persian Gulf Command and The House without a Roof. "This latter," he recalls for us, "was a novel about municipal government which we published the day F.D.R. closed all the banks; it did not sell well, but this could not be blamed entirely on the bank holiday.

"My special interests are history; show business; foreign languages; almost all spectator sports except horse racing; the American West; cooking; the processes of government, ours and those of others; American Indians; crime and criminology; the way people live in foreign lands."

As for Yul Brynner, the subject of Sayre's article in this issue, the author says, "In my opinion, Brynner is on the verge of becoming one of the biggest figures in motion pictures. I consider him a major artist endowed with an enormous shrewdness."

* * *

ELLIOTT ARNOLD'S fiction story, That Others May Live, is a by-product of a bigger project he has been working on for more than a year—a book that tells the dramatic story of the Air Rescue Service of the Air Force. The book, Rescue, will be published soon by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, and right now Arnold is in Hollywood adapting it for the movies.

Doing research for Rescue, Arnold last year completed a six-month tour and study of Air Rescue bases throughout the world: Hawaii, Japan, Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, Tripoli, Germany, England, Scotland, Ireland, Greenland, Canada, Alaska, Panama and Puerto Rico.

"The primary mission of the 40-plus rescue squads is to save pilots who bail out over water," he tells us, "but the bulk of their work is to go out when anyone anywhere gets into trouble, from Japanese fishermen to Arabian nomads."

Arnold gets a dedicated look in his eyes when he talks about it. "These boys have done more to help Uncle Sam in the eyes of foreign peoples than any high-level program. It's pretty hard for Communist propaganda to make an impression in an Austrian village where the whole marooned population of 1,000 was literally rescued from winter starvation and death by some American kids who flew in, risking their necks to save the lives of people they had never known."

* * *

WE CAN'T POSSIBLY list all the brilliant stories and books Wallace Stegner is responsible for, but we can tell you why he seems to qualify as a writer about the Mormons' Ordeal by Handcart (page 78).

"Altogether I guess I lived in Utah about 15 years," Wallace Stegner says. "I have a great affection for the country and for the people, and think of the place as more home than anywhere else I have lived, though I was not born there and do not belong to the Mormon Church."

Stegner's writing career began when he was a student at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City. And while he was an English instructor there in 1936 he wrote Remembering Laughter, which won the Little, Brown novelette prize. Later, while teaching English at Harvard, he wrote a book for the American Folkways Series on the Mormon country. His most recent book, Beyond the Hundredth Meridian, dealt largely with Utah, too. It's a biography of Major John Wesley Powell, who first explored a good part of the Green and Colorado River canyons.

Since 1945, Stegner has been professor of English at Stanford University, where he directs the program in creative writing. And, of course, he's writing another book in which, he says, he hopes to combine autobiography, fiction, history and social science.

"Call it," he advises, "an intimate biography of what happens to have been the very last frontier, the Cypress Hills in southwestern Saskatchewan, where I spent my boyhood."

* * *

WITH THIS PARAGRAPH we figuratively crash a champagne bottle on the prow of the Family Living section, a new department which is being launched on page 57 and which will henceforth be seen in each issue of Collier's. It will be devoted to new developments in the fields of food, fashion, equipment, furnishings and beauty—subjects which should command your attention these days.

* * *

LEONARD ENGEL, the author of Why Women Live Longer than Men, has been a free-lance writer on science and medicine for the past 10 years, and his articles have appeared in about 35 magazines.

He started writing about these subjects when he was with Science Service publications before World War II. He is the author of a just-published anthology, New Worlds of Modern Science. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

HARRY REDL

Stanford's Wallace Stegner, this issue's contributor to American Tradition series

Inco Nickel Progress Report

How Inco's more-from-the-ore research program is expanding North America's natural resources

Once the iron in Nickel-containing pyrrhotite went to slag heaps.

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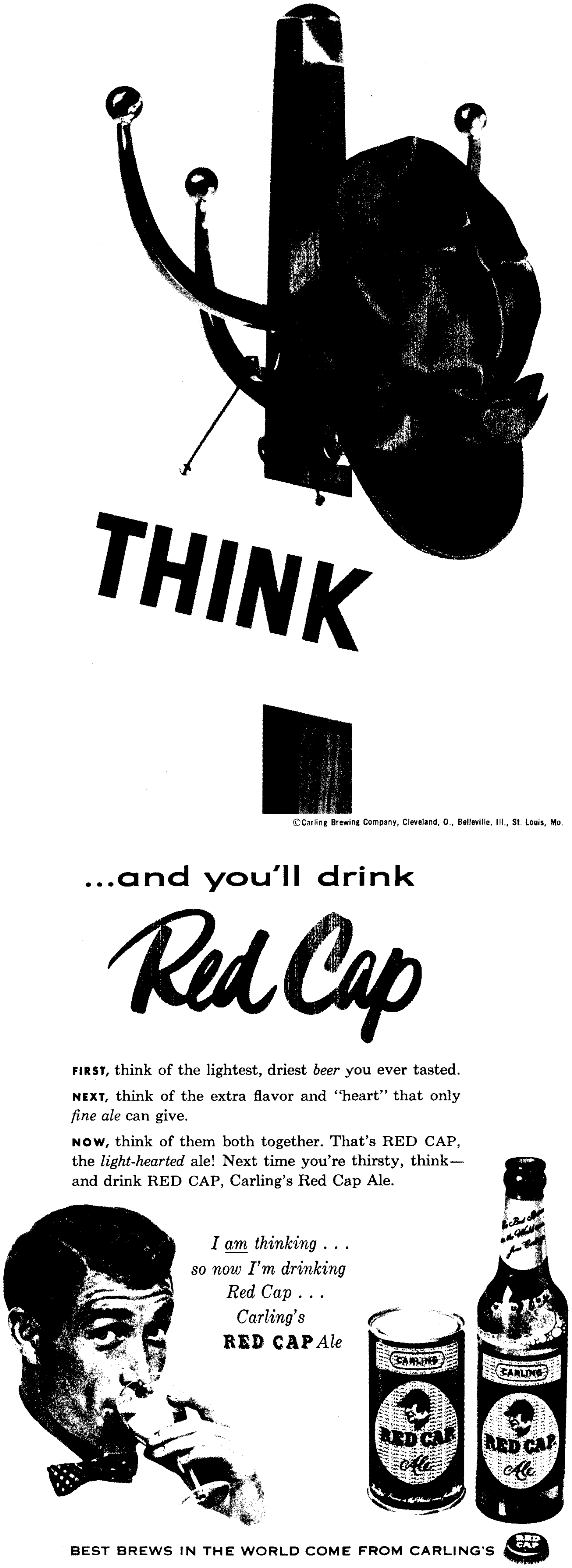

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Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

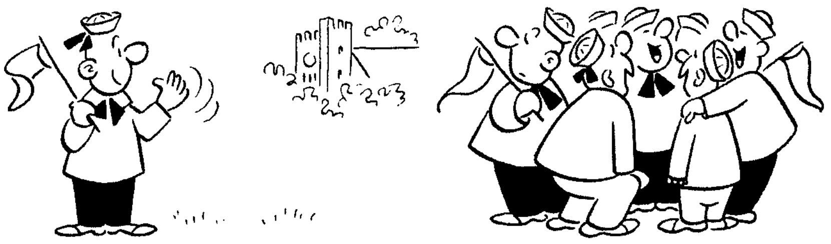
NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking
Red Cap . . .
Carling's
RED CAP *Ale*

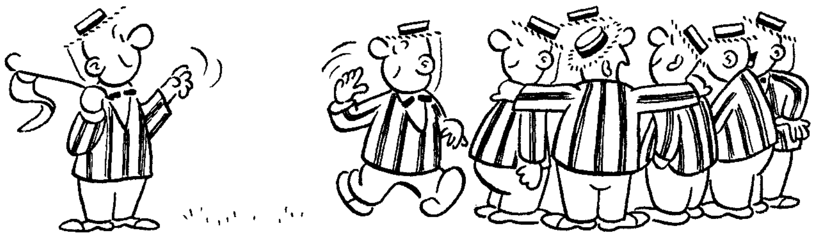
BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

CLASS REUNION or WHO'S WHO

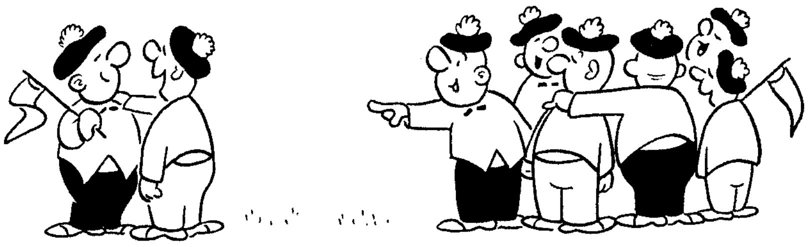
By EDWIN LEPPER



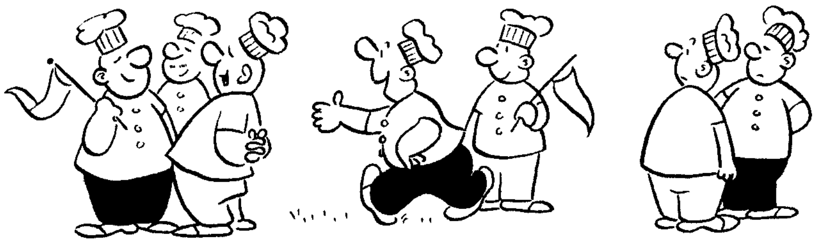
1st REUNION—Office Clerk



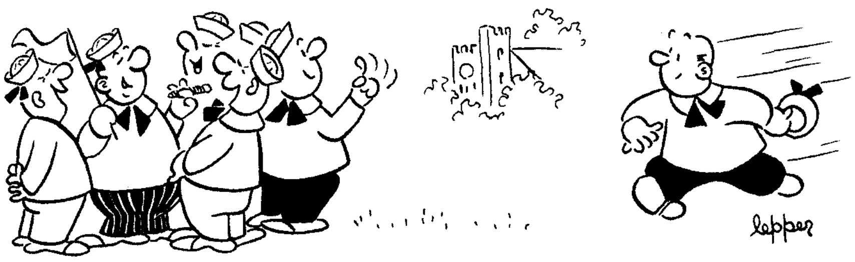
5th REUNION—District Manager



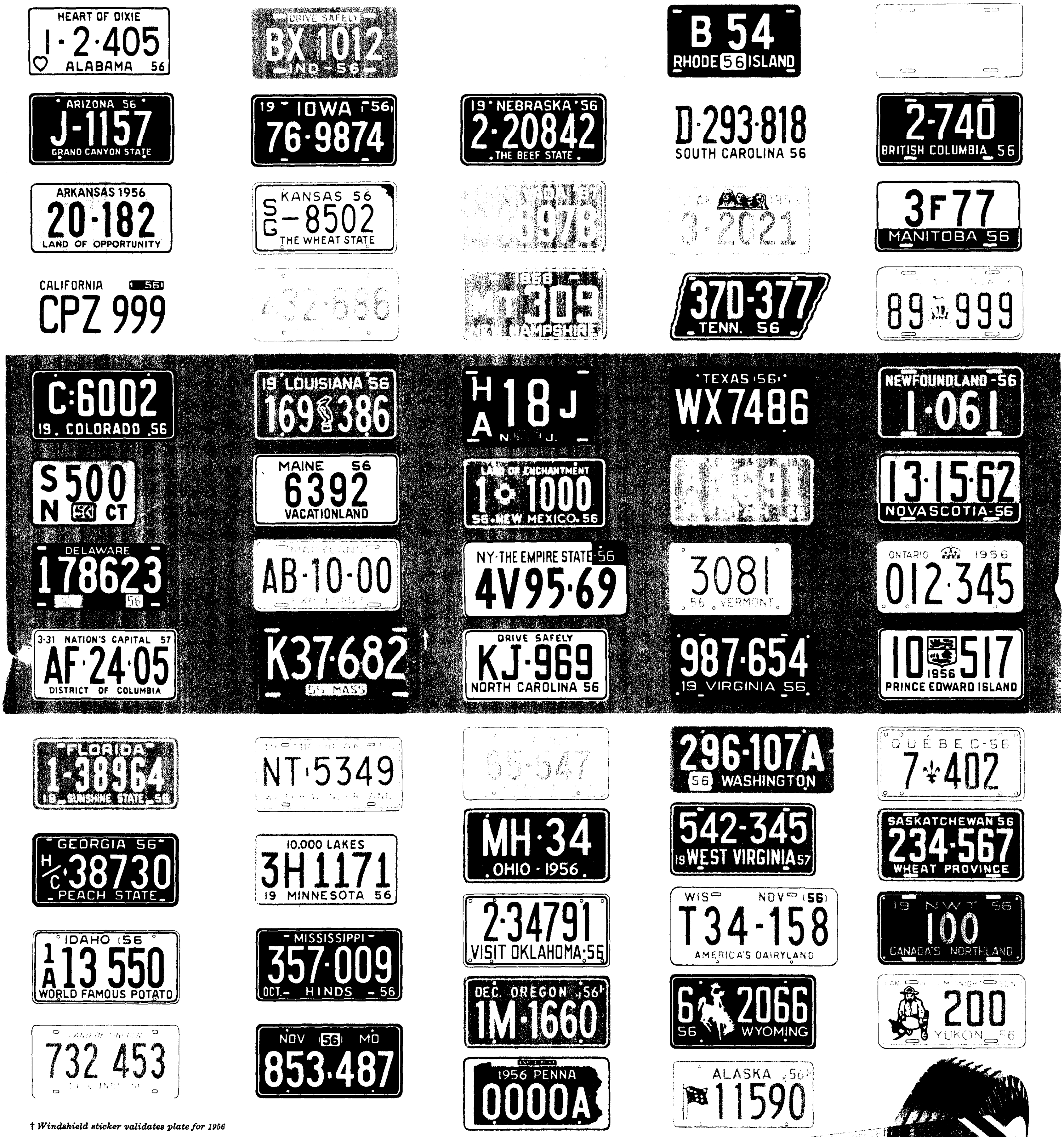
10th REUNION—Assistant to the Treasurer



15th REUNION—Vice-President in Charge of Production



25th REUNION—Chairman of the Board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3·31 NATION'S CAPITAL 57 AF·24·05 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
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SASKATCHEWAN 56 234·567 WHEAT PROVINCE
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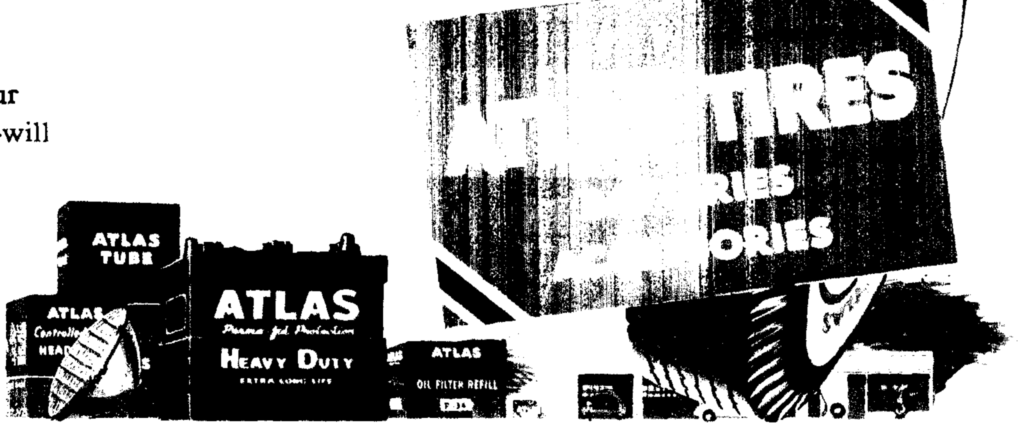
† *Windshield sticker validates plate for 1956*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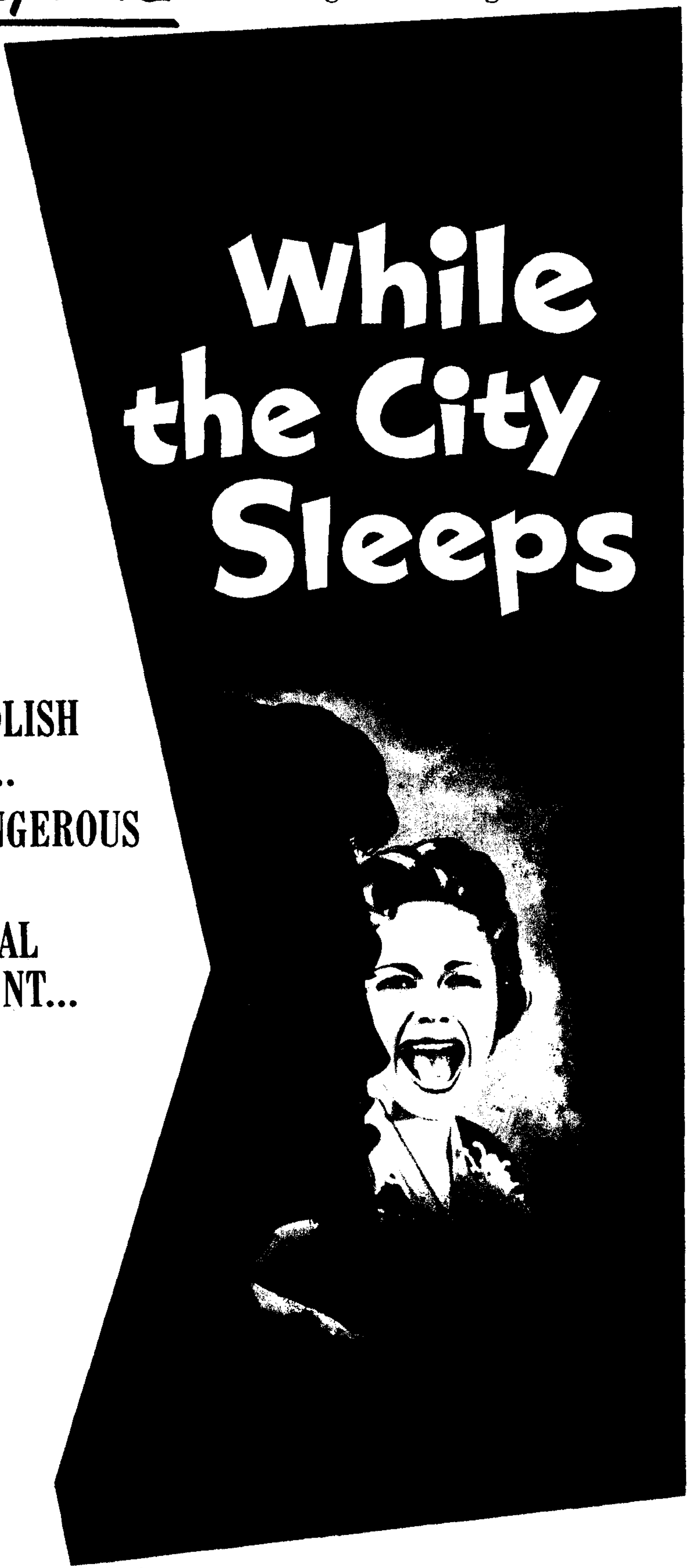

A FOOLISH GIRL...
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10 Peak Performances

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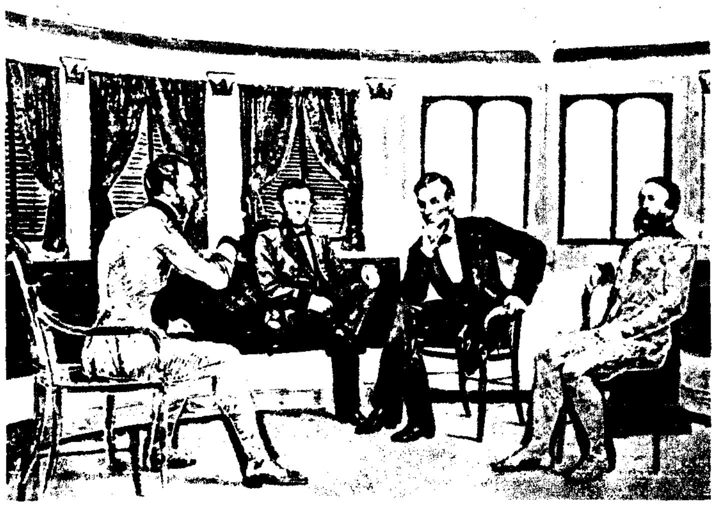
Produced by BERT FRIEDLOB • Music by HERSCHEL BURKE GILBERT

LETTERS

Union Suits

EDITOR: You and your readers might be entertained by an anecdote that goes with the painting that appeared on page 30 in Philip Van Doren Stern's article on Lincoln at Richmond (Apr. 27th). According to my mother (Sherman was her grandfather's younger brother), a photograph (below) was taken while the artist, George Healy, was finishing the painting in Paris, and a copy was sent to General Grant. Upon seeing it, he was prompted to write to General Sherman: "If it (the finished painting) looks like this photograph, (with) you and (Admiral) Porter naked, I presume the ladies wear veils when they look upon it." EDWARD P. CARTER, Mount Kisco, N.Y.



Prison without Bars

EDITOR: I have read your article entitled Prison without Bars. It is gratifying to note that the progressive penal measures instituted in the Island of Palawan were clearly described in your article. In due time, they could very well guide similar "prison" establishments in other parts of the world where the inmates in an unrestricted environment could gain what you consider a new sense of personal and group responsibility to improve their social outlook. RAMÓN MAGSAYSAY, President of the Philippines

San Francisco

EDITOR: Where your article on the San Francisco earthquake and fire (Mar. 30th) stopped, the San Francisco insurance story started. Property destruction was estimated as high as $500,000,000. Of that total, an estimated $235,000,000 was covered by fire insurance, and final claims payments by both American and overseas insurance companies were approximately $175,000,000. Our company's loss payments of $8,300,000 were the largest of any single company involved. All payments were made on a dollar-for-dollar basis from funds transmitted from London. (Not all companies were able to meet their obligations in a comparable manner.) The fire in S.F. raged for three days. The adjustment and payment of losses continued for many months in offices set up in Oakland. Hundreds of experts were rushed from all over the country to the bay area. The strain of this work was so demanding that few men could handle the task for more than three months. When relieved, many adjusters were in a state of complete exhaustion. . . .
KENNETH BIDWELL, The London Assurance, New York, N.Y.

Going Home

EDITOR: You Can Go Home Again, by Eric Sevareid (May 11th), creates nostalgia in me. Sevareid's home town, Velva, North Dakota, was at one time my place of residence. In 1904, there was a train wreck on the Soo Line, between Velva and Sawyer. The passengers were delayed all day behind the wreck at Velva. We visited in the town and I liked the friendly atmosphere. Walter Stafford, the postmaster and editor of the weekly newspaper, asked me why I didn't stay, for he would give me a job on his newspaper. I accepted this offer and hence became make-up man, supplied the power for the hand presses as well as for the newspaper, set type by hand and in spare time gathered news. Mr. Stafford's income was derived from the Legal Notices of

The Cover

Zinn Arthur

Yul Brynner (p. 32) *is such a camera buff that photographer* Zinn Arthur, shooting him on the set of The King and I, had a hard time finding him without a camera slung around his neck. "Half my pictures of Yul," he reports, "show Yul taking pictures of someone else." Finally, Arthur held him still long enough to get a portrait which, combined with a shot of Brynner and co-star Deborah Kerr waltzing, composes our cover • The eagle (upper r., reproduced through the courtesy of The Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Va.) is thematic of Collier's series on The American Tradition, focusing in this issue (page 78) on a dramatic era in Mormon history

homesteaders proving up on their homesteads. . . . HARRY E. SMALLEY, San Antonio, Tex.

. . . It came as a great surprise to me to find Mr. Sevareid had grown up so very few miles from my own home town, on the prairie country of North Dakota. It is a country of quiet beauty and peace, something I have never found in all my years since leaving there. It is not a majestic beauty, such as I have seen in the mountains of the West. But a beauty of endless fields of ripe wheat, and towns with tree-lined streets, full of warmth and the smell of home. . . .
ANNE METZNER, Hawthorne, Cal.

The South

EDITOR: Re Collier's Comment, Segregation Is Not Confined to the South (May 11th), we are newcomers to the South and are just coming to realize that patience, understanding, education and time are gradually solving the problem. MR. AND MRS. JOHN EAGAN, Charlotte, N.C.

. . . The heart, mind and soul of the Negro needs a general house cleaning. Apparently the Supreme Court decision and some Northern radicals desire that we lower our own standards down to those of these undesirables. Just the reverse is true. The Negro must show he is worthy of being accepted. . . .
JAMES L. RHODAN, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . The vast majority of unmarried mothers are Negroes. Negroes are in more automobile accidents. Most Negro men carry knives. . . .
MRS. O. R. ROSENBUSH, Green Cove Springs, Fla.

. . . It would be as wholesome and fair to demand that a Jew accept a Gentile and a Catholic accept a Protestant as to expect a Southerner to accept a Negro. No man with convictions of his own can be tolerant to the convictions of every other man. . . .
LUCILLE MEADOW, Panama City, Fla.

Streetcar Named 234

EDITOR: Irwin Shaw's story The Kiss at Croton Falls (May 11th) was of particular interest to me because of the wonderful illustration with it showing Third Avenue Railway streetcar No. 234 bouncing along under the late lamented structure of the Third Avenue el. Number 234 came to the Third Avenue Railway System on March 10, 1911, one of a hundred brightly painted, straight side, wooden "convertibles" of the same class. The car served for 37 years, and on April 25, 1948, was scrapped. The interesting thing about No. 234 in so far as the story is concerned is the fact that this streetcar and the others of her class never ran on the Third Avenue line but spent their entire period of service on lines in the Bronx.
ROBERT A. RAMSAY, Los Angeles, Cal.

Compleat Angler

EDITOR: I was very glad to write you these lines. And I will send you 25 monkey skins. So send me an instrument for catching fish at rivers and some post cards. BIMPONG KWAKU, Koforidua, Gold Coast

Hits and Misses

EDITOR: Never before have we felt the need to write to you. But you have made a grave error in your April 13th issue. The article A Season of Hits didn't even mention Janus, a terribly funny comedy. It has done better business than Will Success Spoil R.H.?, Desk Set and a few others you mentioned. . . . MR. AND MRS. C. PENNELL, Elberon, N.J.

. . . Your theater expert must have been catching flies when he wrote the caption on No Time for Sergeants. The scene you pictured was not the incident early in the play when the sergeant was chewed out for giving the rookie latrine duty. It was the incident later on when the sergeant came back drunk and was broken in rank. . . .
MYRON COSTELLO, New York, N.Y.

ELLIOTT ERWITT

Quickest to make-
Coolest to take!

Save that sparkle! Always serve *chilled* 7-Up. Then tilt the glass and pour 7-Up gently down the side.

Seven-Up Collins!

Long on enjoyment . . . short on work! That's a 7-Up Collins. Just ice, a jigger of gin, and chilled, sparkling 7-Up to the top of the glass. It couldn't be easier.

Couldn't be *better*, either. Seven-Up keeps your gin on the gentle side. Here's a *superior* Collins to drink and to serve. Never sweet—never sour . . . always the same enticing flavor.

Real cool Collins, you might say. Try one!

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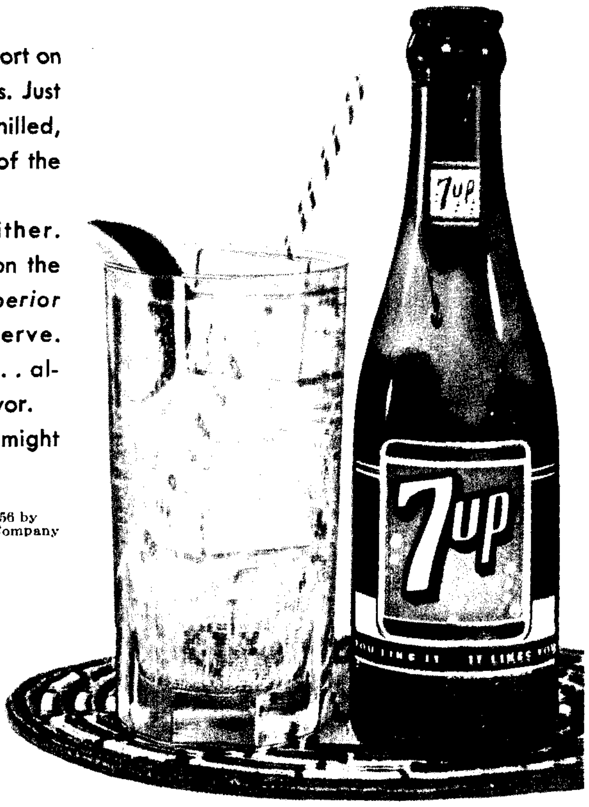
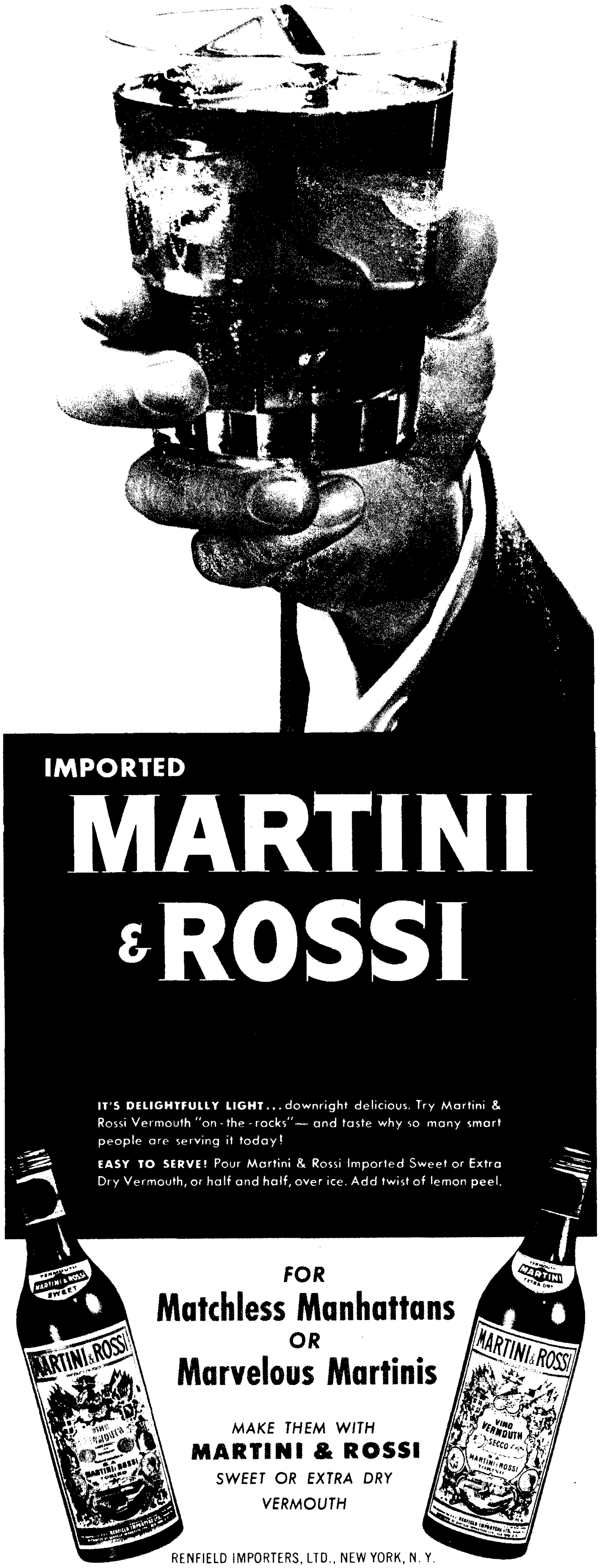


Nothing *does it!* like Seven-Up!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EASY TO SERVE! Pour Martini & Rossi Imported Sweet or Extra Dry Vermouth, or half and half, over ice. Add twist of lemon peel.

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MAKE THEM WITH
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SWEET OR EXTRA DRY
VERMOUTH

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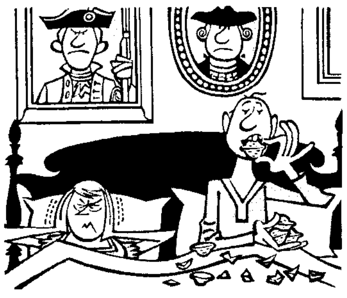
48 states of mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The well-deserved honor of identifying the secret weapon with which Texas will attack and destroy un-American activities has been bestowed on old 48. It is McGuffey's Reader, the elementary-school textbook that packed your great-grandfather and his schoolmates with patriotic culture. Texas State Textbook Committee says it will be Johnny's required reading come next fall, whether he can read or not.

* * *

Now here's a lady with a problem. She not only lives in Brattleboro, Vermont, but has a husband who eats walnuts in bed. Cracks them open with his teeth yet. She says she wouldn't mind, except that it keeps her awake. Her letter includes the information that her husband "comes from a long line of revolutionary ancestors." That, of course, may account for it.


IRWIN CAPLAN

* * *

It seems impossible to keep dandy ideas from infiltrating this column. This one's from a gentleman named H. Freeland, who breaks through with the suggestion that his native state of Alabama secede from the Union and get a high-priority spot on the State Department's foreign-aid schedule. We frequently wonder how people who don't read this department of Collier's manage to keep abreast of this country's goings on.

* * *

Times being what they are, a couple of Tulsa, Oklahoma, gentlemen fell to discussing a candidate who was campaigning for governor. After agreeing that nothing more deplorable than this candidate's election could happen, one gentleman asked the other: "Why do you think he's running?" Said the other: "Well, somebody's got to lose, haven't they?" (Grammar very bad. Should have said "hasn't he.")

* * *

We have it on the word of Mr. Lloyd Partridge, of Salem, Oregon, that quite a few of the congressmen who voted themselves a 50 per cent pay hike, saying it would attract better men, are going to find that they were right.

* * *

Trouble with the American electorate is that it doesn't get mad enough and lug its peeve to the polls. But Mr. John Tarbox, a Charleston, South Carolina, weevil eradicator, has a plan to change all that. Mr. Tarbox wants Congress to decree that all elections for all offices, national and local, be held on the same day—and that would be the day the first income-tax installment comes due.

* * *

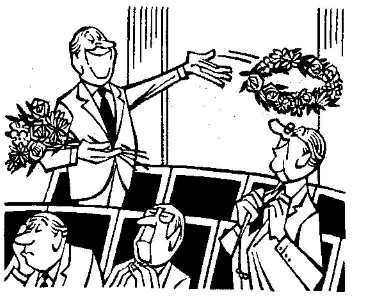
While you were busy minding your own business, a group of Chicago scholars came to the surface with the information that suburbanites who wear double-breasted coats live longer than the average. Mention this sort of casually as you're on your way home tonight on the five-fifty-eight. Get a reputation for intellectualism. They'll probably elect you to the board of education. And serve you right.

* * *

Something lasting, even permanent, should be done about or to political orators who say "Needless to say" and then proceed to say it for half an hour. This is the considered opinion of Mr. Mark Wunderkind, of Richmond, Virginia. This, goes on Mr. Wunderkind, would not be a denial of free speech because, he continues, there is really no such thing as free speech. "It always costs somebody something," says he in long-last conclusion.

* * *

On Capitol Hill, Washington, the distinguished Senator from California rises to ask whether his valued friend, the distinguished and scholarly Senator from Pennsylvania, will yield. The distinguished and scholarly Senator from Pennsylvania replies: "It is indeed an honor to yield to the distinguished and eloquent Senator from the great state of California, who, based on his long and distinguished career, is so often and justly referred to as 'the voice of wisdom.'" These verbal bouquets cost you, the just-about-extinguished taxpayer, about $6,500 every two years—the life of a Congress. They fill 80 pages of a given issue of the Congressional Record. This we learn from the Honorable Gentleman from California, Representative Wayne Aspinall, who shatters precedent by not demanding an immediate investigation. There was some talk about substituting for these public oratorical smoochings what the distinguished Senators call each other in private. But it might cost even more, so nothing came of it.



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Here's proof of it: The blue and grey car has new tubeless tires with ordinary-type treads; the red car has Goodyear's new 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushions.

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Why women live longer than men

American husbands and fathers are dying before their time. So scientists are probing the mystery of the growing gap between male and female life spans

By LEONARD ENGEL

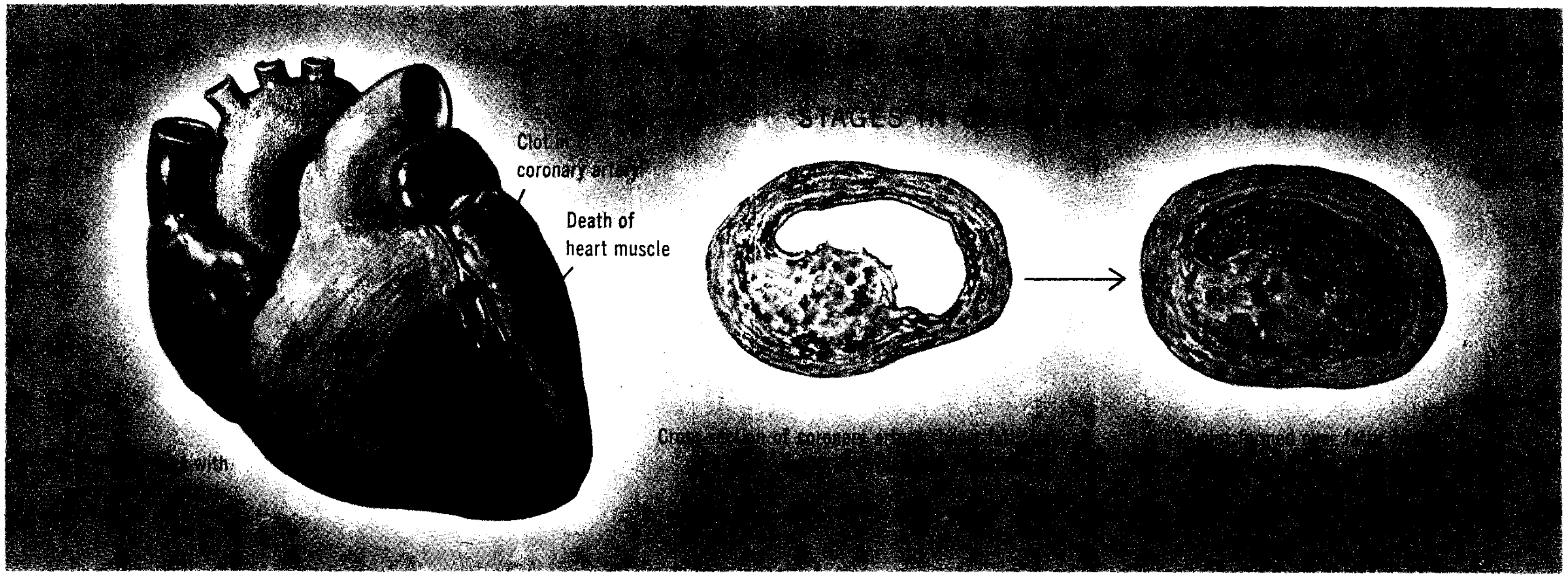
ABOUT 1,500,000 people die each year in the United States. According to common sense, half ought to be men and half women. Actually, more than 850,000 are men; only 650,000 are women. These figures reflect the disconcerting fact that an inordinate number of American men are dying before their time.

Why? The question reaches deep into the mystery of life; and the impact on our society makes the premature death of the American male the greatest public health problem of our time.

Widowhood is on the rise, surprisingly, at a time when average life spans have been increasing. Fifty years ago city people could expect to die eight years sooner, on the average, than farm people. Today that gap has nearly been closed. Regions like the South, where life expectancy was once considerably shorter than the national norm, are catching up with the rest, and the poor are living as long as the rich. But the one disparity in length of life that isn't disappearing is the one between the sexes. In 1900, the life span of American women exceeded that of American men by approximately two years. Now the advantage of women has widened, for the nation as a whole, to six years. In some parts of the country, it is as much as seven to eight years.

Only lately have medical investigators begun to get an idea of why this

A single illness—coronary artery disease—is mainly responsible for widowhood being on the rise


DR. FRANK H. NETTER

The diagram shows how fatty deposits, containing cholesterol, serve to clog blood vessels. They are almost always found in the coronary arteries of heart-attack victims

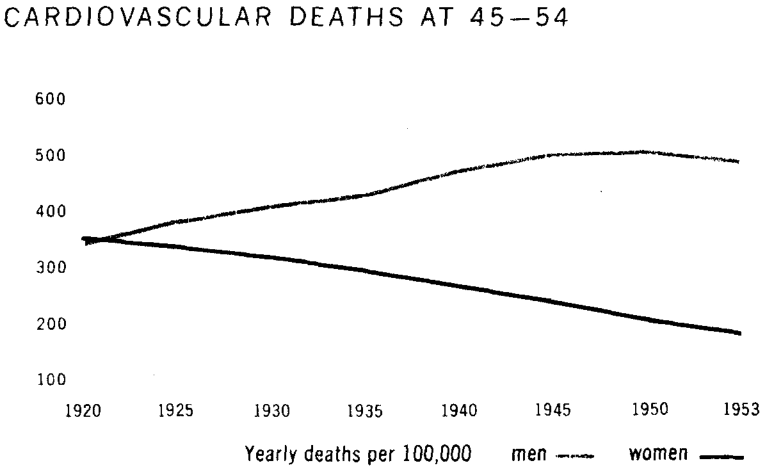
should be so. One in particular, Professor Ancel Keys of the University of Minnesota, has produced new research concerning the theory that American husbands and fathers may be eating their way into the mortality tables. His conclusions—which have stirred debate among medical men—contradict some widely publicized hopes attached to "reducing" diets in general and "low cholesterol" diets in particular. At the root of his investigations is the curious circumstance that men and women can apparently eat the same foods with dramatically different effects on their respective well-being.

TO UNDERSTAND why the American male does not last as long as the female, and the alternatives for correcting that situation, we might first consider the built-in differences in longevity between the sexes.

A well-known Canadian scientist, Dr. Hans Selye of the University of Montreal, put forward the idea about a decade and a half ago that individual animals (including man) are born with a stock of what he termed "adaptation capital." Each of us, Dr. Selye suggested, is endowed at birth with a certain capacity for resisting disease, injury and other vicissitudes of life. Life continues as long as that capital is not overwhelmed or used up.

Dr. Selye's intriguing idea is based on an extensive series of animal experiments. Such experiments cannot be carried out in man. There is, nevertheless, no doubt that the idea applies to humans and that women have a larger store of "adaptation capital" than men.

Women enjoy lower death rates and longer lives than men in 72 of the 75 countries and territories of the world which collect such statistics. In the United States, government records show that women have lower—generally much lower—mortality rates than men *at every age,* from gestation to the end of the longest lives. Of 64 specific causes of death, American women have lower mortality rates for 57. The 57 include all infectious diseases of any consequence in our country. Tuberculosis, for example, kills two and a half times as many men as women; pneumonia and influenza, 30 per cent more men; and polio, 50 per cent more boys and young men.


CARDIOVASCULAR DEATHS AT 45—54

During the past generation death rates from heart and circulatory diseases dropped for American women while rising for American men of comparable age

Of the seven causes of death that do not hit men harder than women, three are diseases peculiar to females: cancer of the breast, cancer of the womb and diseases of pregnancy and childbirth. In three others—anemia, high blood pressure and stroke—the advantage of men is slight. Men have significantly lower mortality than women in only one disease that men have an "equal" chance to get: diabetes.

Researchers have turned up three factors that seem relevant to the greater durability of women.

First, women have a higher white-cell count than men. White blood cells have an important part in combating infectious diseases.

Second, women derive an advantage from the hereditary arrangement that makes them as they are: females are born with a full set of chromosomes (heredity units), whereas one chromosome in males (the so-called Y chromosome) is virtually a dummy. The extra chromosome appears to reduce the number of congenital defects in females.

Third is the matter of hormones. It has been known for some time that women not only have larger thyroid glands than men, but that the pituitary gland—the "master gland" of the body—enlarges during pregnancy. Afterward, it becomes smaller, but it does not return to its previous size. So most women also have larger pituitary glands than men.

THE RELEVANCE of this fact is that one of the glands controlled by the pituitary is the adrenal cortex. It happens that the adrenal cortex has a crucial role in resistance to the vicissitudes of life. In fact, Dr. Selye calls the adrenal cortex the "bank" in which the "adaptation capital" is stored. It may be, in part, that women outlive men because their larger pituitaries keep their adrenal cortex glands functioning more efficiently.

Hormones secreted by women's ovaries contribute to the greater longevity of women. Recent research indicates that ovarian hormones have a protective effect against certain types of disease. In short, perhaps because of the need to assure continuance of the race, women come into the world with (in the phrase of the writer and expert on heredity, Amram Scheinfeld) "better internal medicine chests" than men.

If the difference in length of life between American men and women were merely the "natural" differences between the sexes, there would seem to be very little—short of drastic measures—that we could do about it. But the U.S. differential is much greater than it has any right to be on this score alone. The death rates for adult American males at most ages, for example, is about one fourth higher than the average for other industrialized nations throughout the world (see chart on this page). It exceeds that of several countries well below us in living standards and medical facilities.

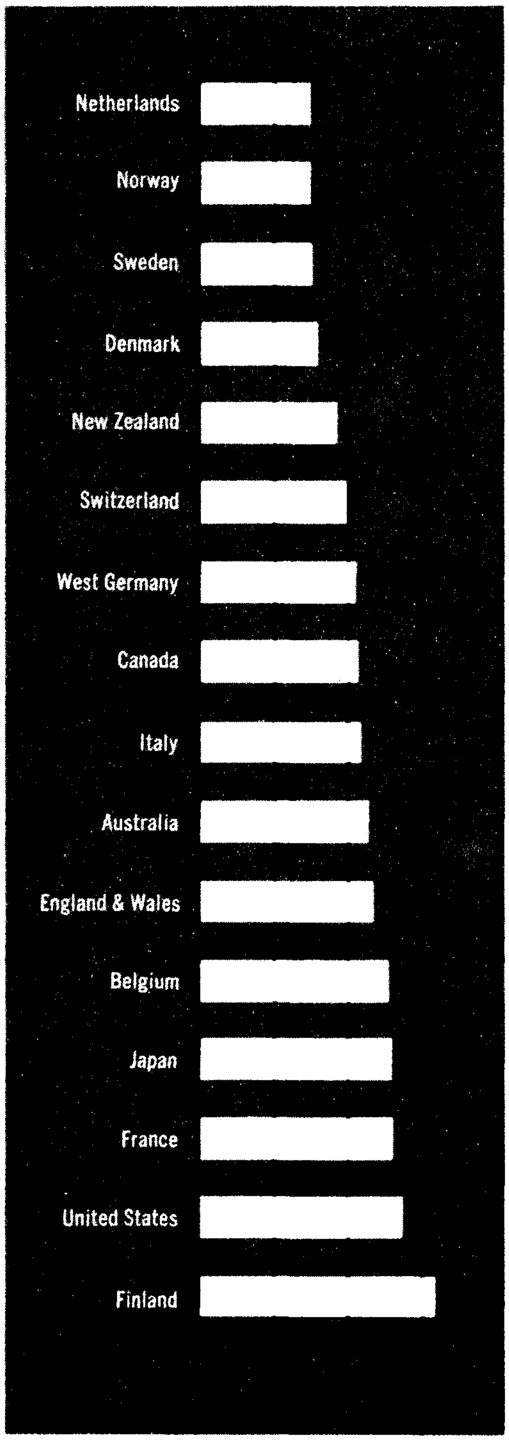
This suggests that something special must be happening to the American male to account for the fact that during the last decade about 200,000 more men than women have died in this country each year. We can get an idea of what that is by the fact that fully half of that difference is due to a single illness—coronary artery disease. Coronaries, of course, kill women as well as men. In 1954 (the latest year for which final figures have been tallied) coronary attacks and related forms of heart disease caused the death of 136,000 American women. The male casualty list, however, was a whopping 239,000. And coronaries hit American men *earlier* as well as harder than women. In the thirty-five to sixty-nine age bracket, 87,000 more coronary deaths occurred among men than among women (though after the age of sixty the rates tended to become more equal).

A coronary occurs when the flow of blood through the vessels that supply the heart muscle—the coronary arteries—is shut off. If a major coronary vessel is blocked, a large part of the heart muscle is crippled and the patient dies. If a smaller vessel is closed, the patient can recover.

During recent years, the number of coronary deaths has gone up swiftly and without visible limit. Part of the rise can be set down to better diagnosis and the larger proportion of older people—among whom heart disease is more frequent—in our population. But entirely too many men in their thirties, forties and fifties are dying of coronaries. Experts say bluntly we are in the grip of a coronary-disease epidemic.

A score of plausible explanations have been advanced.

MALE DEATH RATES AT 50—54



Death rate for American men is next to highest among chief industrialized nations of the world

IT IS CURRENTLY POPULAR to put the blame on the kind of life we lead, with its burden of overwork, intense nervous tension and worry. But this theory suffers the handicap that no one has proved the existence of a mechanism by which nervous strain could bring about the kind of changes in the coronary arteries that produce heart attack.

The "life-is-so-hectic" theory, moreover, is harder to square with two facts. First, war is certainly a time of intense nervous strain. Yet coronary deaths actually *went down* in wartime Europe. Second, a primary form of disease resulting from nervous tension—mental illness—shows, unlike coronary disease, no preference for male breadwinners. The number of patients in mental hospitals is almost equally divided between the sexes.

Smoking also has been brought into the coronary picture by an American Cancer Society lung-cancer study that unexpectedly found a higher-than-usual coronary death rate among cigarette smokers. Heart researchers, though, would like experimental evidence linking smoking and coronary attack (none has been found so far) before they draw conclusions that men are smoking themselves into coronaries.

What about modern diet? Americans enjoy an abundance of wholesome foods of every kind and our general level of health is testimony to the variety and nutritional value of the things we eat from earliest childhood. Yet our daily diet has come in for heavy medical attention, most of it spotlighting, up to now, two main theories: (1) that we eat too much—a theory that has made amateur calorie-counters prolific and launched a rash of do-it-yourself diet fads; (2) that our diet is too rich in cholesterol, a fat-like substance (but not actually a fat) present in meat, dairy products and other food of animal origin.

The dietary theories for heart disease have a common starting point. It is the fact that fatty deposits are almost always found in the coronary arteries of the heart-attack victim. The fatty deposits consist of several fatty and fatlike substances—most prominently, cholesterol. The deposits are the real cause of coronary attack, though the attack may finally be precipitated in a number of ways (by the formation of a blood clot, for instance). The deposits prepare the ground for the attack by narrowing the bore of the coronary arteries (see diagram on the opposite page).

The fatty material choking the heart arteries must come from somewhere. The immediate source is the blood; the blood of coronary patients almost always contains a high concentration of cholesterol and other fatty materials. But *that* must come from somewhere. Diet is a practically unavoidable object of suspicion for coronary-disease researchers.

Minnesota's Dr. Ancel Keys is one of several investigators into this question of diet. Dr. Keys, a short, slim pepperpot of fifty-two, holds Ph.D. degrees in both biology and physiology (but no medical degree) and has a curious-sounding title. He is professor of physiological hygiene and director of Minnesota's Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene.

Physiological hygiene seeks to discover ways of improving and maintaining health by applying the principles of physiology (the science that deals with how our bodies work). To Dr. Keys, who holds forth in an elaborately equipped laboratory underneath the grandstand of the Minnesota football stadium, physiological hygiene means, among other things, physiologically sound nutrition.

During World War II, Dr. Keys conducted a famous study of the effects of starvation on the machinery of the body. As part of the study, he followed closely events on the diet-and-health front in wartime Europe. He was one of the first researchers to notice the drop in coronary deaths in countries with severe wartime food shortages. He seized upon this clue when, the war over, he and his Minnesota colleagues (Dr. Henry L. Taylor, Dr. Josef Brozek and others) began research on coronary disease.

Dr. Keys felt that coronary disease, though chiefly a matter of diet, was not simply the result of plain overeating. Obesity is linked with several degenerative diseases, including coronary disease. But too many heart-attack victims are not overweight and cannot be considered to overeat.

He was also skeptical of the theory that our diet is too rich in cholesterol, though those fatty deposits do pack a lot of cholesterol. The Minnesota physiologist contends that the normal American diet contains comparatively little cholesterol—too little, for example, to produce artery deposits in animals with dietary habits similar to man.

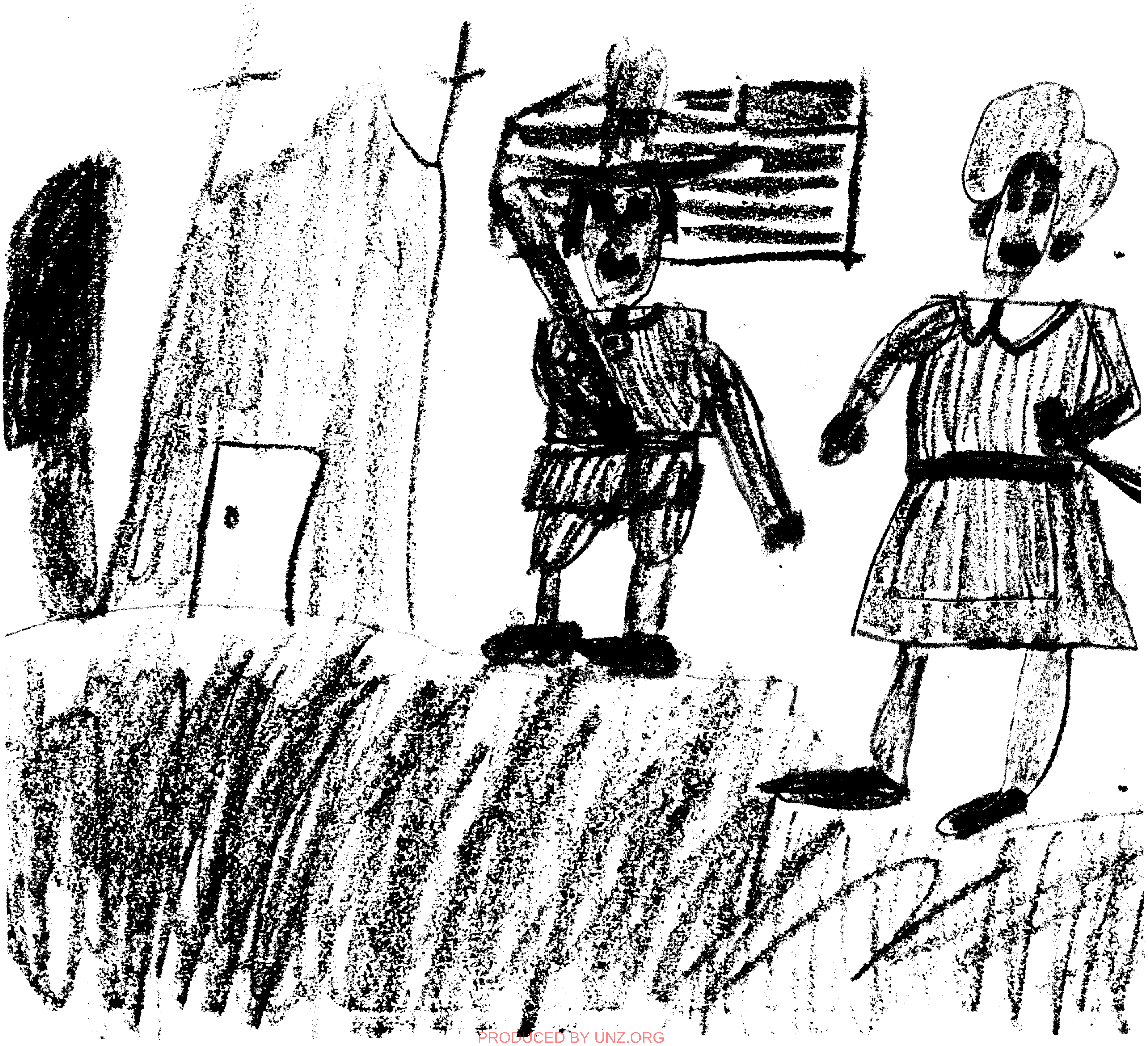
Further, cholesterol is not simply some sort of noxious agent contaminating certain foods. It is an essential constituent of the brain and spinal cord and other tissues. The human body itself manufactures respectable quantities of cholesterol. In fact, when cholesterol in the diet is low, the body itself tends to produce more of it after a period of time. And eliminating cholesterol from the diet is a grim alternative to normal living. For a cholesterol-free diet is first cousin to a starvation diet. "I cannot believe we must starve in order to stay alive," Dr. Keys says.

THE MINNESOTA RESEARCHER, moreover, suspected the real reason behind the coronary epidemic might be the direct human intake of food with a high fat content (not just a high caloric content alone). He was suspicious of fat because the proportion of fats in the diet fluctuates sharply, going way down in times of food shortage and low coronary deaths (as in wartime Europe) and way up in times of prosperity and high coronary deaths (as in the contemporary U.S.), and because fat is the raw material that stimulates the body to manufacture cholesterol.

Of course, theories, as to cause of heart attack cannot be put to a direct test in man; human beings cannot be exposed to mortal danger of heart attack by an experimenter. To test his hypothesis, Dr. Keys had to devise a variety of indirect studies.

One was a remarkable investigation—which is still continuing—into (*Continued on page* 76)

This is the selfish
King of England.
He would not let us
go to our churhc
to worship God



By David Eisenhower

Ike's grandson, the apple of his eye, tells the Pilgrims' story with his own crayoned drawings and written captions

The drawings on these and the following pages were made especially for President Dwight David Eisenhower. Together they relate, precisely and disarmingly, the celebrated story of the Pilgrims—their 12-year flight from persecution that terminated at Plymouth Rock on December 21, 1620. To the President, a painter himself, the drawings have particular merit: the artist—and caption writer as well—is Dwight David Eisenhower II, aged eight, and the apple of Grandpa's eye.

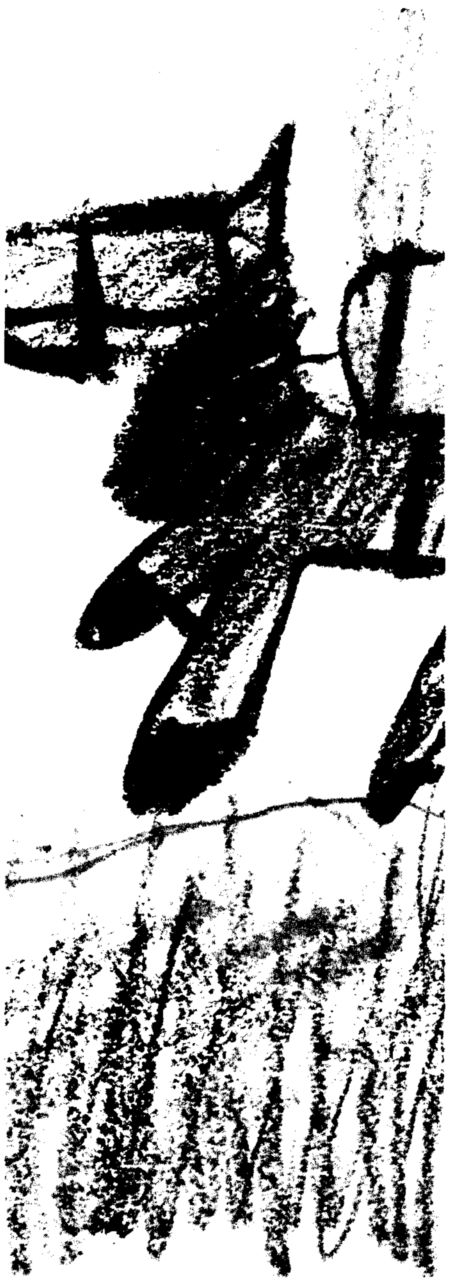
There are three other Eisenhower grandchildren—girls—and, it must be noted, they, too, are well loved by the President. But David is all boy, and therefore something special. He and Ike fish, shoot, ride and play golf together when the President is free. And on the tough days, when the President is pressed by ponderous questions, like "Can we match Russia's military strength?" or "Can we preserve prosperity?", he is greatly pleased to hear a simpler question from a little boy standing at the French doors that lead from his oval office to the White House rose garden:

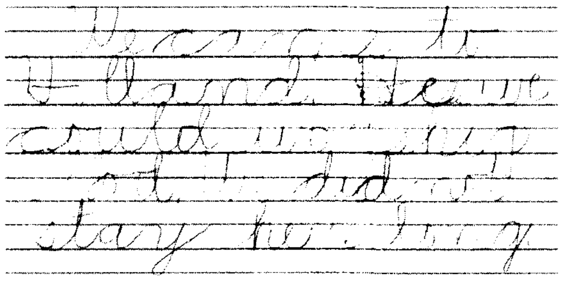
"Ike! Can you come out?"

David looks startlingly like his grandfather, the same broad face and square jaw, the same flashing smile that swiftly obliterates a thoughtful frown. And, according to his father, Major John Eisenhower, he has taken in stride the role of President's grandson. He's just like other boys his age: he wears blue jeans, chews bubble gum, hates to dress up. Lately he's taken to drawing, with the results you see here.

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Ike and grandson

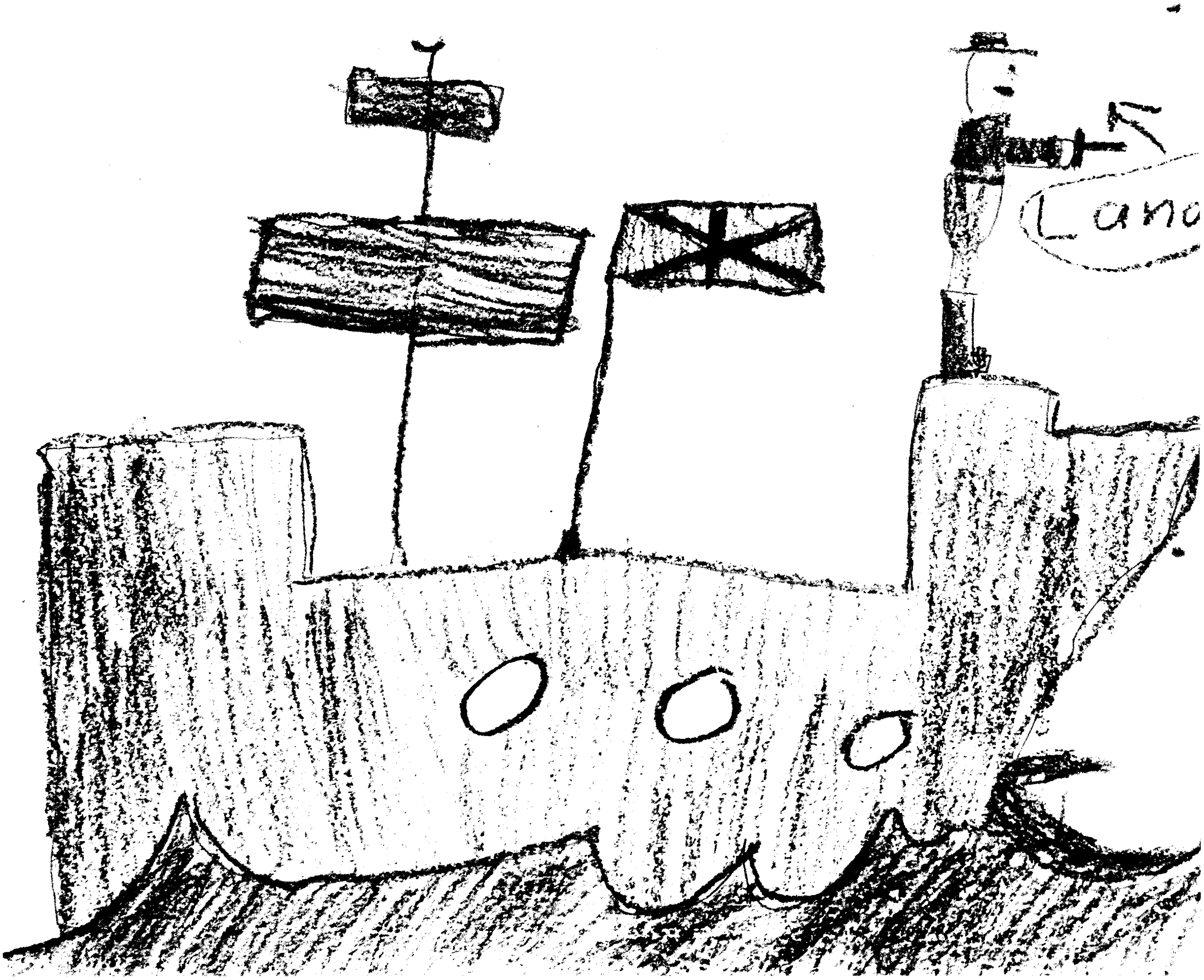


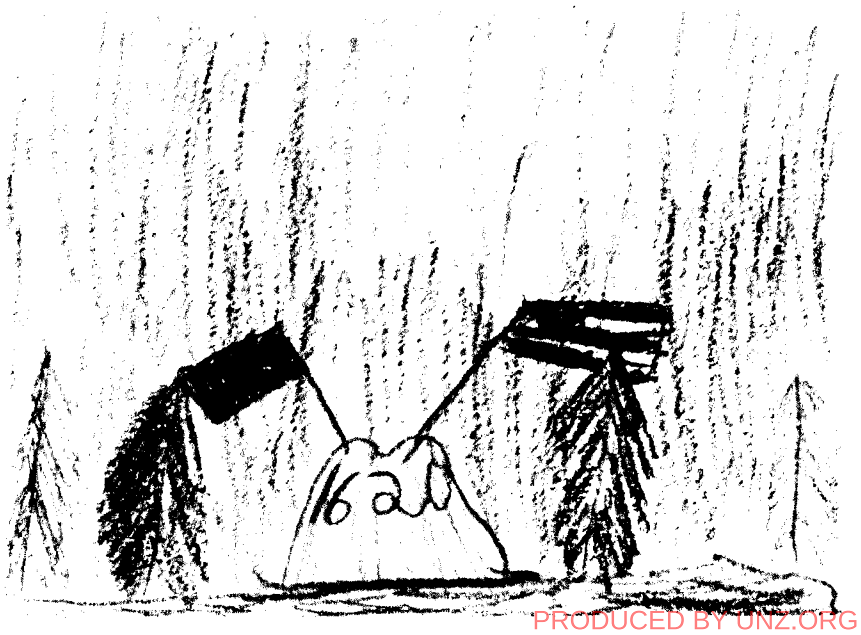

[illegible]
England. We were
could not pray
as we did. So
stay here long

continued

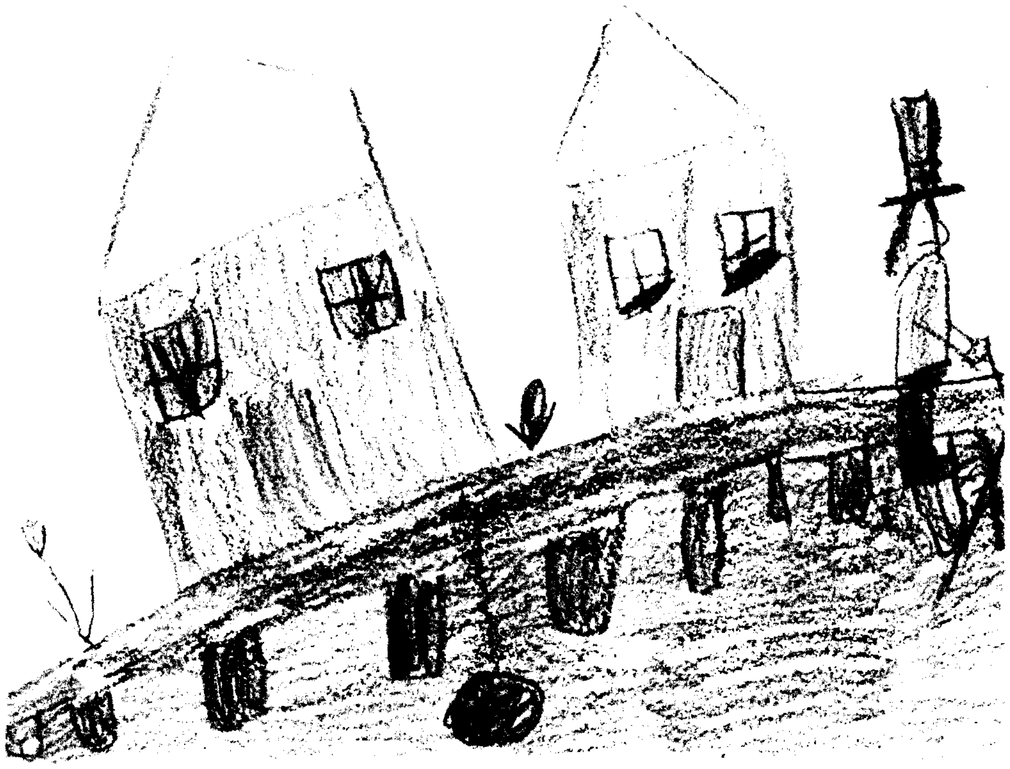
DAVID EISENHOWER
continued

[illegible] sailed on
the Mayflower
for [illegible]



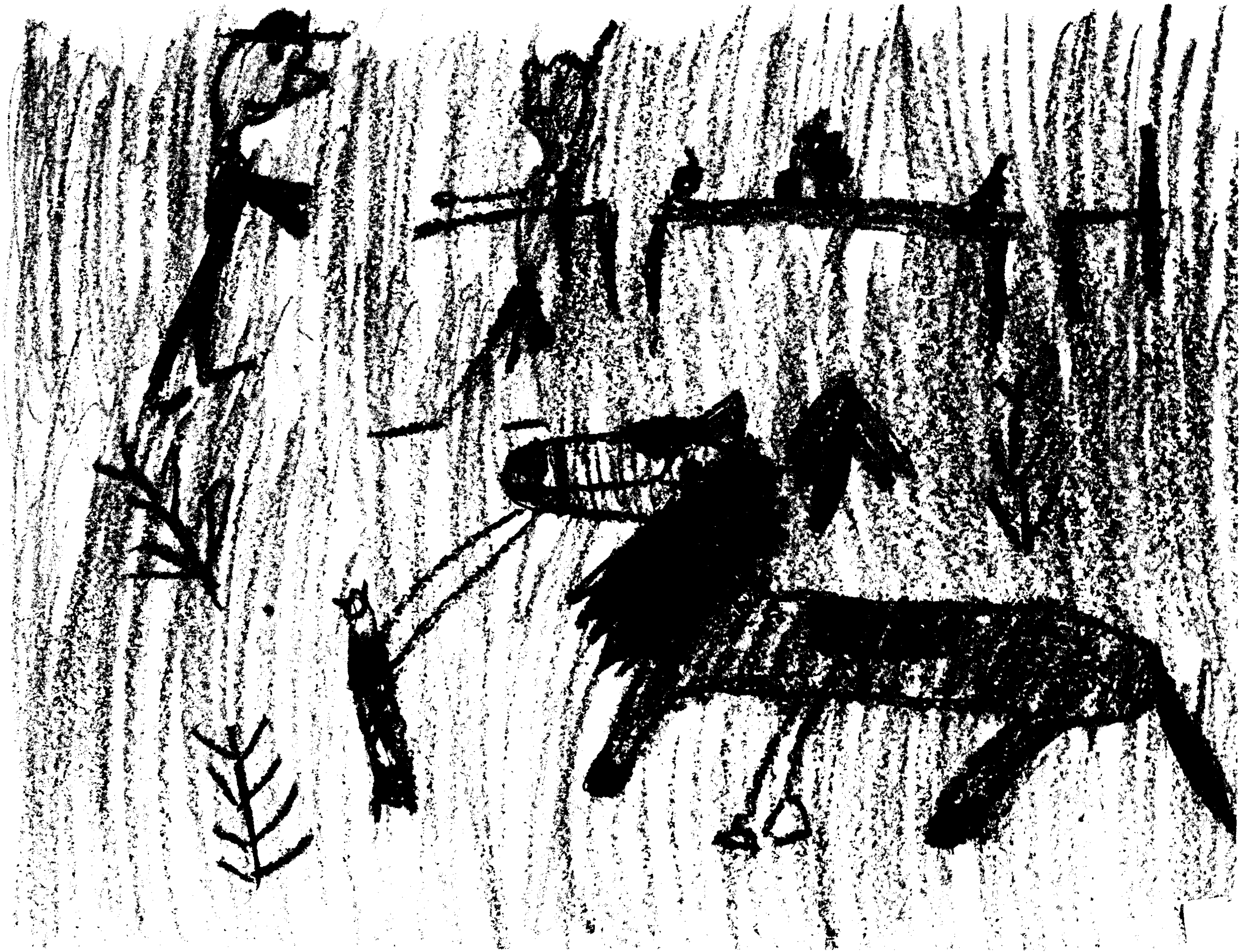


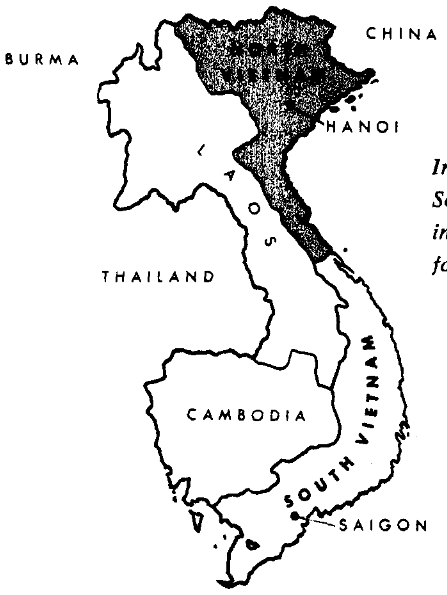
We sailed for a
long time but
at last we landed
at Plymouth Rock



The first year we built houses, planted crops and made friends with the Indians.

We gathered our crops and had our first Thanksgiving in America.

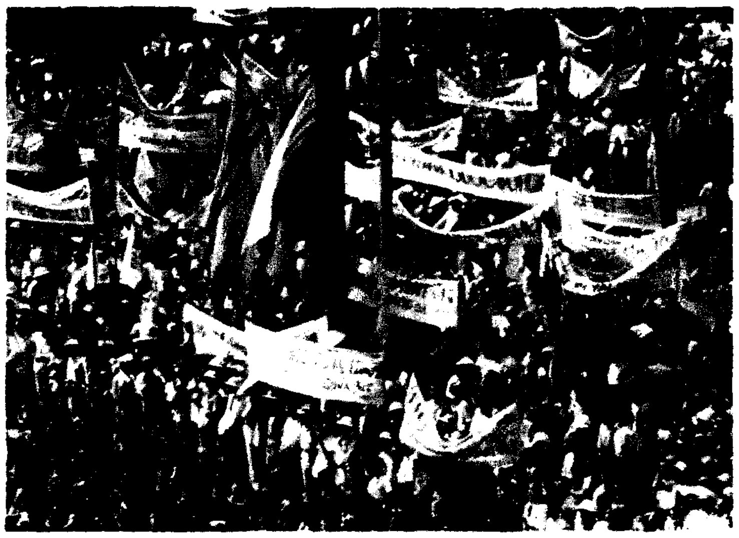



BURMA
CHINA
HANOI
LAOS
THAILAND
CAMBODIA
SOUTH VIETNAM
SAIGON

In divided Vietnam (map, left), the free South's future rests heavily on reforms in agriculture. Farmers (right) make up four fifths of the country's population

EWING KRAININ

The French themselves are leaving, but Saigon, the capital of Vietnam, retains a Gallic flavor



Vietnam's crack 1st Parachute Battalion (in foreground) and political groups supporting President Diem mass in center of Saigon for opening of national assembly. Note the yellow-and-red flags of free Vietnam

EWING KRAININ

Two years ago at Geneva, South Vietnam was virtually sold down the river to the Communists. Today the spunky little Asian country is back on its own feet, thanks to a "mandarin in a sharkskin suit" who's . . .

President Ngo dinh Diem

UPSETTING THE RED TIMETABLE

By PETER KALISCHER

Saigon, Vietnam

TWO YEARS ago at Geneva, France and Britain, with the United States looking on, joined the Soviet Union and Red China in sentencing the non-Communist half of war-racked Vietnam to death—or so it seemed at the time. The deadline for the execution of the tiny Indochinese state was July of this year. By then, the four powers agreed, a general election should be held to reunite all Vietnam, divided at the 17th parallel by the Indochinese cease-fire.

Back in 1954, the result of such an election appeared a foregone conclusion: Communist domination of all Vietnam. The mineral-rich North, with Hanoi as capital, had just been awarded by the Geneva powers to Communist Ho Chi Minh's self-styled Democratic Republic of Vietnam; the more fertile South had been salvaged for so-called nationalist Vietnam, under absentee Emperor Bao Dai and his French colonial masters.

All portents favored the North. Ho Chi Minh's crack Communist armies had smashed the French forces at Dienbienphu and wore the laurels of anticolonialism in their caps. The South, still dickering for complete independence from France, was torn by factions and honeycombed with secret Communist cadres. True, it had the promise of American aid, but American aid to Vietnam's former French overseers had not won the eight-year Indochina war.

Moreover, in plain arithmetic, the regimented North with 13,000,000 people could not lose an election to the South with less than 12,000,000.

Only a miracle, it seemed, could stop all Vietnam, 1,700 miles long from the China border to the Gulf of Thailand, from going under the Red flag.

John Hackett (on bank, second from right), a U.S. Operations Mission field director, discusses resettlement of refugees from Communist North Vietnam in Cai San area southwest of Saigon with priest (in black) and local officials

To the surprise of practically everyone, that miracle has come to pass. Today, a republic nine months old, South Vietnam is alive, kicking and pugnaciously anti-Communist. It has a constituent assembly and a president who flatly refuse to hold a suicide election with the North. And they have made their refusal stick; after all, as they point out, South Vietnam was not a party to the Geneva agreement.

How did the South achieve such a deathbed recovery—and how permanent is it?

When I first arrived in Indochina after a two-year absence, I found the tree-shaded streets and pleasant squares of Saigon, the South's capital, aflutter with yellow-and-red free Vietnam flags. The oldest French city in Indochina (dating from Napoleon III) made a good backdrop for the new Vietnam. Huge portraits of President Ngo dinh Diem stared down from once-French buildings, and Vietnamese national heroes had replaced French empire builders on street signs.

As this is written, the French themselves are leaving, too. They are shuttering their shops. The last of the 150,000-man French Expeditionary Corps that met its Waterloo at Dienbienphu will be gone by July, and fewer than 7,000 French Occidental civilians remain in all Vietnam as compared with 15,000 as late as 1952.

The Vietnamese are glad to see them go. Not only did the people of the South resent the idea of sharing their country with their former French masters, but they are dismayed by the way the French have played economic footsie with Communist Ho Chi Minh in North Vietnam. The French have signed a $3,000,000 export-import agreement with Ho's government and have an economic mission in Hanoi, the Red capital.

Still the French are leaving a visible legacy behind. Saigon still retains its French graces—sidewalk cafés, good restaurants and elegant women. And the comparatively few old French hands who still remain can be seen sipping their *apéritifs* and reading the French-language Le Journal d'Extrème Orient, which puts Vietnam news on page five.

The European atmosphere that clings to Saigon evaporates outside the city limits. From a rooftop even the ships along the Saigon River seem to wind overland through rice fields. This is the real face of South Vietnam—horizon-to-horizon paddies, little villages of straw thatch, banana trees, water buffaloes munching rice stubble. Rice—planting, harvesting and eating it—is the rhythm of life for 80 per cent of the people.

Two years ago half the villages were secretly controlled by Communist cadres left behind when the Reds regrouped and went north under the terms of the armistice. Diem's government has fought them for the countryside by force and by reindoctrination.

There has been a change in the golden-brown faces of the people. It used to be that an Occidental could walk through Vietnamese crowds like the invisible man—people looked through him, not at him. Today they are looking, judging and appraising.

One man alone—perhaps unfortunately alone—can claim credit for breathing life into South Vietnam: fifty-five-year-old President Diem. Yet up until 1954, Diem's reputation in his own country had rested mainly on what he had *not* done. He had served as a provincial chief and then as

The faces of Vietnam: Above—Peasant girl wears a broad-brimmed hat to protect her head from hot rays of sun in the fields. Top right—A volunteer farm guard, Le van Sinh, photographed just a few hours after he had shot dead a river pirate. Bottom right—Mme. Dgo dinh Nhu, wife of President Diem's political-boss brother

Diem's strategy for Vietnam: to fight for time against a Red foe who will "stop at nothing"

Minister of the Interior under Bao Dai in 1933, but resigned when the French-run government refused to pass a reform law. For the next 20 years he turned down all government jobs. He was known as absolutely incorruptible, a devout Catholic in a country predominantly Buddhist, and a member of a mandarin family from central Annam province.

In the years while France was steadfastly keeping bona-fide nationalists out of the Vietnamese government and floundering toward defeat, Diem visited the United States and made some influential friends. They backed him when the French sought a new premier to take over what was left of free Vietnam after the Communist victory at Dienbienphu. Diem accepted the premiership just as the French handed Hanoi over to the Reds at Geneva.

When Diem assumed office in Saigon in July, 1954, few people except the Americans took him seriously. His political party, the National Revolutionary Movement, was just another group of intellectuals who had been talking independence for years. He impressed nobody as a man of destiny. Short, plump, with a slow smile and a way of paddling his hands when he walks, he looked like what he was called—"the mandarin in the white sharkskin suit."

THE FRENCH immediately set out to whittle Diem down to puppet size, as they had all his predecessors. They had plenty of help, for many entrenched Vietnamese saw in Diem's rising power a threat to their own little empires. There was General Nguyen van Hinh, chief of staff of the Vietnamese National Army and a nationalized French citizen with a French major's commission. There were key members of the Binh Xuyen, a regiment of river pirates who traditionally ran the vice rackets of Saigon but gained a measure of respectability with their guerrilla warfare against the Japanese during World War II. And finally there were the country's minority religious sects—which had their own private armies, subsidized by the French to help fight the Communists.

Shrewdly and stubbornly, Diem took them all on—one at a time. He fired General Hinh when Hinh tried to take over the government. Then, imposing strict press censorship, he closed down the fleshpots and gambling halls, and called out the National Army when the Binh Xuyen showed fight. After four days of street battles, the Binh Xuyen fled to the Saigon River swamps and later surrendered.

Diem emerged with enormous prestige, and in October, 1955, held a referendum—South Vietnam to choose between Emperor Bao Dai, on the French Riviera, and Diem as the first president of a new republic. No one was astonished when Diem won by a 50-to-1 margin. He promptly took a major step underscoring his break with France: he withdrew Vietnam's representative from the Assembly of the French Union in Paris.

Turning at last for a showdown with the militant religious sects, Diem bought out some of the leaders, integrating their best troops in the National Army, and smashed the rest.

Three days before South Vietnam went to the polls again, this time to elect 123 constituent assemblymen, I had an interview with Diem in the Presidential Palace.

FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS Diem spoke in precise, accented French, his eyes seeming to focus on infinity as he recalled victories nobody had expected him to win. He treated them all as personal victories (which they were) and made little attempt at modesty, false or otherwise.

"The history of our country has been one of autocratic institutions," Diem said. "But without economic independence, independence is an empty word. One must not be led by popular passion. It took me six months to reform the magistracy. The Communists incited riots against me. The French 'colonialists' spread panic. They transferred funds to Paris. They said if the Viet Minh beat us at Dienbienphu, what chance do *you* stand? But it was the people's confidence in me that staved off disaster.

"At first I was a virtual prisoner in the palace. I created the civil guard of 45,000 apart from the army. I reorganized the police. The population was liberated from those gangsters [he used the English word] in February, 1955. Never have the people been so happy. If elections had been held before this they would have been a mockery—the people would have been afraid. I triumphed through elements of faith by the whole people in me."

How about the future?

"We have so many things to do before this summer's rainy season," Diem went on. "We are recultivating abandoned rice lands; before the war we exported 1,500,000 tons, last year only 200,000 tons. We are establishing rural credit to stop usury. We are developing the high plateau areas for more rubber, tea and coffee exports. But everything hangs on our security. The Communists will stop at nothing." While the Reds talk about general elections, he said, they have refused for more than a year to permit any refugees to cross the 17th parallel into South Vietnam. "Why, if they are sincere about free elections, do they lock up their population?" Diem demanded. "Can foreign newsmen or observers circulate in their villages? Why don't they reduce their army as we have reduced ours?"

Nevertheless, he added, he believed eventual free elections are the democratic way to unite the country. "Our future relations with France," Diem said, "depend on France. With the United States we have a common cause. We are friends. Anything that contributes to the common cause benefits us both. You ask for nothing."

When would free Vietnam be able to afford a real, non-Communist opposition party, and when would it have a free press?

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

Mme. Vu thi Ngai, who runs an orphange for refugees from the Red North, receives private help from Americans like Navy Captain Harry Day of U.S. military mission

Diem said with some asperity that there were no obstacles to an opposition providing it was legal. He was more vehement about the press.

"We must control the press," he explained. "If we don't, if we let just anybody start a newspaper, the Communists would dedicate all their money to putting out dozens of publications to confuse the people. They would swamp the field. The forces against us will stop at nothing—nothing. How do we know what plots are afoot? Remember, we have had control of the police for less than a year. One cannot compare democracy here with democracy in the United States."

Diem himself illustrates the point. His personality and the shifting allegiances of Vietnamese power politics make him intolerant of opposition or criticism, and prevent him from delegating authority. He is a one-man show with no successor of public stature in sight, a nightmare situation to those who see an assassin in every crowd. Moreover, bachelor Diem's younger brother and seven other relatives by blood or marriage hold top government jobs.

"All right, call it nepotism," said an Australian colonel, "but don't forget that a year ago the little man didn't have anybody but his family to stand by him."

Diem is criticized, too, for encouraging a personality cult. His picture is in every village noodle shop, school and movie lobby in South Vietnam. There is also an uncomfortable similarity between Diem's political stagecraft and that of Communist Ho Chi Minh's Viet Minh movement—mass renunciations, denunciations and confessions, stifling of criticism, shouted platitudes.

Yet Diem's tactics make sense—to a point. His picture is everywhere because he must catch up as a recognized personality with Ho Chi Minh, who has a 10-year head start. He sometimes uses Viet Minh methods because many of his cabinet ministers belonged to the Viet Minh in the days before Red China embraced Ho, and they have seen these tactics work.

DIEM'S BROTHER, Ngo dinh Nhu, is the second most important personality in free Vietnam. Slight, catlike on his feet, with a large head and brilliant eyes, Nhu is a political infighter—a sort of combination Jim Farley and Harry Hopkins. Nhu's Humanist Revolutionary Workers' party (membership figures confidential) forms the left-wing core of Diem's broad National Revolutionary Movement.

Nhu is frankly out to steal Communist thunder. "We are working toward a Socialistic state—a non-Marxist state of free co-operatives where management and labor share control of industry," Nhu told me. "One must get the jump on Communism and I think this is the answer."

Nhu's program underlines the social revolution Diem must win in order to compete with the Communist North. He is basically fighting for time—time to consolidate, time to prove free Vietnam is better than Red Vietnam.

Will the Communists try to cut Diem short by marching south to enforce the Geneva agreement *they* signed for North-South elections with the French High Command?

The answer is probably no—not without a green light from Red China and Russia. And Russia, together with Britain, asked the International Control Commission (India, Canada, Poland) to continue policing the peace even after the French High Command leaves South Vietnam.

A likelier tactic will be for the Reds to try to infiltrate the South and link up with cadres they left behind two years ago. Together with those sect guerrillas who are still operating, they may try to seize villages, then towns, then provinces, all from within.

How far the Reds get depends on how well Diem uses his time and the Americans use their aid. "With a sackful of money on your shoulder," goes a wry Vietnamese maxim, "no matter if you speak from the side of your mouth, you will be heard." The United States has a sackful of money to spend in Vietnam—$195,000,000 in military and economic aid—and we will be heard; but the money won't necessarily mean we will be heeded.

"We have been a dominated people," said Tranngoc Lien, an intense little man in Diem's liaison office. "Give your aid discreetly. When an American starts pounding the table we say, 'He is replacing the French.' "

To see some American aid in action I drove with John Hackett, a field director of the U.S. Operations Mission, to the Cai San area, 150 miles southwest of Saigon. In this 215-square-mile rectangle of paddy fields laced with canals, the government hopes to resettle 100,000 of the 800,000 refugees who fled North Vietnam before the Reds banned emigration.

WE FOUND an advance party of 1,200 refugees camped in U.S. Army tents near the village of Tan Hiep, waiting to settle on land that they could occupy virtually rent-free for the first three years. Before they could build or plant, however, more drainage canals had to be dug. The refugees waited while two public ministries squabbled over jurisdiction of the project and Hackett tried to umpire. American aid headquarters had offered to speed up everything with digging equipment for the canals and 100 more tractors for plowing. The tractors were dispatched from the United States—but then, somehow, they were diverted to Tokyo.

Instead of pounding the table, Hackett patiently arbitrated, counseled and persevered. As 10,000 more refugees poured into the area in succeeding weeks, house building finally got under way and the tractors—at any rate *some* tractors—arrived after all. There was a fair chance the refugees would have permanent shelter and plant a crop before the rains.

Americans have replaced the French (with a minimum of table pounding) in most advisory capacities in South Vietnam—except in the upper-grade school system, where French academic standards are considered superior. Altogether, nearly 1,000 Americans from Ambassador G. Frederick Reinhardt down to the enlisted men in the 400-man Military Assistance Advisory Group are working hard to make the country a going concern. They assist the government with newsreels and documentaries and even help produce educational skits for touring Vietnamese actors to perform from the back of a truck before thousands. A 30-man team from Michigan State University teaches officials political science, economics and public administration and is helping reorganize the police force. On its own, the Vietnamese government also rehired Wolf Ladejinsky, the Ameriland-reform expert who was fired by the International Cooperation Administration in a conflict-of-interest case. (He had bought stock in a Taiwan [Formosan] glass factory which was receiving U.S. aid.) "Mr. Ladejinsky does not conflict with our interest," said one Vietnamese official.

Some 53 per cent of all U.S. aid is going to the Vietnamese armed forces, which are being trained and reorganized under direction of the Military Assistance Advisory Group commanded by Lieutenant General Sam Williams. The once unwieldy, poorly officered 240,000-man army of independent battalions has been converted into 10 combat divisions numbering 150,000 men with light armor and up to 150-millimeter artillery. (Vietnam also has a token air force and a small navy.) A senior officer corps is being built up practically from scratch, and American mobile offensive tactics have replaced the French doctrine of strong-point defense.

Morale is high. But the National Army could not stop a Communist force of more than 300,000 without outside help—which free Vietnam is guaranteed by the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization.

How good is the individual National Army fighting man?

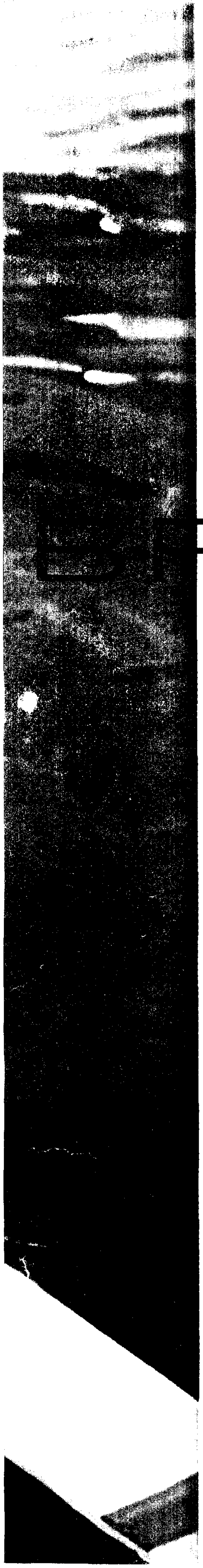
"Man for man," said General Williams, "they're as good as the Viet Minh right now."

Two years ago I put a similar question to General René Cogny, the French commander in Hanoi. "The Vietnamese on our side," said Cogny, "makes an excellent soldier. He is the brother—the same man—as the Viet Minh. What he lacks is the sense of something to fight for. How to give him that?—ah, that is the difficult question."

On the answer, more than the size of the army, depends the future of free Vietnam. The French never supplied it. Diem is dedicated to finding it. How far has he succeeded?

In what is now free Vietnam, those who lived under Communism and escaped would fight to the death for what they have right now. Given more time—a little more time—so would all Vietnamese. THE END

YUL



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM YEE

BRYNNER

Why do women find him irresistible?

By JOEL SAYRE

YUL BRYNNER is already an enthusiasm of several hundred thousand U.S. theatergoers, because for four years, both in New York and on the road, he played the King of Siam in the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit musical drama, The King and I. But Hollywood has bet huge money that within a year from now—after the release of three movies in which he is starring—his fans will number in the millions and girdle the earth.

If Hollywood wins these bets, Brynner will be a new kind of movie star. By long-established standards, a screen hero's character must be white, a screen villain's black. Brynner's forthcoming roles, however, will show him portraying characters who are simultaneously black *and* white: rather villainous heroes or somewhat heroic villains afflicted with a kind of appealing schizophrenia.

In 20th Century-Fox's version of The King and I, which comes out this month, he is the royal polygamist (22 wives and 82 children), arrogant yet humble, cruel yet achingly sympathetic. In C. B. de Mille's The Ten Commandments (which Paramount asserts cost $12,000,000-plus, rating it the most expensive movie ever shot), he will be seen this fall as Rameses II, the Old Testament Pharaoh who kept shoving the Children of Israel around; the way Brynner plays him, he is rough and tough, all right, but somehow noble and worthy of veneration.

In another 20th Century-Fox picture, Anastasia (currently being made in Europe, with Ingrid Bergman and Helen Hayes also starring), he portrays a scheming White Russian prince engaged in palming Ingrid off as a daughter of the Communist-murdered czar; he ends up not only falling in love with her but believing in her authenticity.

Finally, in Paramount's The Buccaneer, which will be filmed in 1957, his part will be that of Jean Laffite, the blood-drinking Creole pirate who

In King and I make-up, Brynner obliges a bedazzled assembly of autograph seekers

Whatever sex appeal is, this egg-bald

panther of a man has it. A tremendously vital

person, a breaker of rules, he may be

the hottest thing to hit Hollywood in 30 years

As TV actor: Brynner played the poet François Villon in a 1953 drama. "He had to quote poetry," says a colleague, "which he loved—and which I'm sure he felt he had written"

J. PETER HAPPEL

As TV director: he shows toreador technique to actor Sal Mineo

THOMAS YEE

As stage star: he points up exotic features for King and I role

helped Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans to button up our War of 1812.

In appearance, too, Brynner is completely different from the various breeds of movie stars who in the past have caused great outbreaks of sighing, daydreams and yearning among the world's womankind. He in no way resembles the Boy Next Door or that other prevailing female-exciter, the Lumberjack on the Loose. Brynner is a shade under six feet tall, weighs about 180 pounds, has glowing brown eyes, high cheekbones, a flattish nose with flaring nostrils, and fawnlike ears set close to the head. The most striking feature of his appearance, though, is his haircut.

Hitherto, in Hollywood, a good head of hair was considered an absolute basic essential to male movie magnetism. The idea of a bald romantic leading man was a contradiction in terms, downright preposterous. When a romantic actor did show signs of getting a little thin on top, the make-up department would be rushed in for repairs, and the shortage was never noticeable on the screen.

Brynner can grow hair if he wants to, but he keeps his pate as clean-shaven as he does his face. (It is not true, as has been reported, that a valet goes over Brynner's noggin every other day with poodle clippers. Actually he shaves it every few days with a prosaic electric razor.) This totally hairless skull plus the electricity he discharges with his slightest movement give Brynner the effect of a young Tartar colonel in one of Genghis Khan's crack cavalry regiments.

SEVERAL HOLLYWOOD BIG NAMES who have worked with him have tried to analyze what it is that Brynner's got. Listen to the beautiful and gifted Deborah Kerr, co-starring with him in The King and I:

"I don't think he can be compared to anybody. He has an extraordinary sort of unexpected attraction. He's not *particularly* tall, he has rather strong Mongol features, and he's bald. And they say this man is attractive? Well, he is. Somehow he's very, very handsome, a most unusual personality, a mixture of opposites; and on top of that he sort of has oodles of sex appeal."

Mr. de Mille, as befits his seventy-five years, is a little more restrained. "Along with his great acting ability," he says, "Yul has the pure knack of appealing to women at the same time he commands the respect of men." But Martha Scott, who plays the mother of Moses in The Ten Commandments, is almost unbridled in her enthusiasm. "Wait till you see Yul!" she declares, barely suppressing a whistle. "He'll duplicate the appeal Rudolph Valentino had. The women will be crazy about him."

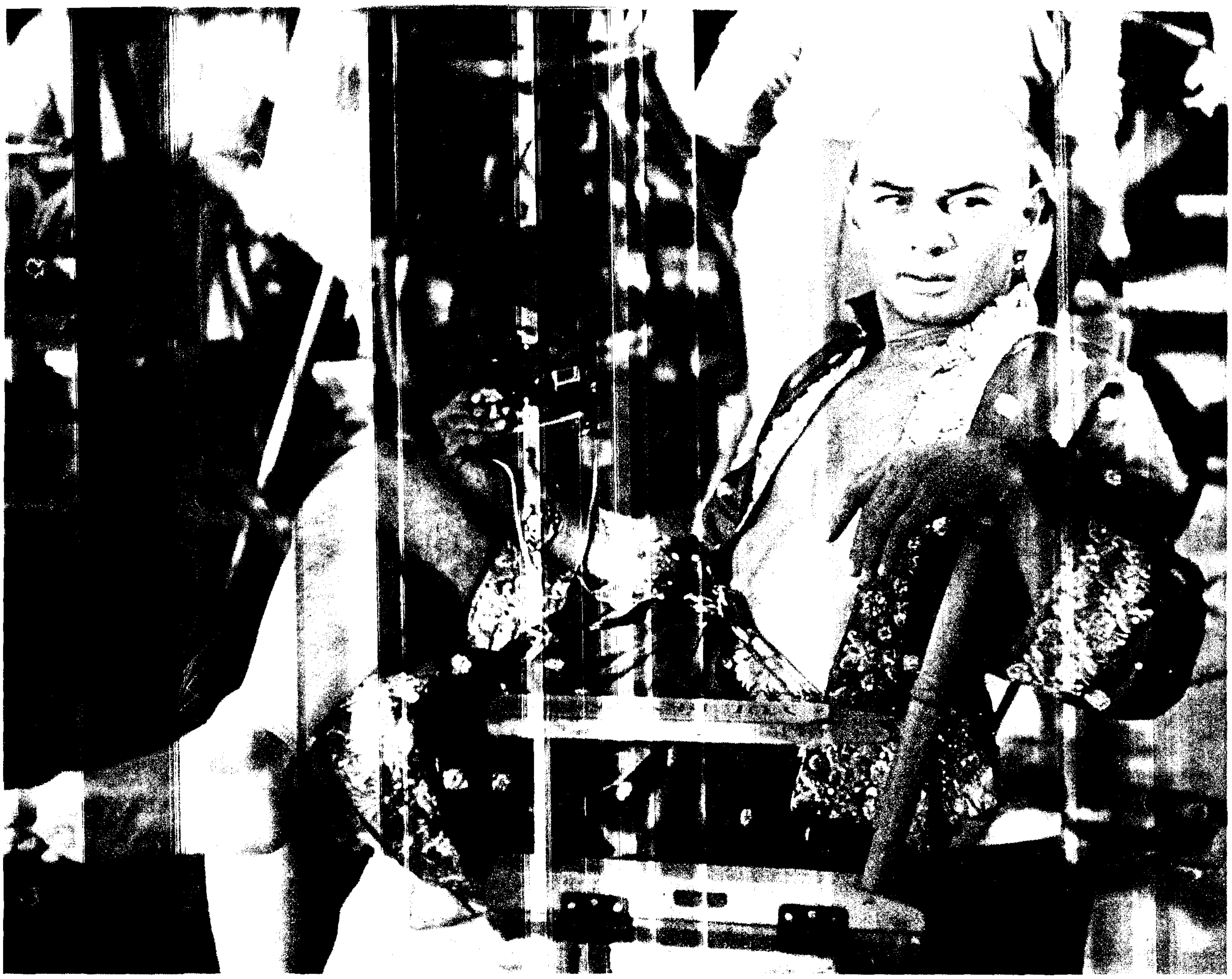
It is interesting to hear Valentino's magic name invoked again. In the 30 years since his death, Hollywood has been longing for a successor to the Great Lover. Every foreign-born actor with good looks and dark eyes who turns up there gets measured as a possibility. The fact that Brynner is unquestionably a fine actor doesn't interest the magnates nearly as much as whether or not he can set womanhood in the mass on fire. Does he have what back in Valentino's days was referred to as IT, and later became known as Sex Appeal?

A study of Brynner's form chart would show that he definitely has, and in rich profusion. The wonderful business that The King and I did as a play was attributable to his tremendous appeal to ladies of all ages, who made up the bulk of the ticket buyers. When Brynner finally left the cast, the box office returns sagged at once. Before he became a smash on the stage, Brynner had a rewarding TV career. Paul Feigay, associate producer of the Ford Foundation's Omnibus, for which Brynner starred in two shows and directed a third, testifies:

"He can charm the hell out of women. He used to come to the studio for rehearsals directly from the theater, wearing his King and I costumes. The front receptionist would give a special buzz when he arrived, and all the girls—secretaries, production assistants, everybody—would line up inside. They used to pretend to be afraid of him, but they were mad for him. His looks fascinated them; they all had crushes."

And Charlotte Paley, who was Brynner's production assistant when he was a TV director at CBS, says: "He's so dramatic! He can say 'Hello' in the most incredibly romantic way. It knocks you out. There's an awful lot of animal in this man. He walks like a panther."

Sex appeal is for the opposite sex. Quite aside from it, Yul Brynner is a tremendously vital man, bursting with energy and curiosity, pugnacious,

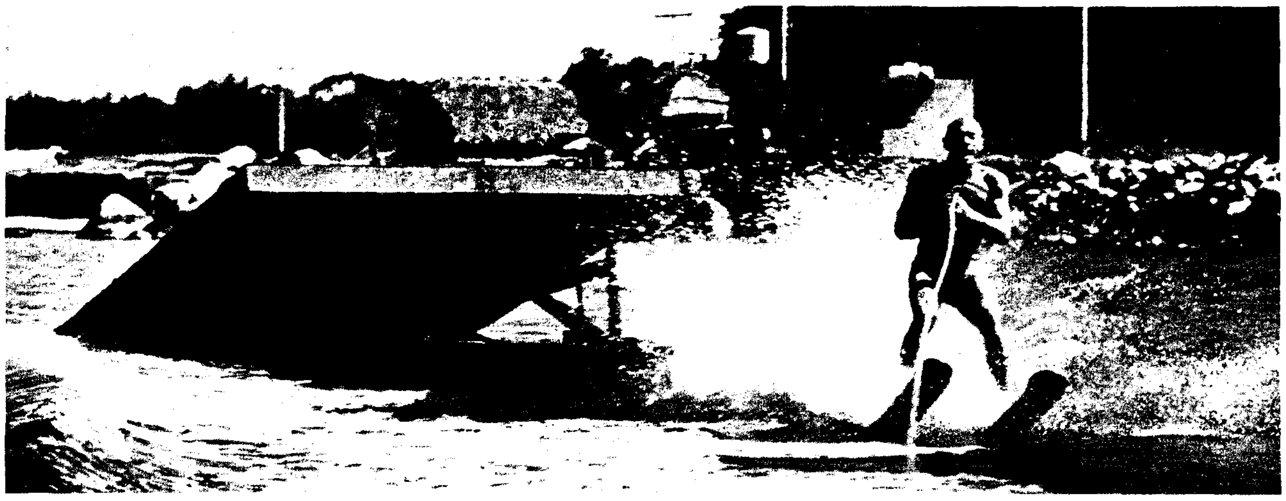


*On **Hollywood** set of King and I, camera **buff Brynner spent** hours shooting photos of fellow actors. **He's so skilled** that he takes pictures professionally*

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ZINN ARTHUR

*In **Shall We Dance?**, one of film's **most appealing sequences, king** learns waltz from **Englishwoman** (co-star **Deborah Kerr**) who teaches school to his 82 children*

Brynner recently took his family on a Mexican vacation: at left, he is with wife, former Virginia Gilmore; son Rocky is 9 years old. Below: he enjoys water skiing, which he took up just two years ago. He's already made an 85-foot jump, as against world record of 125 feet. "Yul can't do anything without making a profession of it," says one friend



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM YEE

restless, voracious, a breaker of rules, an original. He sleeps only five hours a night and eats like an Olympic shot-putter.

Movie actors specializing in romantic roles must watch their weight the way a mother watches her sick child's temperature. Brynner, who has to maintain a washboard stomach and the silhouette of a classic Greek statue, wolfs down four, and sometimes five, meals a day, starting with a breakfast that usually consists of an immense steak garnished with a platter of chops, potatoes fried in deep fat, apple pie and cheese, all of which is consumed in the manner of a prisoner just released from a concentration camp. "It's a habit I got into during the war," he explains.

HIS FRIEND, JEAN NEGULESCO, the Hollywood director, insists Brynner can't do anything without making a profession of it; and it is true that he pursues his hobbies with furious gusto. He designs and builds modern furniture; collects ballads from all over the world and sings them in a pleasing baritone voice to his own guitar accompaniment; is an excellent amateur chef, particularly skilled in the dishes of North China; and plays Scrabble as though he had invented the game.

Joe E. Lewis, the night-club comic, is one of his passions, and they always get together whenever they are in the same town. But Brynner also has a high-brow side. He holds the American equivalent of a master's degree from the Sorbonne, and when The King and I was playing a long engagement in Chicago he went to Northwestern University and started a Ph.D. thesis on ethics and the philosophy of religion in terms of the modern world. Two years ago he took up water skiing. Last spring at Acapulco, Mexico, he made a jump of 85 feet (the world's record is only 125 feet). At Northwestern he also studied photography, won a local prize for a series he shot of a tumor operation on a woman's hand, and has since become so skilled that he could probably earn his living at it.

As if all these pursuits, in addition to his professional career, weren't enough to keep him busy, Brynner has taken up movie direction. His maiden effort will be The Buccaneer next year, and one of his first directorial decrees—to himself as the player of the title role—was that Jean Laffite must wear hair.

The Buccaneer won't be released until 1958. Meanwhile, Brynner will have been globe-trotting in celluloid as the king, the Pharaoh and the White Russian prince—all egg-bald. Will the world public expect baldness from Brynner as it expects Groucho Marx's cigar and Humphrey Bogart's sneer? A generation ago the globe resounded with the slogan: "Garbo Talks!" In a couple of years the Paramount press department may be tromboning: "Brynner Has Hair!"

Brynner is a press agent's dream and, at the same time, despair. On the one hand, Brynner's color-drenched and somewhat mysterious past furnishes ideal publicity material; but on the other, Brynner takes a dim view of that invasion of private life which picture stars are supposed to undergo for alleged public relations. He has been happily married for the past 12 years to Virginia Gilmore, the former stage and screen actress, and they have a nine-year-old son named Rocky. "How I brush my teeth or what goes on in my family is none of the public's business," Brynner says. "If the public's interested in me, let it buy tickets."

When Edward R. Murrow invited him to be interviewed on the Person to Person TV program, Brynner said he would be delighted—if the interview took place in his dressing room or a hotel; but holding it in the Brynner home was out. So far, no solution of this impasse has been attained. It is a pity, for a discussion between two such high-tension conversationalists would be absorbing to be tuned in on, especially where it touched on Brynner's early days.

THE SAGA of these early days sounds so fantastic that some of Brynner's friends nurse affectionate skepticism about it, because it changes in detail from time to time. "I've heard 12 different stories," said one, "and they all came from Yul." Here follows the latest version:

Brynner was born in Sakhalin, a large island off the coast of Siberia. (The year of his birth is given in the World Almanac as 1915, but on his passport as 1920.) His father was a Mongolian who had been born in Switzerland, attained Swiss citizenship and studied mining engineering at the University of St. Petersburg; in Switzerland Brynner *père* adopted the name of Brynner, a fairly common Swiss one, substituting it for his

Fresh parsley, glistening
with ice, as it comes
to the Campbell Kitchens.

Cook's Corsage

Campbell Care extends even to the traditional pinch of parsley

Back in the days of Pericles, young Greek gallants shyly held out parsley bouquets as signs of affection. Not so many years afterward, good cooks found that parsley was one of the "secrets" of cooking when used sparingly "—by the pinch—not the cupful."

Today Campbell still uses parsley with a delicate hand. Compared to tomatoes, carrots, potatoes and celery, the amount of parsley used is trifling. But the way Campbell handles this small amount gives you an idea of the extreme care Campbell takes all along the line.

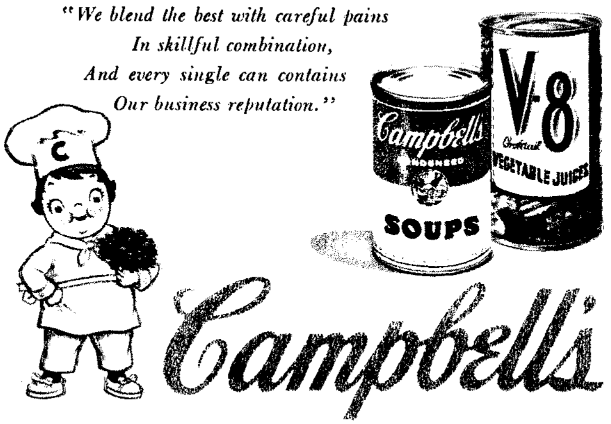
Parsley is at its best when it's young and tender. So the Campbell purchasing men will settle for no other kind. The parsley is cut, packed deep in ice and rushed to the Campbell Kitchens. It comes in looking very much like a corsage, with the ice still glistening on it, like you see in the picture. Keen-eyed women trim the stalks just so. No stem over an eighth of an inch thick or yellow leaf gets into the soup.

All this freshness is then chopped up and blended, as only Campbell chefs know how, into Campbell's Soups like Clam Chowder, Pepper Pot, Vegetable—and seven more besides. To each, parsley adds its own special nuance of flavor and color. Not forgetting the light dash of spice it adds to V-8 and other products from the Campbell Kitchens.

This is one more instance of the way Campbell aims to bring you the best . . . to bring it to you fresh . . . and to prepare it even more carefully than a painstaking housewife would right in her own kitchen. As we've said right along:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."



Soups • *Tomato Juice* • *Pork & Beans*
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

Brynner was a circus trapeze artist until he took a fall and wound up with serious injuries. So he became an actor

Mongolian name, Taidje Khan. Yul's mother was a Romanian gypsy, who died at his birth.

Yul spent his first eight years in China, where his father owned silver and lead mines and an import-export business. Toward the close of his eighth year, his maternal grandmother took him to live in Europe; she died not long after their arrival. Yul refuses to discuss the next five years of his life: "Some people who were supposed to do right by me let me down, and I want to forget about it."

At any rate, when he was thirteen years old, after he had spent about seven months at a boarding school in suburban Paris, he took his most valued possession—a guitar, which his gypsy grandmother had taught him to play at the age of four—and set forth into the world. One evening in Paris he picked out a night club at random, struck a chord and began to sing some of his grandmother's ballads. After hearing him, a troupe of gypsies featured in the floor show gave him a job.

The gypsies used to hang out in a saloon near the Cirque d'Hiver—the famous indoor circus—which was also patronized by the Cirque's acrobats. One day some aerialists jokingly asked the fourteen-year-old Yul if he had ever done any trapeze flying. He replied that he certainly had, so they invited him to work out with them.

"I pretended to be an old hand, but of course I was bluffing," he recalls, "and when I had climbed up to the take-off platform, about 50 feet aboveground, I looked down and nearly fainted. But there was a net, and I finally decided I had better carry the bluff through. I got on the trapeze, swung out into space—terrified, naturally—and then somebody yelled, 'Let go!' I was so startled that I did. I found I'd dropped right back on the platform I'd taken off from. This is an old joke the fliers play on every greenhorn, relying on fright and inexperience to make it work. They all roared at me; but they gave me a few months' training and took me into the troupe. It was the happiest period of my whole life."

Brynner's aerial career lasted three years, during which he toured France, Switzerland and Italy. Then one morning, while rehearsing, he jumped from aloft into a net that had not been properly adjusted, was hurled on to a set of parallel bars and suffered numerous fractures on his left side—in the shoulder, arm, ribs, fingers and leg. When the doctors at last took the casts off, they told him there could be no more trapeze flying.

IT WAS THEN that Yul went into the theater. A White Russian couple named Georges and Ludmilla Pitoeff had a celebrated repertory company in Paris between the wars which featured the plays of Shaw, Ibsen, Strindberg and Pirandello, as well as French and Russian classics. Yul joined them as an unpaid apprentice and for the next several years they taught him not only acting but how to be a stagehand, wigmaker, scene painter, carpenter, costume designer, electrician, flyman, property builder and stage manager. To bank-roll himself through the winters and springs, he worked summers in the south of France as a beach lifeguard and professional player of *jai alai*, that strenuous Basque ball game. During his spare time in Paris he pursued his studies at the Sorbonne. When the war came, he volunteered for the French army, but was turned down because his left shoulder was still out of whack from the circus accident.

In 1941 Brynner came to America and broke into show business with a struggling Shakespearean troupe that played at universities and colleges for mostly one-night stands and traveled in a bus. Yul drove the bus and also slept in it. His salary was $25 a week. In Twelfth Night he played Fabian, a character who has almost no lines to deliver, which was no doubt just as well, for in those days his English was pretty insecure.

"I spoke part Shakespeare, part Romany and part scat talk," he says. His literal translations from the Romany sometimes confused his hearers. "Bring me a chopped sirloin medium rare, or dread my anger," was a command that used to startle hash-house waitresses. The phrase "or dread my anger" is what gypsy men say for "please." (Gypsy women aren't permitted to employ it; they just say "please.")

The Brynner English is now virtually flawless. Languages come easily to Yul. One day in Hollywood, between takes on The King and I set, he was visited by a venerable gentleman named Vira Dharmawara, who is spiritual adviser to the Throne of Cambodia in southern Indochina, and speaks 13 languages. They conversed on spiritual matters in English, French, Chinese, Mongolian, Russian, Spanish, German, Italian and Hungarian. A summons from director Walter Lang broke up the conversation, and the Cambodian sage left the set. "Good thing we were interrupted," Brynner told Lang. "We had four more languages to go and I had run out of languages."

BRYNNER'S FIRST BREAK in the New York theater came a few months after the end of the war, playing opposite Mary Martin in Lute Song, in the role of an Oriental student prince. The show toured the U.S. for a year and then went to London. He and his wife spent almost a year in Europe, while Yul played in a London musical and sang in a Paris night spot. When they returned to the U.S. in 1948, he became a television director.

Brynner was very happy in TV. He worked 14 hours a day, never got ulcers, and was handed some first-rate assignments, notably with the Danger and Studio One programs. But Mary Martin heard that Rodgers and Hammerstein had bought the stage rights to the book Anna and the King of Siam. Remembering Brynner's brilliant performance in Lute Song, she called on R. & H. and insisted that he would be perfect in the king's part. He was. Ask any female who held a ticket.

Brynner not only sends audiences away in a collective glow; he has a faculty for winning the respect and affection of those who work with him. Terry Saunders, a Brooklyn girl who played Lady Thiang, the royal number-one wife in both the stage and screen versions of The King and I, can be regarded as an expert witness.

"When the show was on the road," she said, "Yul ran an acting school for the members of the cast, which we had begged him to start. It was held every night after the performance for seven months. Yul charged us a dollar a week, but he put a dollar in the kitty for everyone else's, so that the cost to him each week for the privilege of teaching was $47. When we started a long run in Chicago he used the money to hire a studio that we worked in for four months. Professionals from other shows in town came to the classes, too. Yul gave us a whole new approach to the theater and to our parts. Before, when I felt good, I'd give a pretty good show, but when I was feeling bad my performance would suffer. Yul changed all that. He taught us that a real professional gives a fresh performance every time.

"He's not only a terrific craftsman, but a great human being. There's a twelve-year-old Filipino boy in the picture named Patrick Adiarte whose father died in a Japanese concentration camp. He was only six or seven when he joined us in the play, and Yul practically raised him, teaching him acting and grooming him for the crown prince's part. It was at Yul's insistence that Patrick got the part in the picture.

"He has a genius for handling people, getting things out of them they never knew they had. In my opinion he's bound to make one of the finest directors the movies ever had."

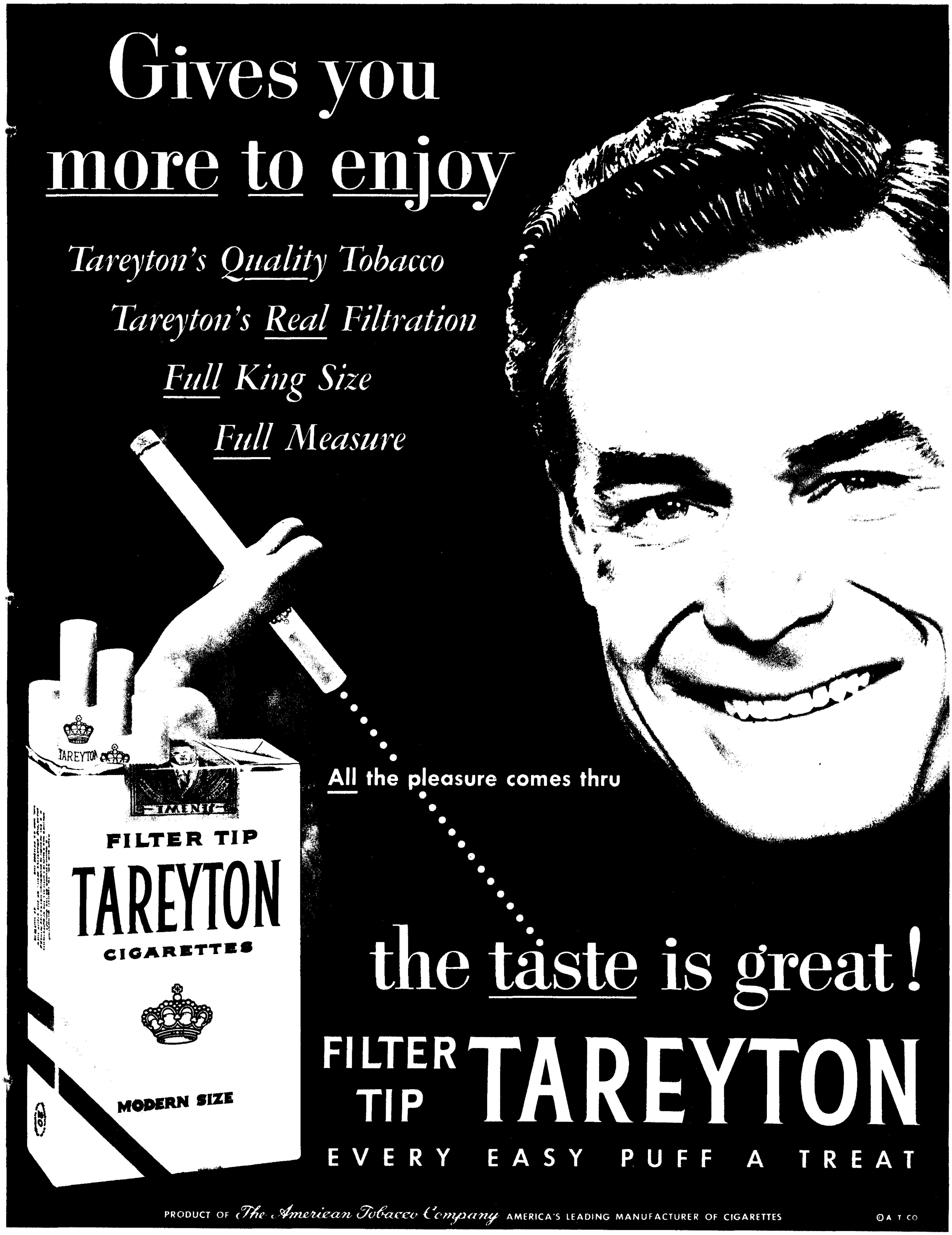
The veteran C. B. de Mille, who more or less sponsored Brynner as a picture director, agrees. "Yul should be marvelous," he says. "He has the eye and the ear for directing, and the sensitiveness and the taste." Nor has Deborah Kerr any doubts on the matter. "Yul helped me so much, taught me so much," says she. "He rehearsed with me—not to tell me how to play the role, but to show me how others had done it, so I could play it better in my own way. And besides, he's an extremely nice man. He was so very wonderful, I'll forever be his slave."

It is perfectly okay with Hollywood if Brynner becomes a great director as well as one of its most gleaming actors; but meantime there is Topic A to be settled: Will Brynner have that old S.A. on the screen or won't he? A story going the rounds has encouraged the moguls.

Recently an irked acquaintance, noting his own girl friend staring in fascination at Brynner's bald pate, asked him in honest bewilderment, "What have you got that women want?"

Brynner shrugged. "How should I know? I'm not a woman."

"Amen," said the fascinated lady. "Amen." THE END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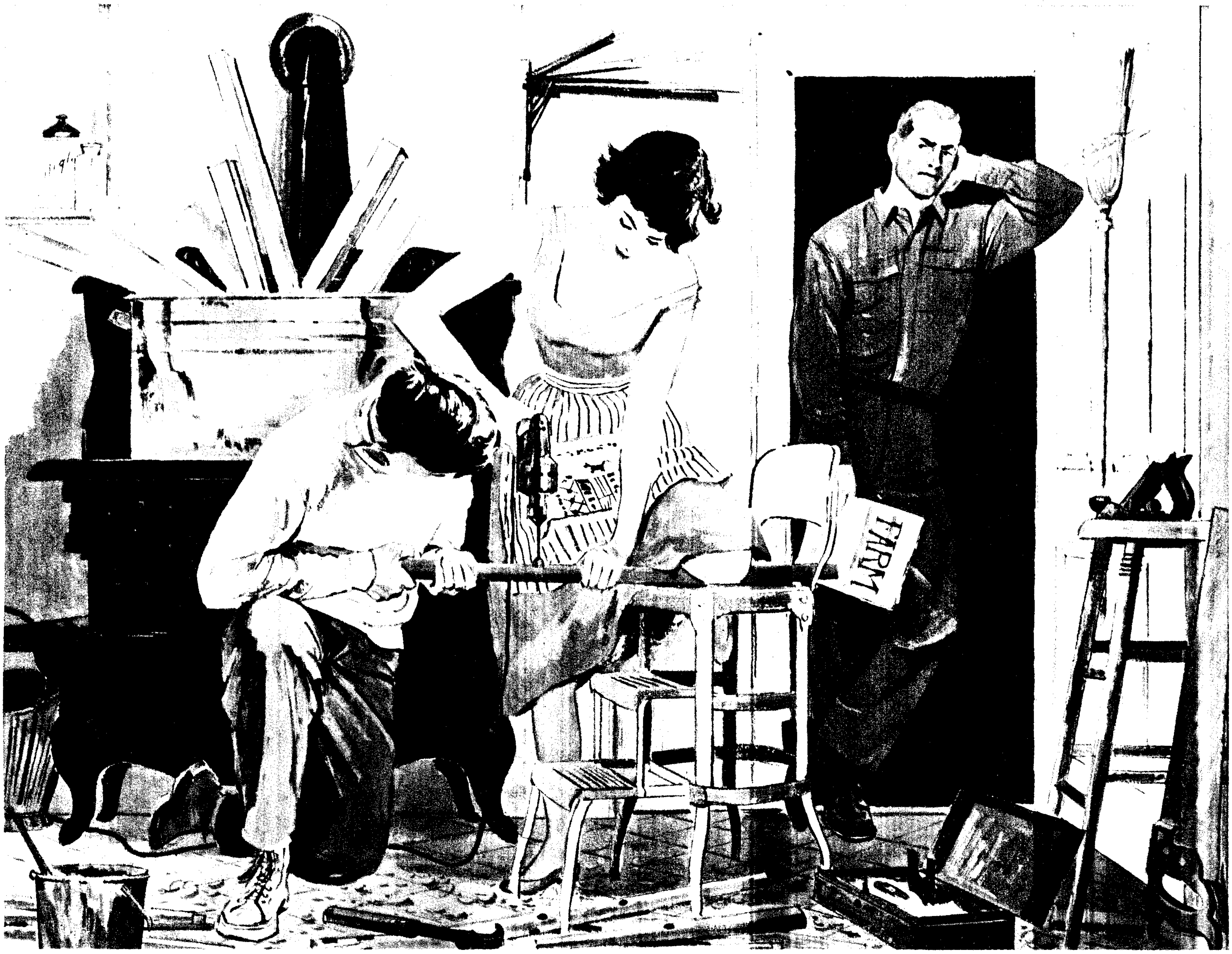

Stu was helping me drill when Rocky came in. "Do you have to make that noise?" he asked

DeLucie: Marriage Counselor

By MARGARET CHASE

A great institution—marriage—had been allowed to go to pot. And DeLucie was convinced she knew just how to fix it

AS SOON as my husband Rocky was separated from the Army, he went back into the police. We rented a lovely four-room apartment in the upper story of the old unused carriage house on the back of the Iredales' lot. In our living room we had a rug and a lamp, a sofa, a piggy bank and one chair. Two chairs would have looked better, but newlyweds often have gaps in their house furnishings. It was a great setup, and we were terribly happy.

Sundays and Thursdays, when the Iredales' maid had the day off, I crossed the back yard to the Iredales' big house to baby-sit. That house used to be my home. I was seventeen when I left the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls to take a job with Mrs. Iredale—cooking and helping with the children, Stuart and Cherry. The Missis taught me all I know about Gracious Living, but if you ask me, she always went overboard about anything she liked, such as golf. Still, we learned to respect each other, and Rocky and I were married at their house.

I put my baby-sitting money into the piggy bank. Rocky and I were saving to buy a little farm, in maybe ten years. He was taking correspondence courses, like Answers to the Hay Question, Advanced Fertilizer, Cows and Udder Problems. Rocky's a city boy.

Farming was Rocky's ambition, not mine. He said that land was the only thing that didn't fly away, that a man should till his own acres. He was living in a dream world, but I wouldn't tell him so, he was so happy and hopeful. Farms are all mechanized now—who tills his acres by hand? Besides, what's wrong with being a cop? Since when does a good cop fly away, or the need for good cops? But leave the guy have his dream.

Stu Iredale, who is a smart kid thirteen years old, was pretty apt to show up in our dinette every evening to see what we had for dessert. The Iredales usually had two cooks, one going, one beginning. Anyway, one beautiful summer evening Stu came over, and before he cleaned up our strawberry shortcake, he handed me this wonderful present. It was something I had been longing for: a dandy little electric drill, which made a screech you could hear a mile away.

While Rocky studied farming in his spare time, I made shavings. I was

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not one of those well-rounded handy men that could put in a new furnace—I just loved wood. The carpenter at the Industrial Home had taught us to work with tools. And Rocky had let me take six bucks out of our piggy bank to pay for a manual-training course in the adult-education program at the high school, so that I could use their tools. We didn't own many good tools ourselves, nothing like the big combination power unit the Iredales had, which I yearned over once in a while. Those wall-smiths cost almost three hundred bucks, and that ain't hay, and Rocky hadn't figured out the answer to the Hay Question yet. So all our spare cash went into the piggy bank for the farm.

THE carriage house under our apartment had been cleared of everything but a big old sleigh that the kids played in sometimes and a few decent boards piled in a corner. I used most of the boards at the manual-training workshop to make some ten-inch perches for the canary, a spice cabinet for Mrs. Iredale, a doll bed for Cherry and a tie rack for Mr. Iredale. Now I was going to swing way out and tackle a chair for Rocky. I planned to copy the nice simple chair that Mr. Iredale usually sat in, a scroll-back chair with an attached drinking arm. The Mister always found that attachment useful. I could curve the scrolls with steam and cut them out with my own scroll saw, and band-saw the sides.

I had saved a few good boards of ash and oak, tailboards from a wagon, enough to make the seat of the chair. The Lord would have to provide the rest of the wood; I didn't have it. I had taken the boards apart at manual-training class and squared up the edges. That's why I was so delighted when Stu gave me the electric drill for my own. Now I could make the holes for the dowels to hold the boards together, and maybe I could rout out the seat and sand it too.

This night I cleared the dining-room table so Rocky could spread out his pamphlets and papers, and Stu and I went to work in the kitchen, drilling the dowel holes. It was a big secret that I was making Rocky a chair, and I hoped he wouldn't notice what I was doing. The drill made an ear-piercing scream that was most exciting to work by, I thought, though Rocky kept glancing up with a strange look in his black eyes.

"My dad liked to use that drill," Stu told me, "but my mother said she'd throw it in the Sound. My ma and my pa are mismated."

"Mismated! I'm sorry to hear that. Rocky and I never have a cross word. Everything I do delights him, and everything he likes suits me. I got nobody but Rocky. Never had a home till we got this one. Never had a name that belonged to me before, me being a foundling."

"Not like my folks. Ma plays golf, Pa prefers tennis. Ma loves ballet, ballet embarrasses Pa. Ma likes violin concerts, they make Pa's teeth ache. Ma goes to church, he stays in bed. They just aren't suited, like you and Rocky. I hope I get to marry a foundling."

"Hey, Stu!" Rocky called from the dinette. "No telling family secrets. We don't want to know."

"Nothing private," Stu called back. "Everybody knows my parents fight. They're mismated."

I made up my mind, in my great happiness, to try to help the Iredales. Rocky and I were so rapturously in love that I pitied all couples who weren't.

Suddenly Rocky came out to the kitchen and put his arms around me tenderly. I could see us in the kitchen mirror behind the sink, and we looked pretty cute—Rocky in his blue cop's pants and shirt, ironed nice, and his good haircut and kind eyes, and me not bad either, wearing one of my little pink trousseau aprons, all flush-faced and happy.

I nestled against my husband's chest, swoony-goony. "Captured by the long arm of the law."

"Damn it, darling! Do you have to make that noise much longer? It goes through me like a knife."

"This? This little squeal, like the pigs you love so much?" I punched the drill a little deeper and the bit screamed. "I'll quit right now. Sorry, dearest."

"I don't want to spoil your fun, DeLucie, but I can't think. Can't you do something quiet? Read a book?"

"I read a book all afternoon. I was baby-sitting for Mrs. Allen, the minister's wife, and the baby slept. I put the two bucks into the piggy bank toward your farm."

"Crochet us a fancy bedspread with a motto. That's quiet."

"But we've got one, and one bedspread with a wedding motto should last a lifetime: Come weal come woe, fate made my mate. But I'll do anything to please, sweetheart." I could hear Stu pretending to urp. "You're so wonderful I'll steam some wood—that's real silent."

I wanted to try bending the wood after it was soaked and steamed. Stu helped me put one of my soaking sticks into a big old piece of soil pipe I'd found, and we lifted it into the clothes boiler on the kitchen stove. I needed practice in steaming and bending.

We could hear a little pitiful voice calling, "DeLucie! DeLucie!" It was my precious little Cherry. I ran outdoors to bring her up. Cherry is a big girl almost nine years old, but timid. The steps to our apartment are on the outside of the carriage house, or you can climb a ladder on the inside, but Cherry doesn't like to walk alone through the dark empty ground floor where they used to keep two carriages and a wagon. There's nothing down there now but the sleigh and my workbench under the one electric light.

Cherry had on her brownie-scout dress. "Mother wants Stu to come home; it's almost dark, and she doesn't think he should be always bothering you," she said. "When I go into the fifth grade I can be a girl scout. Then will you teach me how to get the wood badge?"

I promised her I would start her on it some day soon.

"I want to come up and read your bedspread." Cherry came up the narrow stairs and climbed up on our bed to trace the broad crocheted letters with her forefinger. Jinkie, the Iredales' laundress, made it for Rocky and me for a wedding present, and it took her over two years. She crocheted the wedding rhyme right down the middle of the lace, one word under another. I keep a pink sateen spread under it so you can read the rhyme. I take it off every night, as it weighs a ton. *"Come weal come woe, fate made my mate,"* Cherry spelled out.

"Hey!" It was Mr. Iredale, shouting from the foot of our stairs. "Cherry and Stuart, come home now."

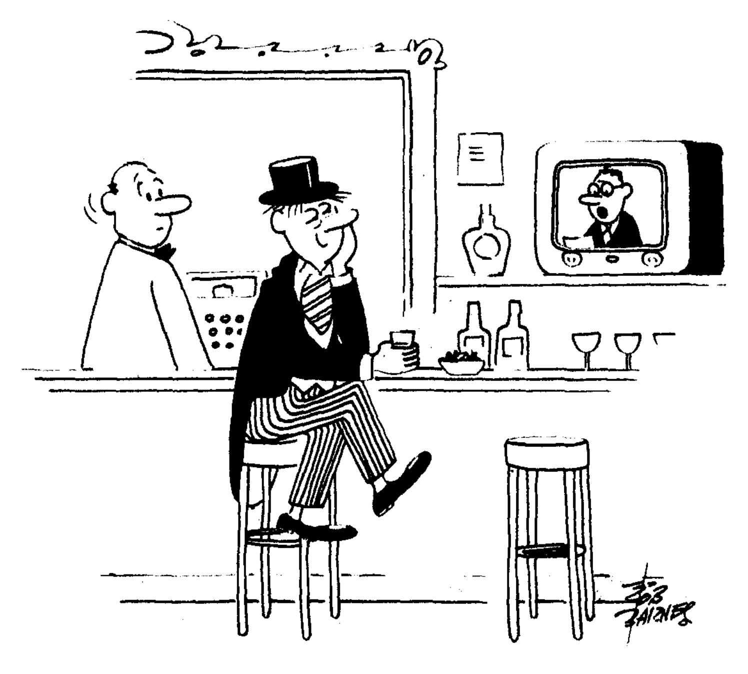
Rocky yelled down, "Come on up, Mr. Iredale. You've never seen our house since we got it furnished."

MR. IREDALE is a big shot, used to be on the radio and now is a partner in an advertising agency. The kids showed him around, Stu pointing out the cigar box with Rocky's medals—his gold football from high school and his good-conduct medal from the Army, and medals for pistol shooting with the police team. Cherry read him the bedspread.

"Come weal come woe," the Mister repeated, "fate made my mate. Well, well." I knew he was thinking that he and the Missis were mismated.

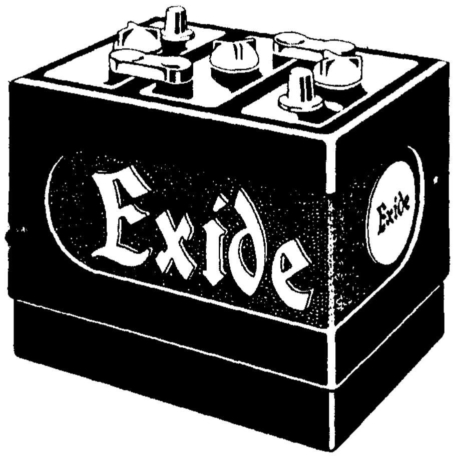
Naturally I couldn't come right out with it and give a man like Mr. Iredale advice about his marriage. I planned to hint around the subject as soon as I got a chance, though.

"You've fixed the old place up swell," he said, tripping over a bar clamp that happened to stick out from under the sofa. He seemed surprised to find a couple of sticks soaking in the bath-



"One of the largest weddings this town has ever known suffered an upset this afternoon when the groom failed to . . ."

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES



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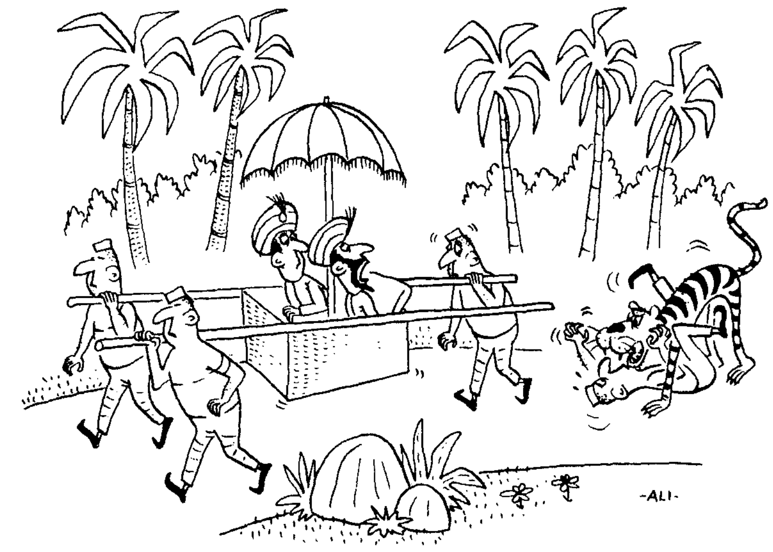

"There goes the left rear!"
COLLIER'S ALFRED W. ISLER

tub. "What's that?" he asked. "Human shinbones?"

"DeLucie's soaking them. Don't ask me what for," Rocky said. Since he was right there, I couldn't explain that I intended to make the back for the chair that way, if I ever got hold of some good wood.

"Beats me how you get a bath, Rocky."

"I don't. I take a shower at the station."

"Oh, what a story," I said indignantly. "I only soak them for twenty-four hours at a time."

"DeLucie used to police the sidewalks, Mr. Iredale," Rocky said, "picking up pieces of glass or broken bottles so little kids wouldn't hurt their feet. Nowadays if she sees an old wooden grocery box or a broken branch at the side of the road, I got to slap her fingers to make her drop it. Last week she brought home some chunks of yew for drawer pulls—I think she dug up someone's hedge."

They liked to kid me, but I was no worse than Jinkie, the laundress. She had spent years of her life in a kind of a dream state, crocheting. And the Missis! She lived in a world of golf.

Rocky showed Mr. Iredale his answers to questions about Sealing the Silo. "A man ought to till his own land, Mr. Iredale. Land's almost the only thing that doesn't fly away."

"What makes your paper so limp? The whole place is damp—drops of water condensing on the windows."

Stu jerked his thumb silently toward the wash boiler on the stove, where I was steaming my wood.

"Boy! You'd have to have a sincere love of food to eat that!"

"Now you stop, Mr. Iredale. Could I borrow your clamps for a few days? There's an old butter churn on the ground floor that I can bend my strips of steamed wood around, I hope. I'll work down below tonight so that Rocky can have a quiet place to study. He's the lord of the manor, Mr. Iredale, come weal come woe. My first thought is of Rocky's comfort."

"I can see that. You wouldn't feel there's a small chance that you might be overdoing the wood hobby the least bit, would you?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Iredale. Not me. Jinkie rides her hobby too hard of course. But I can take it or leave it alone. But where'd be the fun in leaving it alone?"

He hurried the kids home so his wife wouldn't be mad. Poor mismated couple. If they would only ask my advice!

Next day I got a chance to counsel Mrs. Iredale indirectly. It was Saturday, and I went over to the big house to take care of Cherry and her little pal Bittsy, the minister's daughter. The Iredales, who were between cooks, were having lunch and an argument—about politics, of all things. Pained by their lack of harmony, I went down to the basement to talk to Jinkie.

"Listen to them fight!" said Jinkie with her melancholy smile. "But no worse than me and my Ulysses."

WAS prowling around the woodbox and I found some nice white pine, a grocery box and an old polo ball.

"Mind if I plug in the wall-smith, Jinkie?"

"Go right ahead."

I began to rip some one-and-one-eighth-inch stock, and then I noticed the Missis' golf shoe coming around the turn of the steps from the first floor, so I quick shouted over the sound of the wall-smith for her benefit: "Are you mismated, Jinkie? Let me counsel you. There's no reason why every married couple can't be madly happy. Give Ulysses the best of everything. Treat him tenderly, adoringly, as you would a darling helpless baby." The Missis' shoes and the hem of her pleated skirt showed she was standing quietly above our view, listening.

"I've had six babies," said Jinkie sadly. "I rather have a change."

"Treat Ulysses like President Eisenhower."

"Oh, vote for him?"

"No, I don't mean that. I mean, if Ike came to your house you'd give him the best of everything. Give your husband the best of it too: the best chair, swell eats, a clean napkin every day, first chance at the tub. Treat Ulysses as if he really *is* the man he is in his silliest daydreams. Give him the best."

"My husband takes the best. He takes it first."

I was stumped for just a minute. "Then your marriage is happy."

"I'm happy. He ain't. He thinks he's put-upon."

I told her I'd think this over and give her some more marriage counseling later. Rocky and I had been living over the carriage house seven months and we were still

(*Continued on page* 46)

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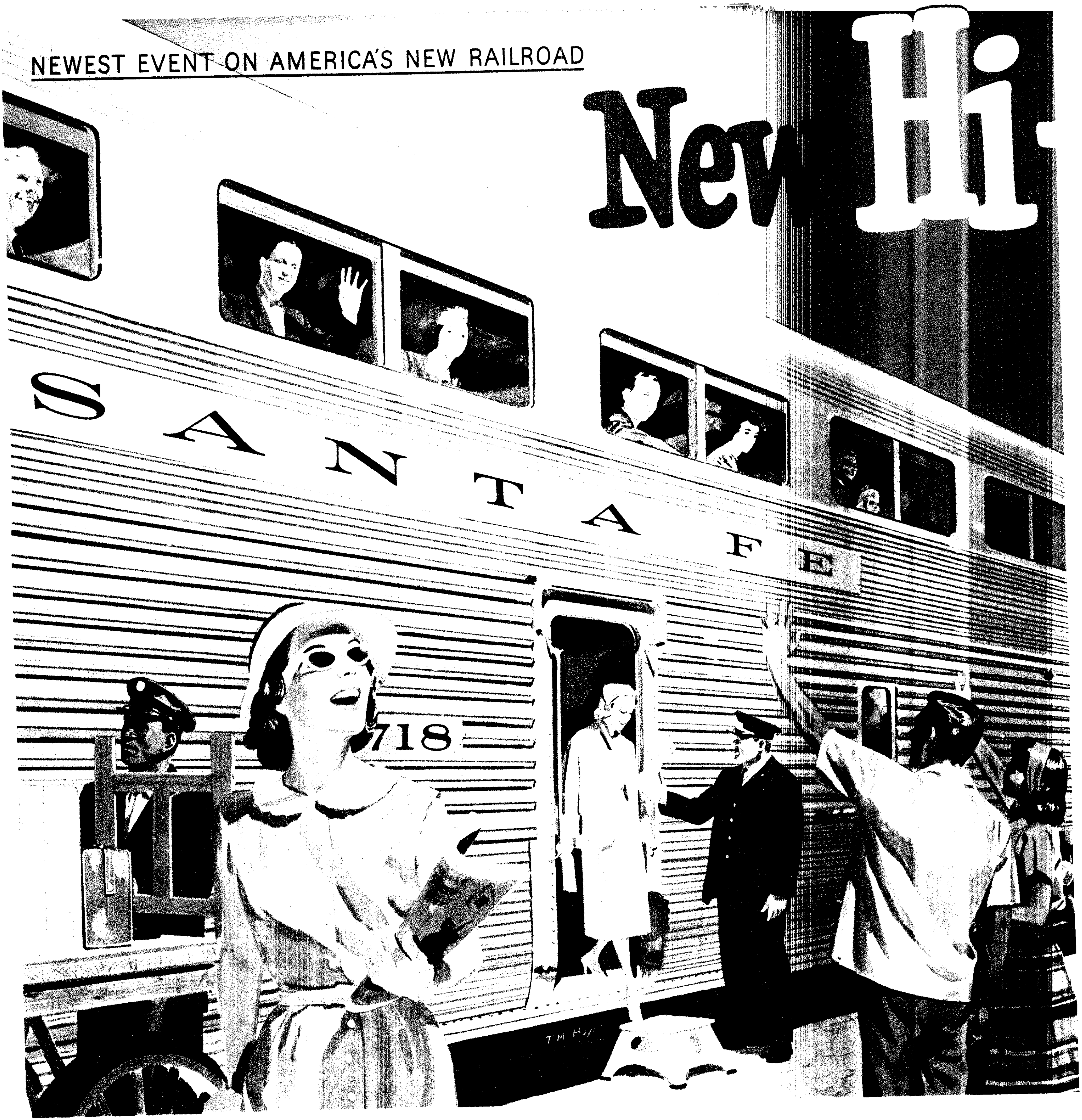
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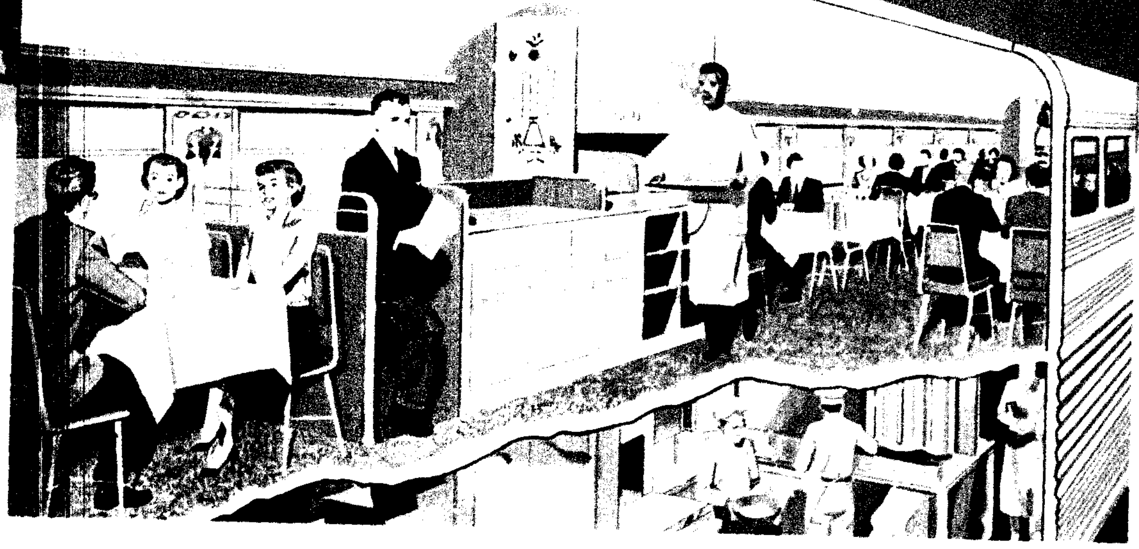

You dine penthouse-style. Soft music, magnificent views, and, of course, tempting Fred Harvey dishes—all high above the noise and distraction of the kitchen below.

Santa Fe

(*Continued from page* 43) deliriously in love, so there was no reason why everybody else couldn't remain deliriously in love too. I told her come weal come woe, fate made my mate.

WHEN Mrs. Iredale came down the stairs and the Mister behind her, with a glass of beer in his hand. I hoped I'd helped their thinking, and maybe I had, because they were both smiling—in fact, grinning.

"Is it all right if I swipe this wood?" I said. "Thanks for the use of the wallsmith."

"You're welcome. What do you like to do most in the world, DeLucie?" asked the Missis.

"This. Work with wood."

"It may be a virus disease," said the Mister thoughtfully, finishing his beer. "DeLucie has it worse than most, but she may partially recover in time. Let's go play golf, Gertrude. We have our own obsessions." Whatever that meant.

"Take Bittsy and Cherry outdoors," Mrs. Iredale told me, "and please walk Bittsy home at five o'clock."

I'd rather have fooled around in the basement of course, but I had to earn my seventy-five cents an hour from Mrs. Iredale. And when I walked Bittsy home to the parsonage, something wonderful happened. Mrs. Allen asked me why I was carrying Mr. Iredale's clamps, and when I explained about Rocky's chair, she gave me half a burned pew out of the church storeroom! A beautiful butternut pew—enough fine wood to finish the chair!

I was crazy with joy. I planned to get it made before Rocky's vacation, when we could be together all day long—it would be such a luxury if we each had a chair. The next few days I went around in circles like a tornado. On class night at manual training I sawed off the top rail of the pew with the circular saw, and in the Iredales' workshop I got my stock ready, and on my own workbench I had some pieces to be glued and a couple of strips soaking in the tub, in case one didn't work out, and a piece being steamed in my kitchen, and something clamped all over the living-room floor.

I tried to get most of the noisy work done while Rocky was on duty, but one day he came home earlier than expected and found me in the kitchen routing out the depression in the seat of his chair, which I had band-sawed to the proper shape.

I heard him roar, "Damn it, darling!" as he fell over a clamp.

I almost fell over without even tripping on a clamp when he told me what he wanted to do. A cop friend of his had an uncle with a fruit orchard in Michigan, and this friend had invited Rocky to drive there with him, spelling each other at the wheel so they wouldn't have to stop anywhere. They would *work in Michigan two weeks*, picking cherries, being paid laborer's wages, and Rocky would get some firsthand information about farming. They'd give him his vacation right now. Did I mind?

I minded. I was sick. Rocky wanted *to take his vacation without me!* I'd had to say good-by to him so many times when he was in the Army that it was no novelty, but it was also no fun.

"What have I done wrong, Rocky, that you don't love your little home? I must have glued the left-hand side on the right, or something. Picking cherries is far from tilling your own acres, city boy. You stand on a ladder getting sunburned all day long. I've picked cherries."

He swore that he loved me and he loved our home, and that everything had always been just fine. Grief flooded my poor heart, but I put on a false smile and acted brave and jolly.

TWO days later, at five o'clock in the morning, I waved good-by to my husband as he and his friend started away on the long, long drive to Michigan. It was still dark, so I went back to bed. Come weal come woe—and this was surely woe. I lay awake wondering why my Rocky didn't love me. My only consolation was that I could finish making his chair.

One morning I was sitting in the old sleigh in the carriage house quietly sanding a piece of wood when I heard the voices of Mrs. Iredale and Mrs. Allen, the minister's wife. They were coming in by the sliding doors, which I had left ajar to let in more light, and Bittsy and Cherry were with them. I crouched down in the sleigh because I looked sloppy, sawdust in my hair and my slacks spotted with glue. The sleigh faced the small window and the back of the sleigh kept them from seeing me. They kept calling, "DeLucie! DeLucie!" and presently they climbed up the ladder into our apartment and soon came down again, talking.

"I thought you said DeLucie was such a perfect housekeeper!" Mrs. Allen was saying. "Tools and dust and plans and scraps of wood all over. I suppose it isn't so bad when her husband is home."

"Sometimes it's worse," my little Cherry piped up. "Rocky doesn't care."

"He spoils her," said Mrs. Iredale. "That poor boy puts up with a good deal. DeLucie's wonderful with children, but no thinker. Not a perceptive. They're dreadfully mismated. I must try very tactfully to give her some insight into what makes a happy marriage."

"Oh, what's the difference!" said the minister's wife. "Everybody's mismated, as long as men marry women. It's what makes marriage interesting."

"You mean, be mismated and enjoy it? My advice to Stuart will be, marry a wife who likes you and is kind. Put her happiness above that of every woman in the world, and live cheerfully together."

"I hope we can find DeLucie. She would be the best one to teach the girl scouts advanced woodwork when school begins again, how to make the eight projects for their badge. She might give our little brownies some simple lessons too."

They went out before I actually choked to death with all the angry blood

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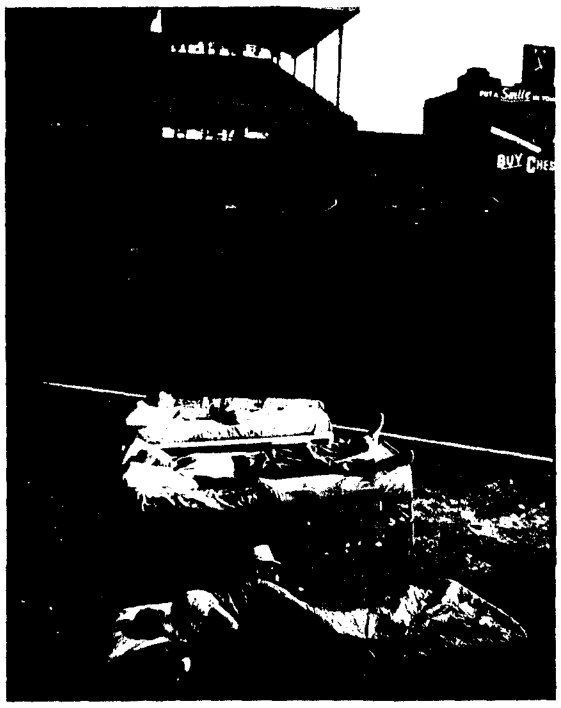
Left above: Young Jerry Schwab's playmates are big-leaguers, like Giant pitcher Jim Hearn. Right above: His mother and dad come home to their unusual apartment

Family here lives in [illegible] Grounds



Jerry, his father Matty (center) and a young friend camp out under the stars in the Schwabs' "front yard"

■ Baseball players have received fancy bonuses for signing major-league contracts, but none more unusual than that which persuaded groundskeeper Matty Schwab to transfer his talents from Brooklyn's Ebbets Field to New York's Polo Grounds: a rent-free apartment tucked away under the left-field stands of the Giants' home park.

Matty, his wife, Rose, and their thirteen-year-old son, Jerry, lead a family life together in the Polo Grounds during the pennant race, when Matty must toil early and late to keep the playing surface in shape. When the season ends in the fall, Matty sends the rest of the family South to a more conventional winter home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, while he stays on alone beneath the empty stands. "The place is perfect," Matty observes. "Twenty steps and I'm at work."

The unique apartment includes a kitchen, living room, two bedrooms and a bath—"more modern than any you would get in a summer cottage," Mrs. Schwab testifies. When there's a game on and the neighborhood gets noisy, she simply shuts the door and turns on the television. She concedes that "the steps Matty saves, I spend going out to shop." But, like all baseball wives, she knows how to make the best of an opportunity to have all the family under one roof for a while.

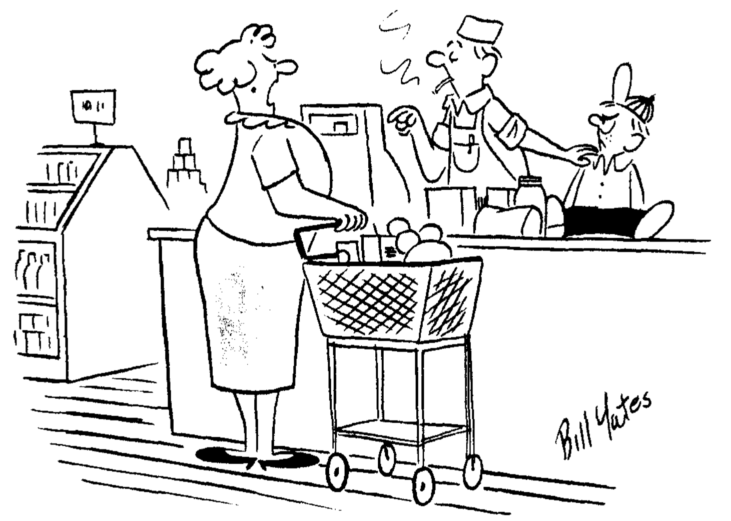
Although there aren't many kids in the block, son Jerry leads a life that most American boys would envy. He can shag flies for Willie Mays or Alvin Dark right on the Schwabs' four-acre front lawn, whenever the Giants are practicing. If he feels like a shower, all he has to do is jump through one of the nine big sprinklers his dad sets up on the field after most games. In hot weather Jerry can invite a friend or two over to camp out overnight in the outfield trodden by some of baseball's most famous names.

Living in a ball park doesn't seem too strange to Matty Schwab, because he was practically born in one. His father was groundskeeper in Cincinnati and the family lived across the street from what is now Crosley Field. Matty worked for his father before becoming head man at Ebbets Field in 1938. Seven years later Giant president Horace Stoneham decided to hire Matty for the Polo Grounds.

The deal was practically set, but apartments near the Polo Grounds were scarce and Matty couldn't see himself riding the subway an hour each way from Brooklyn every day. To clinch things Stoneham built the Schwabs the apartment under the stands.

"It would be hard to take if the Giants ever move to another park," Matty says. "Even if I found a place to live across the street, I'd feel like a commuter."

—TOM MEANY



"Just a minute there! You charged me for him!"

COLLIER'S · BILL YATES

that was pumping into my veins. I sat and did some good hard thinking. I'm a thinker of average ignorance—I just have to think half an hour longer in a straight line. And I am too a perceptive, whatever that is, and if there's one thing I got, I got insight. I also got mad.

I decided. As soon as I finished the chair, I would give up wood. If I start woodworking again, may I get a cork leg, said I to myself. This ends it.

WHEN Rocky had been away ten days, I had the chair all made but for finishing, which I would have to do gradually. I carried it upstairs, and our living room looked better with two chairs. I couldn't help thinking sorrowfully that there was a vacant spot beside each chair that simply yelled for a little table. I still had part of that butternut pew.

But NO. I was through with woodworking. It was like giving up newborn kittens to clean out the carriage house. I gave my butternut pew and all the rest of my wood to the girl scouts for their advanced-wood group. I gave away my darling screamer to Mrs. Allen, the minister's wife. I suffered agonizing withdrawal pains, like a drug addict.

I had my hair cut, and cleaned my house, and made pie and cake, and sat down to wait for Rocky with a ball of string and a crochet book in my lap. I wasn't sure when he would come, as his daily post cards didn't say.

Then Mrs. Iredale and Mrs. Allen talked me into going on an all-day picnic they were giving for the brownie group. I had a real good time, and the brownies were crazy about me. I promised to teach their nature-study class.

When Mrs. Iredale drove us home late in the afternoon, tanned and tired after the long day in the woods, she honked her horn several times as she drove up the driveway to her garage. "That's to tell Rocky you are home," she said with a mischievous smile. "He sent me a post card from Detroit asking me to keep you out of your house all day today."

I started running across the back yard and Rocky came running out of the carriage house and met me halfway. We flew into each other's arms. "My own precious girl!" he said, and all that swoony stuff, precious to hear.

"How long have you been home? Do you like your chair?"

I had covered it with a sheet, but he hadn't taken it off yet. He thought I'd want to unveil it. We hurried through the dark carriage house, and up the ladder, and were home. I unveiled the chair, and he was nuts about it.

"This room," Rocky added, after he had raved long enough to please me, "would be very pretty if we had a little table beside each chair, to hold a lamp and an ash tray." My thought exactly. Too late now.

"How did you like farming?"

"A man ought to till his own acres. They don't till anything in a cherry orchard. I'll never eat another cherry as long as I live. I ache so, I'm dead. However, I made some money."

"Put it in the piggy bank toward your farm."

"I can't. I spent it. Also half what we had in the piggy bank besides. Don't you know why I picked cherries all my vacation, darling? To buy you what you want the most."

"What I want most, I got now."

"Ah! But come downstairs. While Mrs. Iredale kept you away, I had a present installed for you."

I SKIPPED down the ladder, and there in the corner, under the light, a wall-smith. Huge, powerful, brand-new, expensive, a source of joy forever! And I had promised myself I would never touch woodworking again.

"Now you don't have to spend the evenings at the high-school class or in the Iredales' basement, leaving me all alone."

"Didn't you mind my getting so wrapped up in my wood projects?" I asked faintly. I couldn't bear to think of the wood I had given away, and my butternut pew, and the screamer.

"Oh, a little. Not very much. You were living in a dream world, kind of. I said to myself: Rocky, leave the dear girl have her dream."

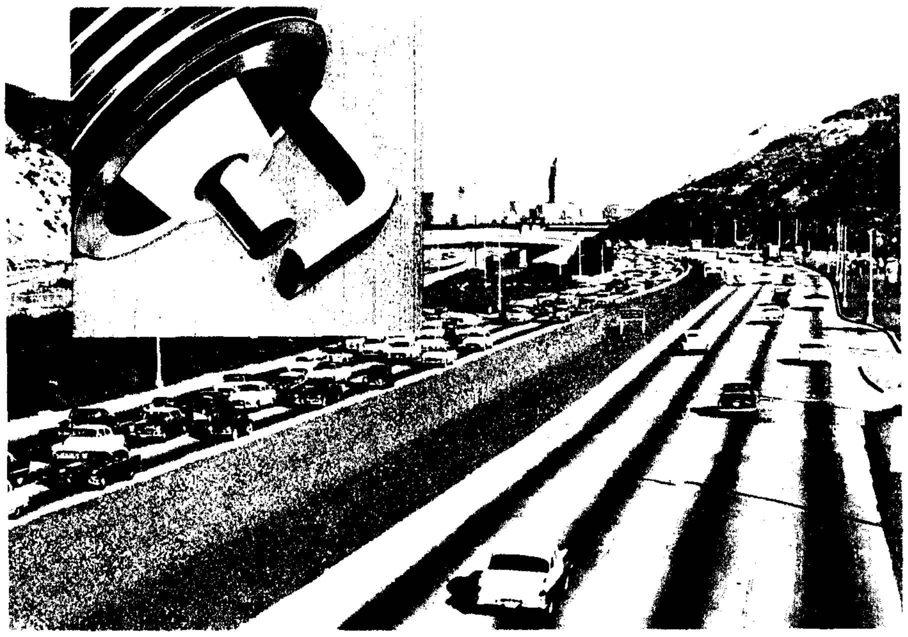
Funny thing, Mr. Iredale had said it might be a virus disease, and maybe I would partially recover in time. I had a feeling I was really getting over it.

There was a feverish light in Rocky's eyes. There was a pile of wood where the wall-smith had been uncrated.

"This is poor stuff," said Rocky, picking up a board. "I think I'll get some decent lumber at the lumberyard. But I could make a chick feeder out of a board like this. If you'll find me the screamer, DeLucie, I can drill holes here, and here, and here."

Rocky had come down with it.

—MARGARET CHASE



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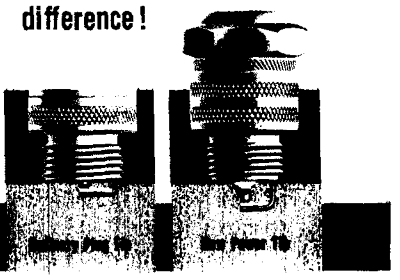

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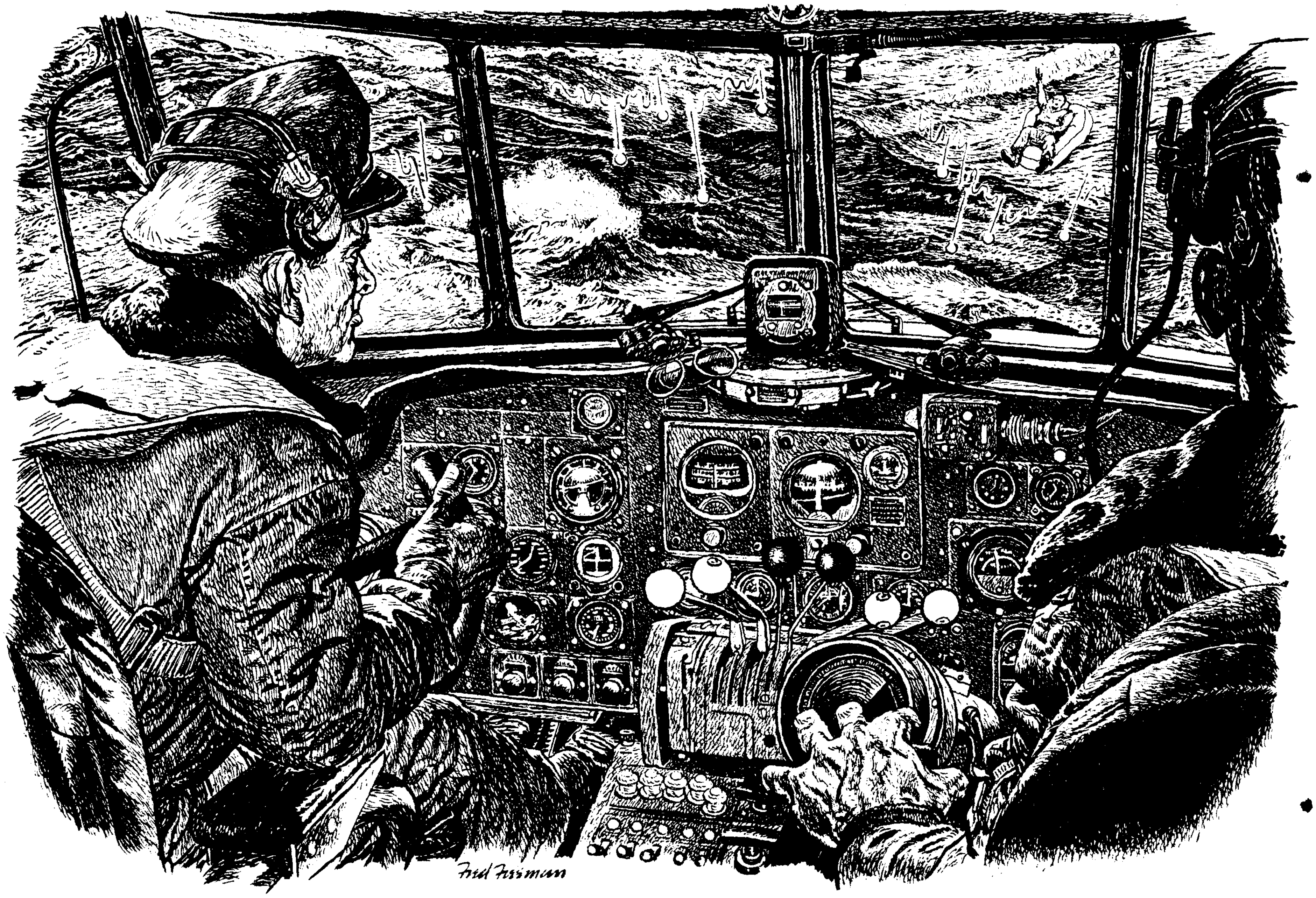

Just below, they sighted Eaton in a one-man dinghy, waving. "The sea is worse," Gore said. "Even if we could get in all right, I don't know if we could get out"

That others may live

Captain Gore was an Air Rescue pilot; his job was to save this man. But he had a strong personal reason for wanting to turn back—and he had a perfect excuse

By ELLIOTT ARNOLD

CAPTAIN JEFF GORE swung down the mike bracket attached to his earphones and held the mike against his lips. "Rescue Control. This is One-three-one-three. Over."

Kelso came in immediately. "Rescue One-three-one-three. This is Rescue Control. Over."

"Still negative, Major," Gore said.

"Any sign of debris?"

"Negative."

"What's your weather?"

"Not too bad." Gore looked through the windscreen of the airplane at the Gulf of Mexico five hundred feet below. "Water's chopping up a little."

"Base Weather is talking about a front. I'll keep you read in."

"Roger."

"Continue the search."

"Roger. Over and out."

Gore pushed the mike away from his mouth. He was a compact man in a blue Air Force flying suit with captain's bars on each shoulder. He unzipped the small pocket high on his left sleeve and took out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He got out a cigarette, tapped it lightly on the back of one hand, blew through the cigarette to rid it of tobacco dust and flicked the lighter. He folded back the cover of the pack neatly and returned the pack and lighter to the pocket. He zipped the pocket closed. There were a dozen pockets of various shapes and sizes distributed over the flying suit, and the zipper on each was carefully closed.

He glanced at his copilot, Lieutenant Fremont. Fremont was sprawled out in his seat, his flying cap pushed back carelessly, his eyes gazing at the water below. Gore reached over to touch Fremont on the shoulder. He caught himself. Instead he trimmed the plane slightly, correcting an almost imperceptible imbalance on the portside of the SA-16 flying boat. His fingers, long and nervous, went over the controls, making finical adjustments.

When Fremont took over, Gore knew, he would, like most pilots, put the aircraft on automatic pilot. When that happened Gore wanted every-

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MARCEL MARCEAU, THE GREAT FRENCH PANTOMIMIST

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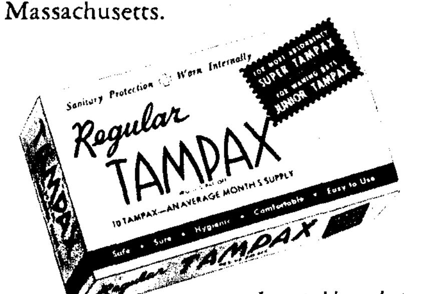
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thing to be precisely right, the way he had left it, so that the plane would in effect still be under his control.

When he was satisfied he signaled to Fremont. The copilot nodded, sat upright and took over. Gore removed his headset, lifted the arm of his seat and got up. Before he was on his feet he saw Fremont pulling in the automatic pilot.

As HE walked back into the plane, Gore glanced at the engineer. The question was in his eyes, as Gore knew it would be. He left the flight deck and made his way to the big carafe of coffee on the wall bracket. He filled a paper cup and sipped the hot, black liquid. He knew all the crewmen were looking at him with the same question in their eyes.

He emptied the cup, crushed it and deposited it in the waste receptacle. He looked up and down the interior of the plane. Everything was in its place. The men were in their seats, headphones over their ears. The navigator, at his small table, was working over his map. Everything was in place. That was the kind of ship he ran, clean, uncluttered, efficient.

He went back to the flight deck, feeling the eyes on his back. He took his seat and looked down at the water.

Fremont touched him and then touched his own earphones. Gore clamped his phones over his ears and heard Kelso's voice: ". . . This is Rescue Control. Over."

"No sign yet of the target, Major," Fremont said.

"How is your visibility, Lieutenant?"

"CAVU"

"What's the weather doing now?"

"We're bucking a head wind. About forty knots."

"The rainmaker says the front is moving on. It oughtn't to get worse where you are."

When Kelso went off, Fremont put a cigarette in his mouth. He felt around his pockets and then held out a hand to Gore.

Gore shook his head with faint irritation. He handed Fremont his lighter and waited with extended hand until Fremont gave it back to him. It annoyed him when people forgot or mislaid small, important things like lighters. He always carried two of them.

He stared down at the water, looking for the missing aviator. Even in his mind he could not say the aviator's name.

The alarm had come in early in the morning, some six hours ago. There was an F-86 Sabre-jet squadron based on the field and a gang of them had gone out for gunnery practice at tow targets. One of the jet pilots had made a pass at his target and while coming out of it had struck the tow cable.

The tow plane's pilot had radioed in to Air Rescue: he had seen the jet pilot ejected from the crippled F-86 and had seen his chute break open. Then he had lost him in the clouds. He gave the location and the serial number of the jet.

Major Kelso, the operations officer at Air Rescue, pushed the button. Gore and his crew were on alert and they scrambled. In less than twenty minutes they had their amphibian airborne and on its way. Until then it was routine, another job for the branch of the Air Force whose mission it was to save men after accidents. Then Kelso had come in on the radio.

"We just got the name of the missing pilot," Kelso said.

"Who is it?" Gore had asked without interest.

Later it seemed to him that Kelso had hesitated for a moment. "Lieutenant Eaton," he said.

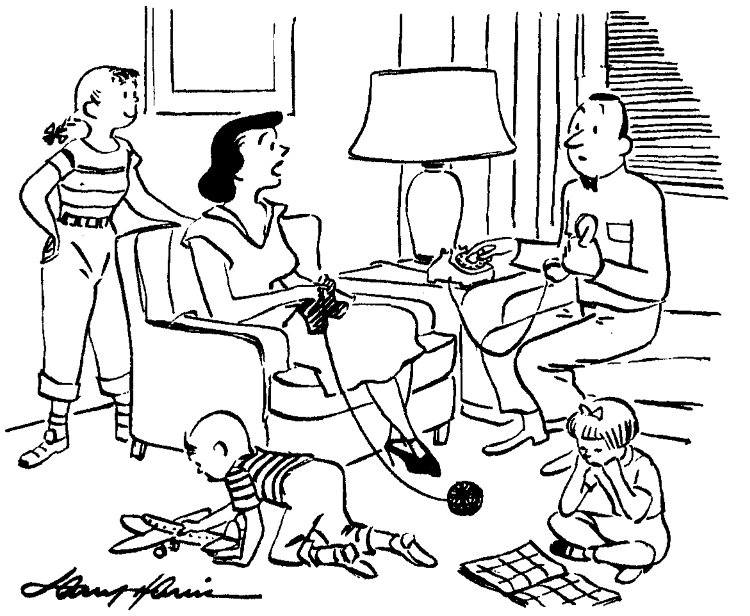
GORE took over the control of the plane. He took it off automatic pilot. He rarely used the mechanism, even in long flights. He liked to know the aircraft was in his own hands at all times. Kelso's voice crackled in his ears. "We have a little more weather story now, Captain," Kelso said. "The front is shifting your way."

"How bad?" Gore asked.

"The main part of the blow is holding tight. But you may encounter some high wind. Any sign of the target?"

"Negative, Major."

Gore knew that every word he spoke into the mike was heard by everybody in the Operations Room as it came out of the loud-speaker there. And he knew the room would be filled, as soon as it got around that Eaton was lost



"They still have our perambulator? Good! Now call the Johnsons—we gave them the crib and the high chair. Oh, and we gave our bathinette and the scales to—"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

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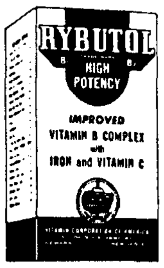

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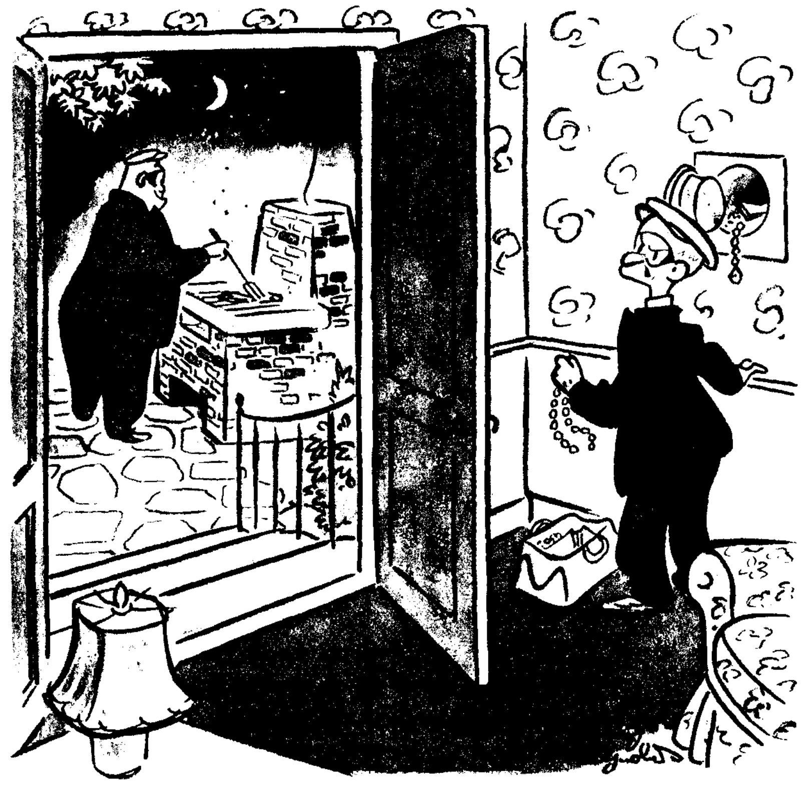

"Well done or rare what? What're you talking about now, Butch?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

and it was Jeff Gore who was looking for him.

Now, sitting in the pilot's seat, his eyes scanning water that was beginning to cap with white, Gore thought back to the day when Ted Eaton had shown up at the Officers Club—how Eaton and Caroline had fallen all over each other, how he had got that clutch in his belly that grabbed him whenever Caroline went away from him even for a moment; and how when Eaton and Caroline broke apart, grinning and sparkling at each other, Caroline remembered to introduce her husband.

"Ted Eaton," she had said, smiling up at Eaton. "Jeff—Ted and I went to school together in Midland."

And all Gore could think at the time was how beautiful they looked together—the same ages, the same casual Texan way of speaking. He saw the happy expression on Caroline's face, the lovely face that he knew so well, the face that had erased all other faces in the world for him from the first moment he had seen it.

Suddenly at the club bar Gore had felt all of the ten years between his age and Caroline's. And he had thought how he was now in Air Rescue, a job a lot of people in the Air Force considered dull. Eaton, handsome and tanned, was in the most exciting thing of all, fighter jets.

Gore had flown fighter planes himself, P-51s; they were hot planes in their day, and Gore had been that kind of fly boy himself once. But that was another time and an old war, and now when he put in his flying time it was in a clumsy twin-engined flying boat—the Ugly Duckling, the boys called it. And this jet gang was another breed of men. Eaton had been still in junior high school—with Caroline—when Gore was making sweeps over France.

They had talked that day, Caroline and Eaton, recalling old memories, events Gore knew nothing of, and the day after that and after that. And the more they talked the more Gore felt he was losing possession of her. She was on a kind of automatic pilot of her own.

The only time he was part of their talk was when Eaton spoke of his older brother, a flier who had been shot down and killed in the war in the South Pacific. Eaton had talked a lot about his brother but that had only made Gore feel his age more.

THERE was one day Gore was on twenty-four-hour alert and heard that Eaton had almost had a crack-up. Eaton had been out on a practice mission and something had gone wrong with his plane. He had got it back safely by a hair. When Gore had got home that night, Eaton was there.

There was nothing unusual in that. What was new was how startled Eaton and Caroline were when he came in, how guilty they looked to him, how much he was made to feel he had interrupted something. Eaton had made excuses fast and had taken off. Gore waited for Caroline to say something after that, but she didn't.

A couple of weeks later, when he returned from a training flight to Puerto Rico, someone told Gore about seeing Caroline leaving Eaton's apartment in the little town outside the base. Coming out of the apartment in the morning, just before noon. He waited, but she never spoke about that either.

He had tried to bring himself to have it out with her. But he couldn't. He had just to look at her, even now, after five years of marriage, to know how much he loved her and had to keep her. And he was afraid to find out for sure that it had gone dead at the other end.

And then this morning: a jet plane ripping itself apart against a cable, and Ted Eaton the pilot, and the search started, and still going on while a front built up and the water was beginning to churn, and Gore had to look for

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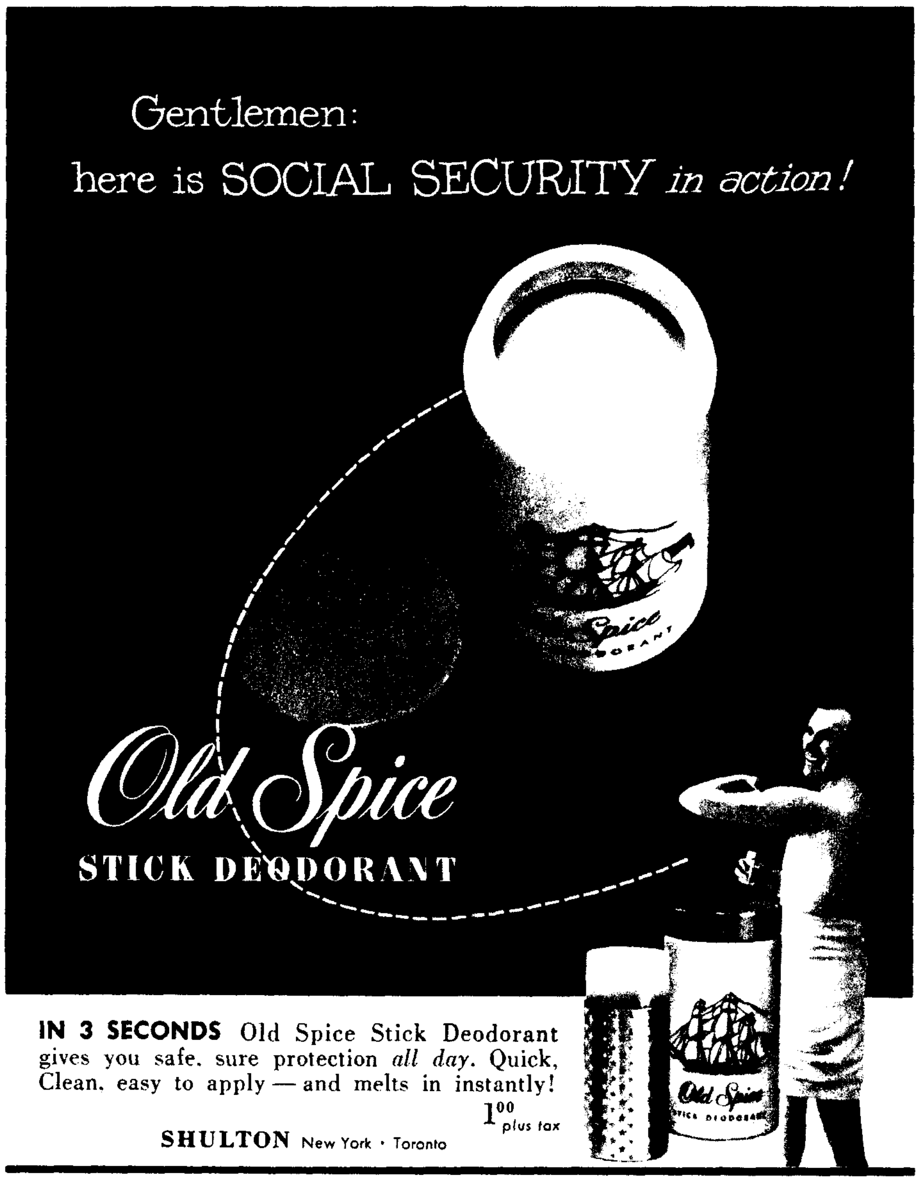

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him. And if he found him he would have to decide whether the risk was too great to go down for him—with the crew on his plane and half the squadron in the Operations Room waiting to see what he would do.

He looked at his wrist watch and brought himself back with a start. A half hour had passed while he was rummaging around in old thoughts. He swung the mike over his lips and called in to Kelso. "Progress negative, in all ways," he said.

"Weather?"

"The wind is increasing. And the light is beginning to fail."

Kelso was silent for a moment and Gore knew exactly what he was thinking. To attempt an open-sea landing in the dark was suicide.

Kelso could not order him to make the water landing if Gore decided it was too dangerous. But what Kelso *could* do, and what he was supposed to do, was to forbid Gore to make the attempt if Kelso thought it was beyond calculated risk. There were the six lives in the plane to consider.

Maybe it would be taken out of his hands that way, Gore thought. Maybe it would be one way so clearly that he would not have to make the choice.

It was not that he might decide *not* to go down because it was Eaton. That wasn't it at all—it was the other way around. It was that he might attempt the rescue just *because* it was Eaton, so that he could show Caroline and everybody else he wasn't going to let a man die because the man was breaking up his, Gore's, marriage. It was that he might kill six men, himself included, to show how damned noble he was.

"Keep on it for a little while," Kelso said at last.

Gore glanced at Fremont out of the corner of his eye. Fremont's face had the look in it too now. Gore felt a wave of fury. The wind was acting up. The light *was* failing. He had said exactly what he would have said to Kelso at any other time. And yet Fremont was translating it into something else—the way all of them probably were.

A GUST shivered the plane. The SA-16 was overbraced in the wing because the wing floats had to support the craft in the water. There was no give in the wing, and when the wind belted, it belted the whole plane.

Maybe the choice would never come up, he thought again. Maybe it would just get dark and Kelso would order him back. He would have to obey the command of his superior. A search plane had to turn back when the weather was getting bad and it got dark and the fuel was going to run low.

Then Eaton would be found by someone else or he wouldn't be found. He would live or he would die. And on that basis Gore would not have to make apologies to himself or anybody else.

Fremont stiffened. He picked up his binoculars and looked through them. He handed the glasses to Gore and pointed. Gore looked and felt the iron grip in his belly again. He called Kelso. "Man in a one-man dinghy sighted below."

"Is he a body or a survivor?" Kelso asked.

"Can't make out yet, Major." Gore fought to keep his voice properly toneless. "I'm swinging around for another look. Stand by." A few minutes later, he said, "It's Eaton. And he's alive."

"Captain Gore." Kelso's voice was suddenly formal. "How do you read me?"

"Loud and clear. How do you read me?"

"Identical. What's your present altitude?"

"Five-zero-zero."

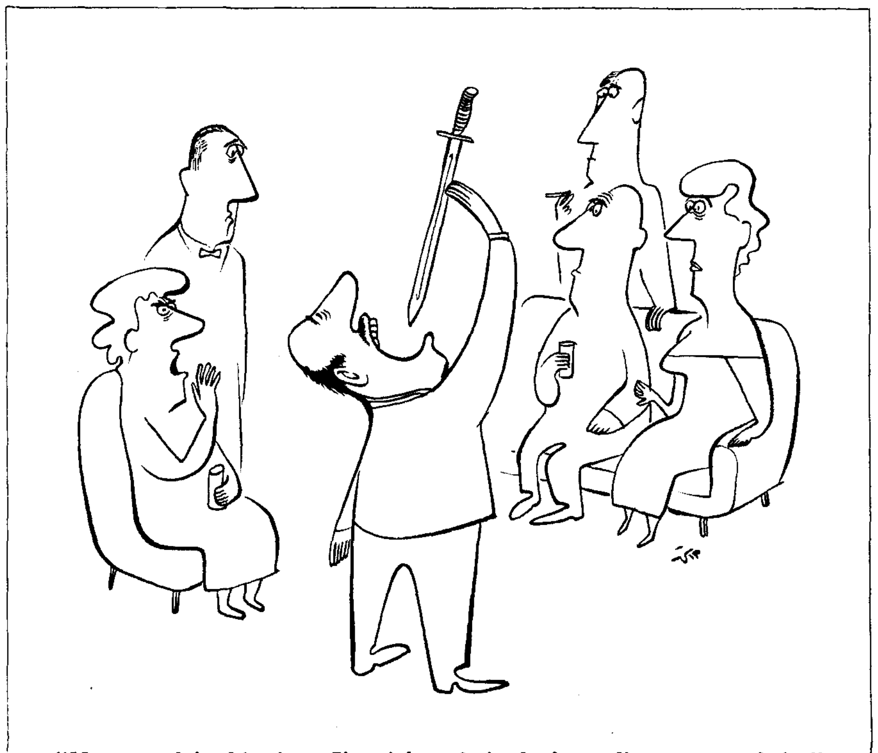
"What kind of stuff are you in?"

"We're riding a tail wind right now."

"What kind of a sea?"

"I'm dropping a bomb. Stand by."

Gore climbed to two thousand feet and then dropped a smoke bomb. He counted the swells as they passed under the smoke, timing them. That gave him the period. The period multiplied by three gave him the velocity. Square the period and multiply by five and he had the length—the distance between the crests of the swells.



"Now *watch* it this time. I'm sick and tired of mending your neckties"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

there's more pleasure in bourbon when you GO STAGG

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 86 PROOF • ©STAGG DIST. CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

That was the fixed open-sea formula, and with it he was able to determine how fast the swells were and how far apart they were. And then he would know whether he had a chance.

"The primary swell system has a height of about eight feet, from one-seven-zero degrees, with one-two-zero-foot length, at about two-five knots," he said to Kelso.

"Wind?"

"About two-five knots. From one-six-zero."

"You'd have to crab in," Kelso said.

"Roger." He had to make his landing on the crest of a swell, down the length of it, and he also was supposed to try to land into the wind. A strong cross wind could dump him. But when—as now—the swells and the wind were running in the same direction, he would have to quarter into each of them—which meant going the wrong way into both.

"I'm going down to have a closer look," he said. Then: "I'm at five-zero feet. There is a complex sea, about nine-zero degrees." That meant three forces working against him—two sea patterns and the wind. "Just got another look at the survivor. He waved to us. Looks like his other arm is broken."

He had to stop seeing Eaton, he thought. He had to stop seeing a man coming out of a hotel with Caroline. The factors tumbled around in his head: the two sea patterns, the wind, the darkness. His skull began to ache.

He felt sweat trickling down his neck. He pushed his fist against his belly where the iron fingers were.

"Stand by," Kelso said.

Gore switched to the interphone, which connected everybody on the aircraft. "What do you think, Lee?" he asked Fremont.

"Not much different from when we went in for that fisherman."

That was a miracle, Gore thought instantly. "It was pretty hairy that time."

"It's always hairy," Fremont said.

"This sea is worse," Gore said. "I don't know if we could get out even if we got in all right."

"We got JATO aboard. That's what the man invented it for."

Gore wet his lips. "We'll wait on Kelso."

He got back on the radio. He looked down at the water. Even in the gathering darkness he could see Eaton. Only he must not see Eaton—he must see a survivor. He must see it as six men and one man.

He wiped his face. It wasn't fear. Sure it was fear. There was always fear. But you beat down the fear and you tried to figure it coolly—the sea, the wind, everything—the percentages.

THEN Kelso came in. His voice this time was crisp and had authority. "Rescue One-three-one-three. Return to base. Do not attempt a landing. Repeat. Do *not* attempt a landing."

Gore tried to keep his voice as level as Kelso's. "Roger." He switched to interphone. "Pilot to navigator. We are not landing. Give me a course back to the base."

He nosed up the plane. There was nothing for him to be ashamed of. He had given his superior officer a true report and he had received a direct order.

He looked over at Fremont. The co-pilot's face was set. You damned fool! Gore shouted silently. You've got a wife and two kids. You just heard your life being saved.

He twisted his head. The engineer sitting behind Fremont had the same fixed look. What kind of crazy fools were they? They were looking that way in the back of the ship too, he knew, the navigator and the rest of the crew. The men on the scene always wanted to go down for a survivor no matter how impossible it looked. That was why they had a Joe at a desk far away who wasn't looking down at a man helpless in the sea, who didn't operate on emotions, who just weighed lives, one against six, and who could say no.

The thought came to him suddenly that the whole crew had been able to listen in to his conversation with Fremont on the interphone but that their equipment did not allow them to listen in to Kelso on the radio.

"We are returning to base by direct order of Major Kelso," he said over the interphone. Then he wondered why. There was no need to explain an order. What the hell was the matter with him?

He took out a cigarette. His hand shook as he held the lighter. His eyes fell upon the insigne of the Air Rescue Service engraved on the lighter—the picture of an angel with her hands around the earth, and underneath, the motto: *That Others May Live.*

He stared at the words. He remembered one night at the Officers Club when a jet jockey was sounding off, kidding an Air Rescue pilot about the slow plane he flew, and how the rescue man had finished his drink and then had said: "I'd rather save people than kill them."

Gore's fingers tightened around the lighter. He felt his sweat on the metal. *"I'd rather save people than kill them . . ."* The whole damned Air Force had a plus, but this was a plus on top of a plus. And he could not take that away. Not from them. And not from himself either. Not if it meant a court-martial. Not even if it meant seven men instead of one.

HE TOSSED away the unlighted cigarette and called Kelso. "We are going to attempt a landing," he said. "Over and out."

He switched onto the interphone before Kelso could answer. "Correction. Fasten safety belts and prepare for a full-stall landing."

He looked at Fremont. Fremont was grinning. So was the engineer.

And then he realized he was grinning back. He had never disobeyed an order from a superior in his life. But the iron fingers were gone from his belly.

He circled and then he nosed down until he was six feet above the water and the man in the dinghy was ahead of him. A full-stall landing. Lowering the air speed to eighty knots. Then stalling the plane so it would drop into the water like a pancake.

Except that the SA-16 stalled out at sixty knots. That meant when he pulled full flaps and the plane went in, it was still going almost seventy miles an hour. Crashing into a murderous sea with the speed of an express train.

The plane shook as though it hit a wall. The jolt hit him in the base of his spine and almost snapped off his head. The windscreen covered the water. He could see nothing. Then Fremont said over the interphone:

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OIL FILTERS

"We're not an airplane any more, Jeff. We're a boat."

Gore looked past Fremont. The windscreen cleared. "Where's the starboard float?"

Fremont stared. Then he said: "Just submerged by a wave."

"Pilot to crew," Gore said. "Everything intact?"

"All right from where I'm sitting," the navigator said.

"Okay here, sir." From Siddall, the medic.

"Stand by." It was the voice of the engineer.

Gore looked back. The engineer's station was empty. The engineer's voice came over the interphone again. "Looks like we popped a couple of rivets, sir."

"How bad?"

"I've got the bilge pump working. I *think* I can control it."

"Stay on it."

GORE squinted dead ahead. The plane was pitching like a cork, but when he rode a crest he could see Eaton about four hundred feet ahead.

He gunned the engines. A raft approach. Fighting to control an aircraft that now was a boat with a damaged hull in a turbulent sea, fighting to work it so the survivor would be brought alongside in the lee. He moved closer. Closer. He got another look at Eaton.

"Pilot to medic. It looks like the survivor has passed out. You'll have to go in after him."

"Roger, sir."

As though he were in the back of the plane standing next to Siddall, Gore could see the medic in his rubberized exposure suit opening the door, jumping into the sea with a rope.

The navigator, who could watch the medic from his station, came in on the interphone. "Sid's in the water, Jeff. He's about twenty feet away from the survivor."

Trying to swim in that water, Gore thought. Hampered by a clumsy exposure suit. Trying to save a man he doesn't know and may never see again.

"Sid's making contact," the navigator reported. "Looks like Eaton's out cold. Sid's slipping a line over him. *Stand by*—Sid was dragged away. He's trying to make it back now."

Gore was thrown violently to one side. His shoulder smashed against the windscreen. He thought of the break in the hull, of the compartment taking on water, of the pump trying to keep it out.

"He's got the line around the survivor," the navigator said. "We're hauling."

The sea reached out and tried to grab the plane out of Gore's hands. He gripped the wheel.

"Survivor's aboard, Captain," the navigator said. "Door's closed and latched. Ready for take-off."

Gore revved the engines, shaking the plane, the plane flexing its muscles, roaring above the clamor of the sea, wanting to get out of the water and back into the air where it belonged.

Gore then reached up and armed the JATO bottles. The JATO—Jet-Assisted Take-Off, which was rocket fuel in metal containers, one bottle snapped into a bracket on either side of the plane over the doors—would give him a thousand pounds of thrust out of each bottle for exactly eleven seconds. For those eleven seconds the JATO would combine with the 1,425-horsepower engines to almost double his power. And then they would fizz out as fast as they had started, and he would be on propellers alone again; and by then he had to be out of the water. Because when the JATO was used up, the sudden halving of power could pull down the nose, and if he were not clear of the water it could mean curtains.

On top of everything else it was a question of how bad the rupture was in the hull. The plane was plowing more than sixty miles an hour in water, trying to get up—with the sea ripping open the aluminum hull more and more, filling the compartment with more water than the pump could get rid of, weighing down the plane so the engines couldn't lift it.

He gripped the wheel hard, struggling to control the plane in the swells, with a cross wind trying to dump him. And now he knew he had the sea as overpowered as he ever would, and he pushed the JATO button and felt the plane jerk forward as the rocket fuel roared out. Hold together, baby, he whispered to his plane, the big, awkward, potbellied thing, the half boat, the flying Saint Bernard, *hold together*.

Eleven seconds. One. Two. Three. *Lift it. Lift it, now . . .*

Fremont said: "Well, we're an airplane again."

Gore jettisoned the empty JATO bottles. "Pilot to engineer. What is the damage to the hull?"

"We've taken on water in the Number Two compartment, sir."

"Just lean the little old girl to one side and dump the stuff right back where it came from," Fremont said.

Gore emptied the compartment. He leveled the plane. He got a compass reading from the navigator and set the course for home. Then he lifted an old and tired and heavy arm and set the automatic pilot. He saw Fremont look at him with wonder. Gore got out of his seat and started for the back of the plane.

He had licked one thing, he thought. Now he had to lick this.

SIDDALL, the medic, was stripping Eaton of his wet clothing, working with infinite gentleness. He wrapped Eaton in blankets and laid him out on a stretcher.

Gore looked down at Eaton. I saved your boy, Caroline, he thought. I'm bringing him back to you, my darling, good as new. He felt the tightness in his belly again.

Eaton opened his eyes. The eyes widened for a moment and then a faint smile appeared on his lips. He lifted his good arm and waved it feebly. Gore nodded.

The medic straightened, his face and hands still dripping. "That'll hold him until he gets to the hospital, sir. I'll just give him a shot of morphine to ward off shock." He went for his kit.

"Thanks," Eaton said.

"No sweat," Gore said.

Eaton beckoned. Gore bent over him. "Tell Caroline she was right," Eaton whispered.

"About what?"

"*It isn't so bad, after it happens.*" Eaton's voice trailed off.

Gore leaned closer. "What are you talking about?"

"Tell her I'm not going to get out."

"I don't read you," Gore said.

Eaton smiled again. "Sure. She wouldn't tell you. I made her promise."

"Tell me what? What are you talking about?"

Eaton motioned for him to come still closer. "Never wanted to fly. Caroline knows all about it. Tell her I said to tell you."

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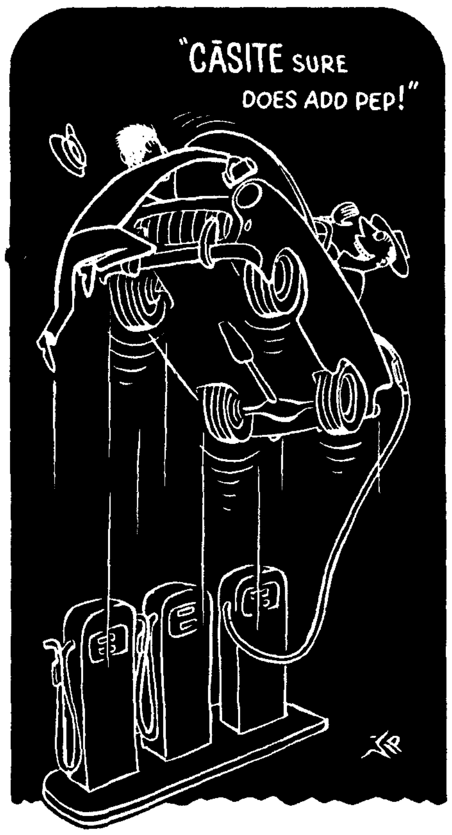

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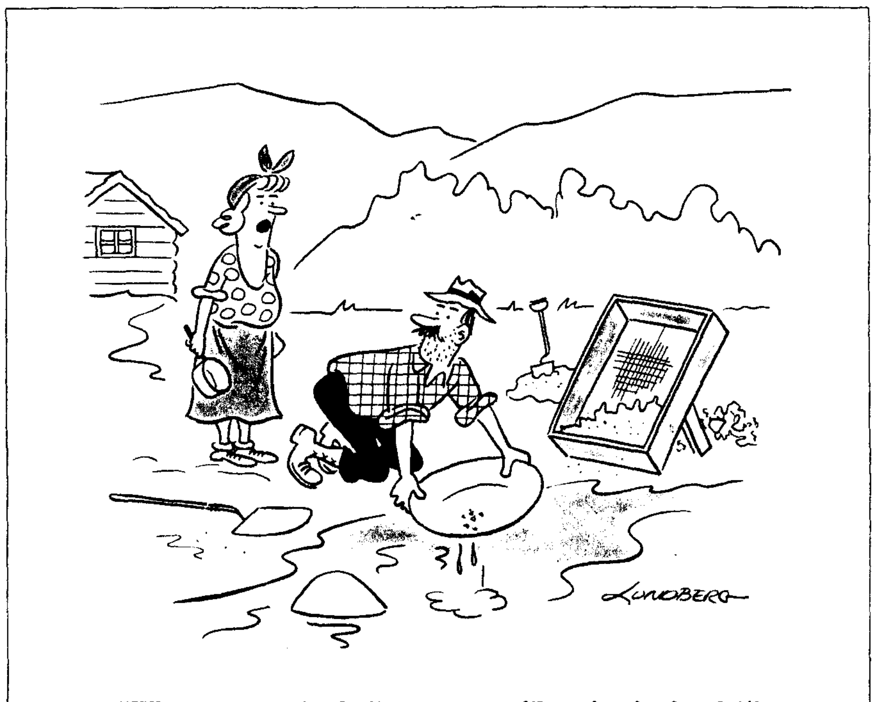


"Why can't you be finding uranium, like other husbands?"

COLLIER'S GUSTAVE LUNDBERG

"No," Gore said. "You tell me."

Eaton moistened his lips. "My brother, Asa."

"What about him?"

"A brave man. The bravest man I ever knew." Eaton's eyes closed for a moment. "The family said I had to fly. Because of Asa. Never wanted to. I was scared of airplanes."

"You?" Gore asked incredulously.

"Scared to death. Scared of a crash. When my jet fouled up that time I thought I'd go nuts. Told Caroline about it. That night you came in. Told her I was going to resign my commission when my time was up. I kept seeing a crash . . . didn't know . . ." Eaton shut his eyes again and an expression of pain crossed his face. "Didn't know whether I could take it. Whether I was a coward." He looked at Gore. "Something you wouldn't understand. Being afraid. Caroline understood."

Gore stepped back to let Siddall give Eaton the morphine. Then he knelt down again and held his ear over Eaton's mouth.

"One morning we went out on a practice flight before dawn," Eaton said. "It got so bad I couldn't take it any more. When I landed I went to my place in town and packed. Called Caroline and told her I was running away, quitting, that I couldn't even wait until my hitch was up." His voice petered out into the noise of the plane and his face suddenly aged.

"Yes," Gore said. "Yes."

"She came right away. Talked to me. Told me how it would ruin me—how I'd have to live with myself the rest of my life, knowing I was a deserter—yellow. That I'd have to hide like an animal till the day I died. She talked about Asa. She cried like a baby. Then she made me unpack."

Gore nodded.

"Tell her she was right," Eaton said. "Tell her it was only that I was afraid of being afraid. And tell her when it happened I wasn't afraid. None of the time."

"I'll tell her," Gore said.

"Wonderful girl," Eaton said sleepily. "She gives things. From down deep."

Gore straightened. For a little while he couldn't move. Then he looked around. The plane was a strange place, filled with strangers. He looked at them slowly, one by one. He felt an affection and respect for them that he had never before felt, that he had never before permitted himself to feel. He thought: These are real men.

He touched Siddall lightly on the arm and then he went back to the flight deck. The engineer held up his hand, the thumb and forefinger making a circle. Gore grinned and returned the gesture.

HE GOT into his seat. He thought of Caroline and his heart began to pound. He took out his cigarettes. Again he read the words on the lighter. He felt Fremont touch his wrist. The copilot had a cigarette in his mouth. Gore held out the light and he looked at Fremont's face over the flame. It was as though he had never seen it before. He dropped the lighter into Fremont's lap. "Keep it," he said. "I've got two of them." When Fremont started to say something he went on swiftly: "And now I've got to report in to Kelso and get the bad news."

Only it didn't matter now. Not even a court-martial would matter.

Kelso came in like a pistol shot. "What the devil—"

"We are on our way back to the base with the survivor," Gore said. "Please have an ambulance waiting." He paused. "And please call my wife and tell her to be on the line when we land."

Kelso said: "Captain Gore, you disobeyed orders."

"Yes, sir."

There was a long silence. Kelso said: "Well, I gave them to you very quietly. Nobody heard me but you."

Then Kelso asked: "Was it hairy, Jeff?"

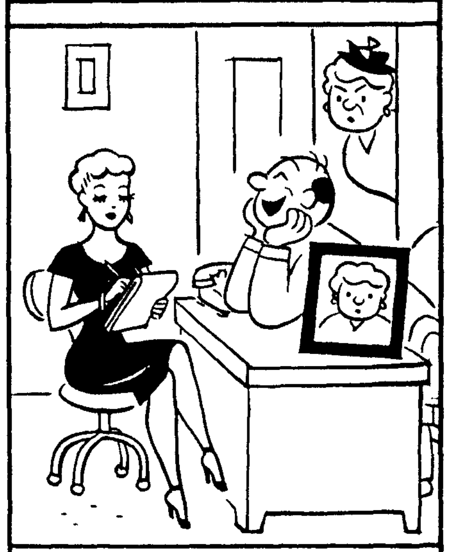
Gore grinned. "No sweat," he said. "No sweat at all."

He sat back. He glanced at the automatic pilot. It was handling the plane fine, as well as he could. From now on, he knew with a new kind of security, it would no longer be necessary for him to have his own hands touch everything, always.

He stretched out on his seat and looked out. The sky was clear. The water was calm. He had passed through the turbulence. He closed his eyes and thought of his wife and listened to the music of the engines.

—ELLIOTT ARNOLD

LOOking for Something?



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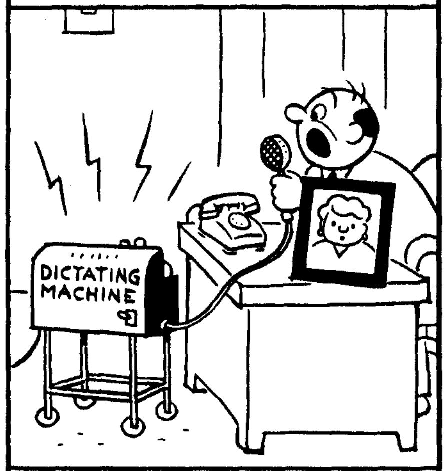

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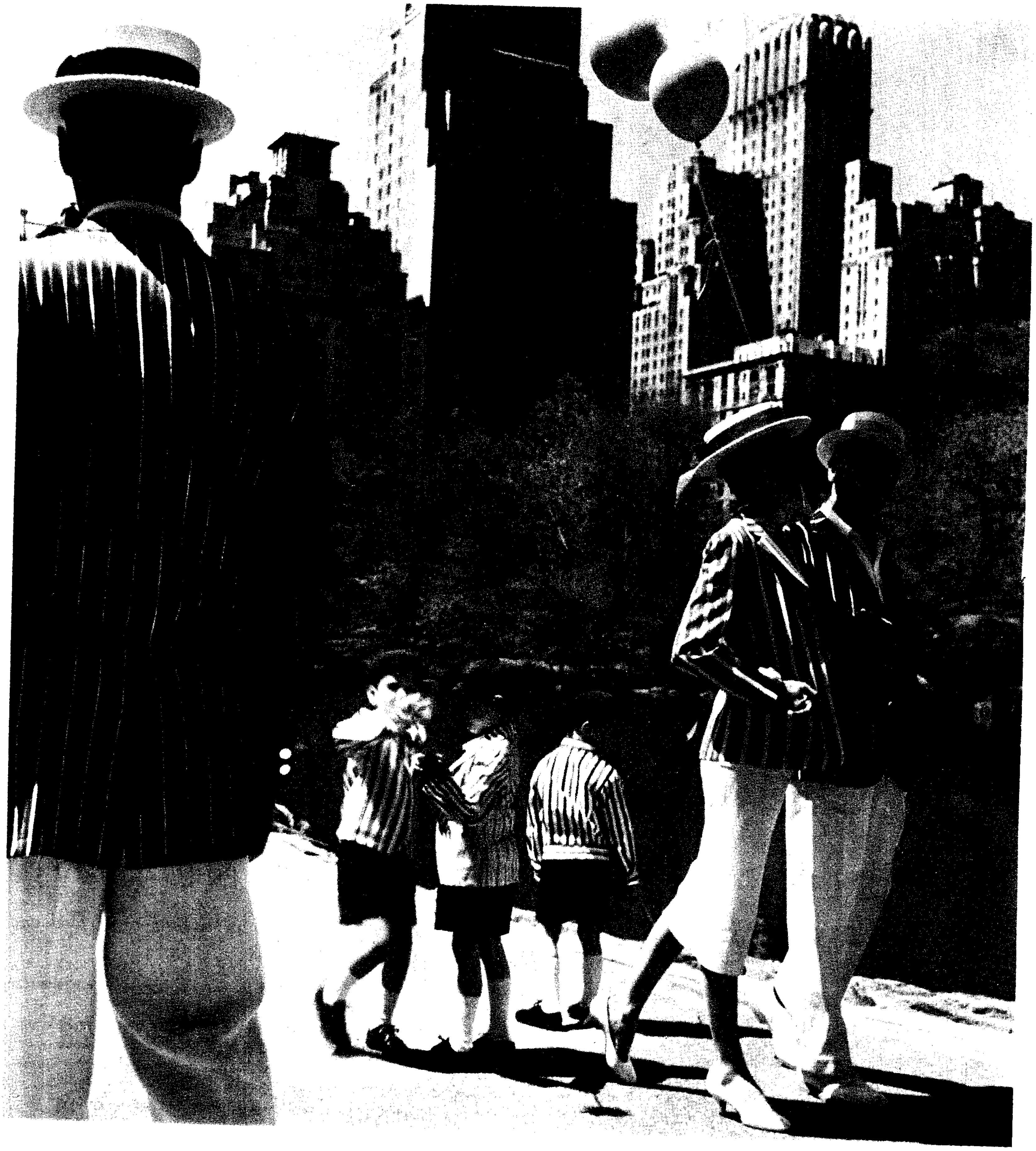


Stripes Forever

Hate to get lost in a crowd? Then bright, brassy jackets like these lightweights are one style not to miss

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DESMOND RUSSELL

Noisiest news in clothes for the family is the blazer-bright stripe. We show it here in lightweight jackets worn with giddily banded boater hats. And you'll see even more of it this fall in subtler tweeds, fine suitings, rich, pretty silks. Stripes are forever and for everyone. The stylish lady in our picture wears an Eton Britisher blazer (Milium-lined, $20) and a dashing boater (William J., $17). Her escort sports a White Stag blazer ($18) and Knox boater ($5). His white bucks are by Edgerton ($16). The young in age, left to right, wear a Hi-Line cardigan ($4), Kiddie Kruise blazer ($4) and Jewel Togs blouse ($5). Caps are by Peckett ($2).

Apricot Shake
Chicken à la King Mold
Strawberries Céleste
French Cooler

SALADS AND SWIZZLES

Want to tease the thermometer down 10 delicious degrees? Here's an icy assortment of food and drinks to help you

Relaxed afternoons spent on the shady side of the old homestead show madam's been planning ahead to keep out of the kitchen. These cold, hearty salads and the berry dessert can be fixed in the morning and eaten when ready. The frosty drinks require a trip to the refrigerator and a minute's mixing to revive your wilting family and friends.

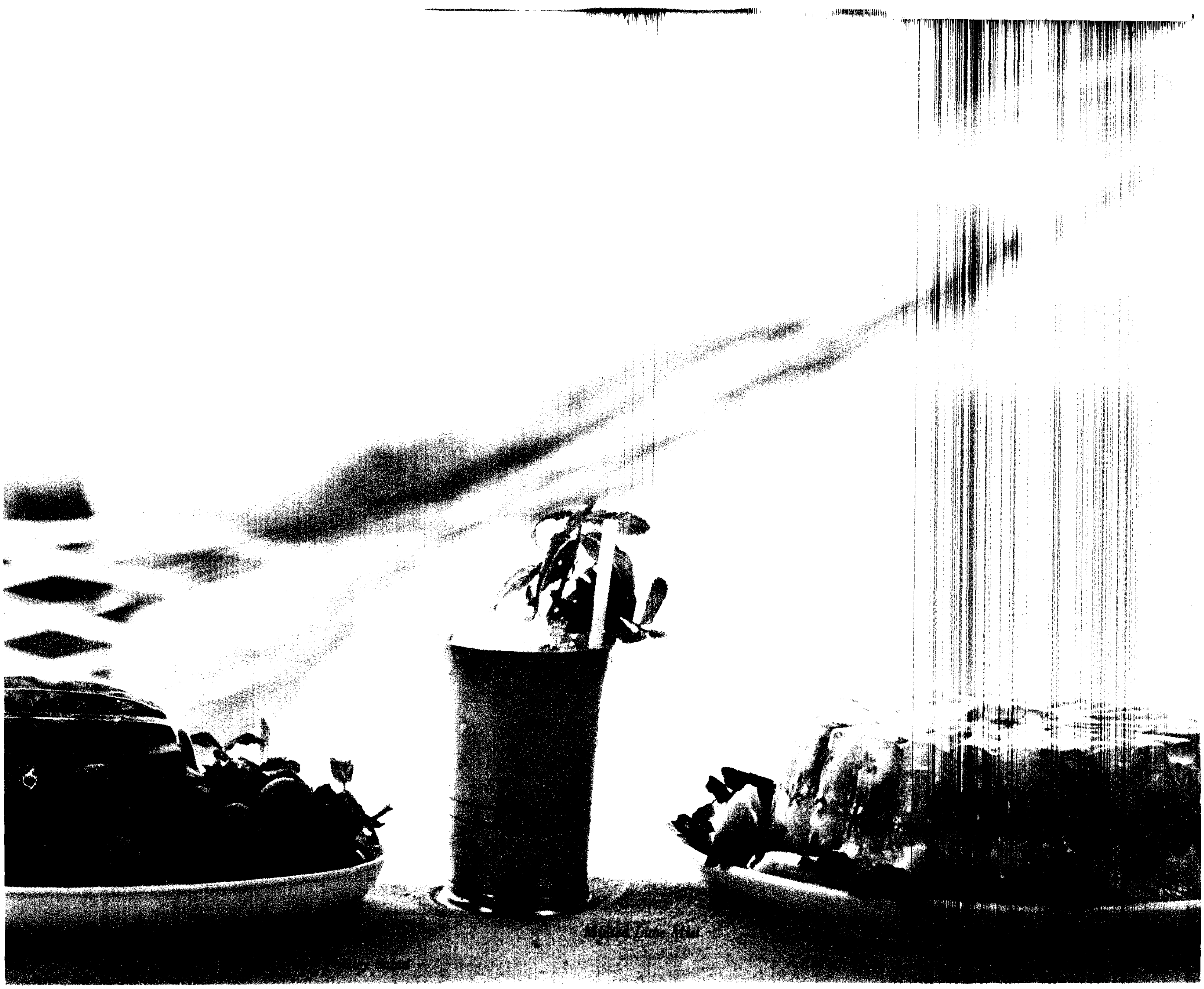
Chicken à la king mold is pale but peppy, a filling luncheon or supper dish. Sprinkle *2 envelopes of unflavored gelatin* into *1 cup of cold water,* place over pan of boiling water and stir till it dissolves. Add *1 teaspoon of salt, 2 tablespoons of lemon juice, ½ teaspoon of Tabasco* and cool. Gradually blend gelatin mixture into *1½ cups of mayonnaise,* then *½ cup of sherry, ¾ cup finely diced celery* and *¼ cup each of finely diced green pepper* and *pimiento* and *2 cups of diced cooked chicken.* Turn into a large mold; chill. Unmold and serve with potato sticks. Makes 8-10 servings.

Apricot shake zips together, is a nice treat for the afternoon-nap set. Pour into a shaker or a quart jar *2 cups chilled, liquefied nonfat dry milk, 2 tablespoons of sugar* and *1 package of vanilla milk-shake mix* and shake it all together. Add *1 jar (4¾ oz.) of strained apricots* and shake again with a couple of *ice cubes.* Serve at once to the clamoring kids. This amount will make 3 tall glasses.

Strawberries Céleste is a subtle variation of favorite sun-ripened strawberries and cream. It's done with a touch of *cognac* in the *whipped cream: 2 tablespoons* to *a cup of heavy cream.* Sprinkle chilled berries with *confectioners' sugar* according to taste and top with cognac-flavored cream. *1 qt. of strawberries* makes 5-6 servings.

French cooler is the summer drink with the delicate air, and economical as such things go. Over *a block of ice* in a punch bowl, pour *1 bottle of well-iced champagne* and *an equal amount of sparkling water* (about ⅞ of a tall bottle or 26 oz.). Add *a jigger (1 oz.) each of cognac, maraschino* and *Curaçao.* Stir until well chilled. Float a few *thin slices of cucumber* on top and serve each glass with a *crisp cucumber swizzle stick.* One bowl serves 8-10 for about one sweltering hour.

Paisley salad looks impressive to guests but requires no more skill than it takes to chop a stalk of celery. It starts by dissolving *1 package of apple-flavored gelatin* in *a cup of hot water.* Cool it with another *cup of cold*



HAMMOCK FROM ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

water and set it in the refrigerator to chill. Meanwhile combine and set aside so the flavors can blend: *¾ teaspoon of salt, 1½ tablespoons of vinegar, 1 teaspoon of grated onion, ¼ cup of finely diced tomato, 1 cup of diced avocado* and *½ cup of finely diced celery.* Fold these ingredients into the slightly thickened gelatin and pour into salad mold. Chill until firm, unmold and serve with chilled grape clusters and fresh mint foliage or crisp salad greens. Makes 6 servings.

Minted lime mist is to four o'clock any hot day as the julep is to Kentucky Derby time, and may very well be the start of a summer tradition on your street. It begins like a julep: strip the leaves from *a sprig or two of mint* and crush them with *a few drops of water* in the bottom of a metal tumbler. Fill the tumbler with *crushed ice* (packed firmly) and wait a few minutes until the outside starts to frost. Pour over the ice *½ can of frozen concentrate for limeade* that's been allowed to thaw and stir it vigorously with a long spoon for several minutes to build up the frost. Tuck in *a straw, a bouquet of mint.* One can makes 2 elegant drinks.

Florida flair is one good way to get plenty of vitamin C. Drain *a can of grapefruit sections* (20 oz.). Measure the sirup and add enough *canned grapefruit juice* to make 3½ cups. Over 1 cup of the juice sprinkle *2 envelopes of unflavored gelatin* and stir over a pan of boiling water, just until it dissolves. Add *¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt,* the rest of the grapefruit juice and chill until slightly thickened. (Start this one by arranging whole shrimp, grapefruit sections and pimiento pieces in the bottom of the mold to form a design on the top; cover pieces with a little clear gelatin and chill until almost firm.) Break into bites the remainder of *1½ cups of cooked shrimp* and the rest of the grapefruit sections. Add these to the gelatin along with *¼ cup of diced pimiento* and *½ cup finely diced celery.* Spoon into a large mold and chill. When firm, unmold; serve with citrus sections on a bed of crisp water cress. Makes about 12 servings.

Chocolate frost, shown below, is a back-steps bonanza for any age youngster. It's cold chocolate milk and ice cream beaten to a froth and chilled to a fare-thee-well. We like peppermint stick or peach, but practically any flavor is sure to set up a cry for seconds. Use *1 pint of ice cream* to *1 quart of chocolate milk.* Makes 4 giant-sized shakes.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY OTTO MAYA AND LOUIS FAURER

THE MAHOGANY VENEER

Thanks to the new tricks with cosmetics, any girl can look sun-kissed as a beachcomber in a matter of minutes

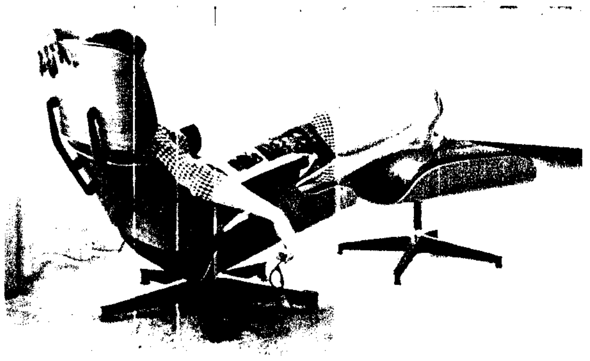
Fooling the public is woman's special privilege, and one of the nicest bits of female fakery is this year's mahogany veneer—the cosmetic industry's thoughtful imitation of the bronzed healthy look that usually comes from long weeks of toasting in the sun. The equivalent, in its way, of man-made mink, the veneer takes only a few minutes to achieve and its effect lasts until removed with soap and water or cream.

The procedure is simple: sun-brown stain is applied with a sponge, starting at the toes and working up. The stain dries quickly, and by the time you bronze your face, you're ready to put on your swimsuit. (You may prefer the softer effect of dark cake make-up applied with a sponge soaked in stain.) Next comes a tropical lipstick, orange to warm red in tone, and then sun streaks of blonde or gold sprayed in your hair.

When you shop for your tan, look for Tan-In-A-Minute (Helena Rubinstein, $1.25) or Bronze Beauty Balm (Germaine Monteil, $2.25). Pancake is known to us all (Max Factor, $1.60), but equally helpful is their Erace stick ($1.75); use it under the eyes to assume a healthy tanned look and also to block out fatigue shadows. Sun-streaked hair comes easy with a gold spray (Nestle's Streaks 'n' Tips, $1) or a blonde-tinted spray (Rubinstein's Color-Tone, $[illegible].75). A sleek hairdo at all times is assured with purse-sized hair spray dispensers ($1.85 for Helene Curtis spray and large refill can). Tropical coloring might come from Perfect Hibiscus lipstick (Charles of the Ritz, $1.50) or Apricot Brandy (Tussy, $1.10).

Pretty, with or without the effect of a rich tan, is the pineapple-yellow Lastex suit (Caltex, $18) and the shaggy, blossoming beach hat (Marietta Larsen, $8). Bernardo sandals are ideal for the walk to the beach and are equally handsome with Bermuda shorts (sandals are priced at $9). Earrings [illegible]-like pendants [illegible] $6).

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN SOMOROFF



GEORGE SMALL

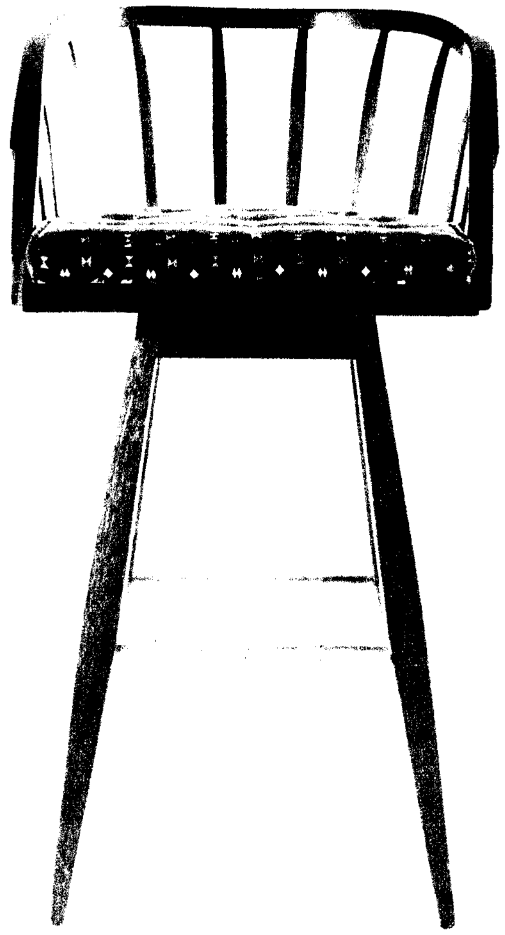
Rosewood cradle, designed by Eames for Herman Miller after study of how people like to sit, is padded, bouncy

THE TREND IS TO COMFORT

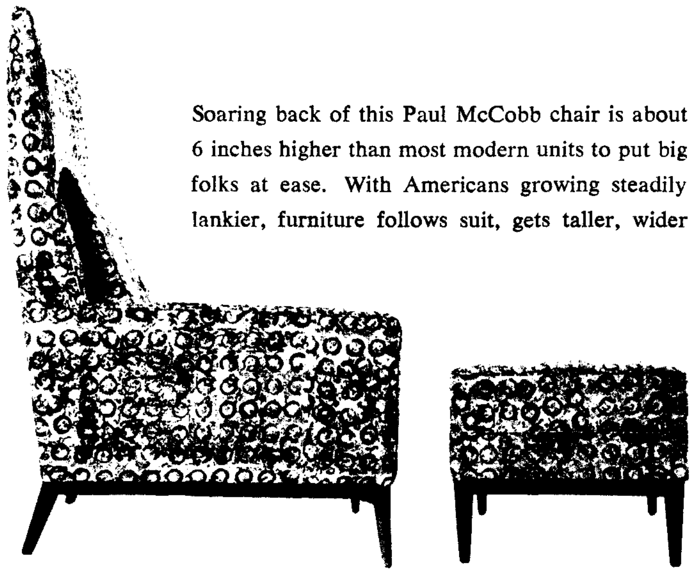
Comfort is currently making decorating news. The slick, angular lines of modern design have been softened, of late, with curves and ornament, and, in the process, many of the new designs on the market have become downright carpet-slipperish in feeling.

Take the lounge chair up top, for example. Its designer, Charles Eames, is famed for the crisp molded-plywood and Fiberglas chairs which are standard equipment in many modern homes. In sharp contrast to the machine-tooled precision of his earlier designs, this one has what Eames calls "the warm, receptive look of a well-worn first baseman's mitt." His description is apt. The chair, which tilts and swivels, is upholstered in billows of feathers and down, and is a cozy thing indeed.

Some designs have sprung from rebellion at uncomfortable positions imposed by otherwise carefree modern living customs. Tall stools have had



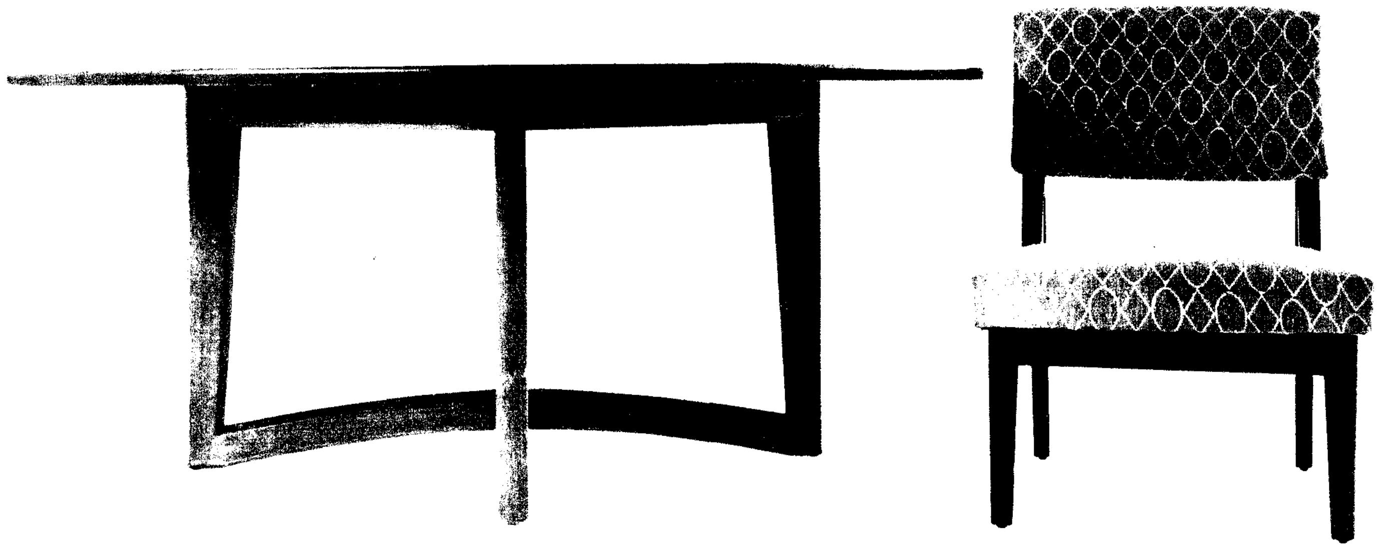
Tall bar stool by Dunbar lets a counter drinker or eater lean back and laugh at a good joke without danger of toppling to the floor. It swivels too



Soaring back of this Paul McCobb chair is about 6 inches higher than most modern units to put big folks at ease. With Americans growing steadily lankier, furniture follows suit, gets taller, wider

Midway in height (24") between coffee and dining tables, Henredon design doubles as both for buffets; frees guests from plate-on-lap juggling. Small-scale chair pulls up for eating, away for lounging

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HANS VAN NES



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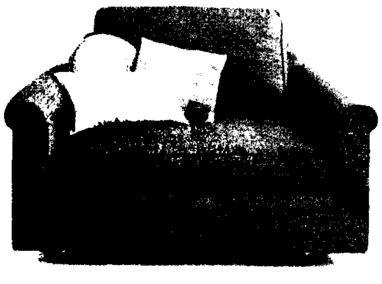
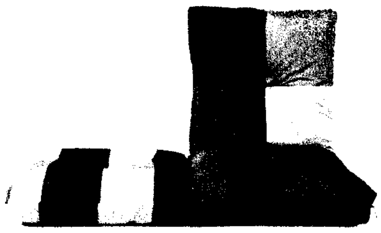
THE TREND IS TO COMFORT continued

roomy backs added to make diners at kitchen or living-room counters feel less like beanery eaters. Medium-height coffee tables with chairs to match now silence the grumblings of those opposed to eating soupy casseroles off ankle-high tables, Japanese style. Squashy pillows make things easier for floor sitters.

Other innovations stem from changes in our physical size. We are bigger than our forebears (the number of men 5 feet 10 and over has jumped some 45 per cent since World War I). As a result, chair backs are now higher; seats are wider. "Supersize" mattresses—82½ inches long by 60 inches wide as opposed to the conventional double-bed size of 74x54—are around in quantity now, along with sheets, blankets, spreads and bedsteads to fit. This is a boon to tall people who do not much like breezes blowing through their toes; it's nice, too, for those who merely like plenty of room to turn over in their sleep. For real Sybarites, there are foam-rubber mattresses 6 inches deep. Up till now, the cushiest ready-to-buy slice of foam was 4½ inches thick. Anything lusher was a custom job.

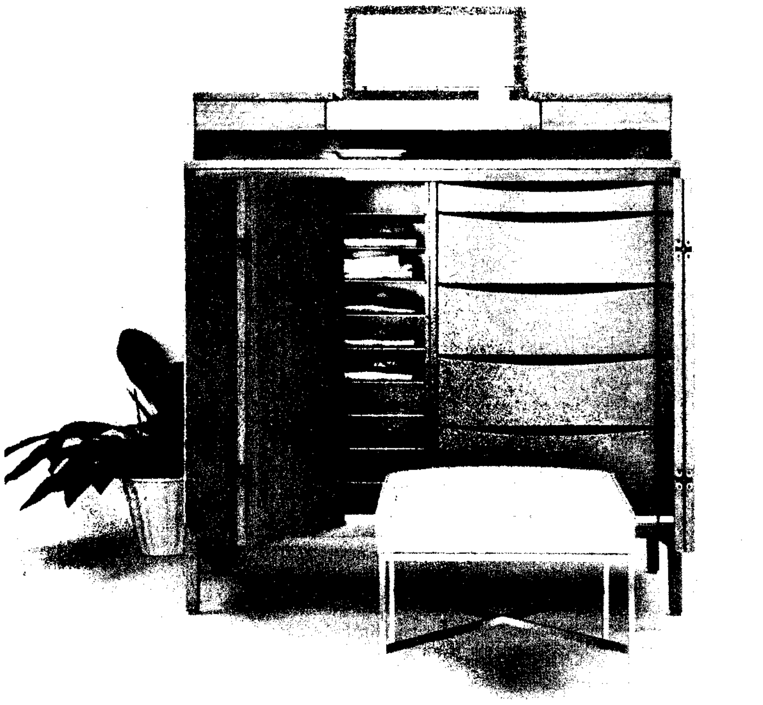

Dunbar chair: almost 4 feet wide

Sofa beds, handsomely styled and freed from Rube Goldbergian opening mechanisms, now perform their dual roles with new grace. Slightly pitched backs and seats add to daytime comfort; bigger, better mattresses and spring combinations are so snooze-inducing they might tempt overnight guests to stay a few days more—which could or could not be a good thing. One convertible sofa makes use of box, instead of the usual link, springs for a new kind of comfort; another glides from sofa to bed position electrically, at the touch of a button.

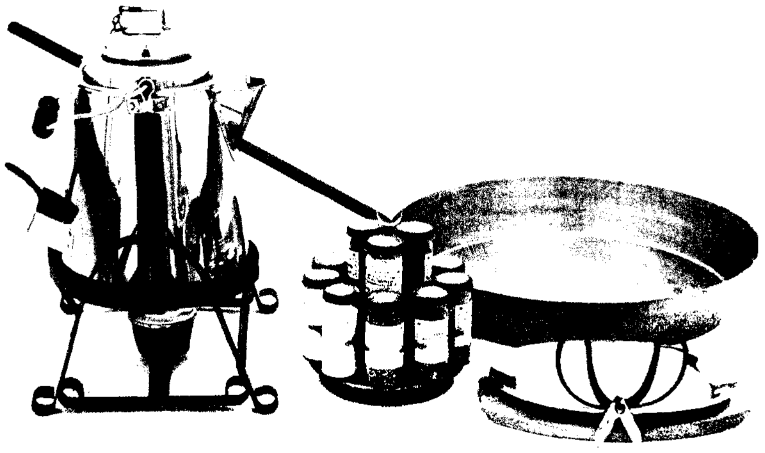

Cushions by Chequer are 6 in. deep

Comfort is catered to in more than just the things we sit or sleep on. The chest below dresses a man almost to the point of tying his tie for him. Equipped with 20 shelves for shirts and 7 drawers in which to lose cuff links, it also sports a built-in electric-razor outlet. And push-button living, in general, now lets us switch TV channels or start coffee perking in the kitchen by remote control, without making us stir from our big, soft armchairs. As technology progresses and our muscles become vestigial, comfort may produce a discomfort: that of trying to stay awake long enough to enjoy it all.

Well-ordered chest by Paul McCobb has room for 40 shirts on pull-out shelves



THOMAS YEE



Huge copper coffeepot with keep-hot unit, $55. Lazy Susan with seasonings, $15. Huge fry pan, $13. Sizzle platter, wood holder, $4. Steak shears, $3

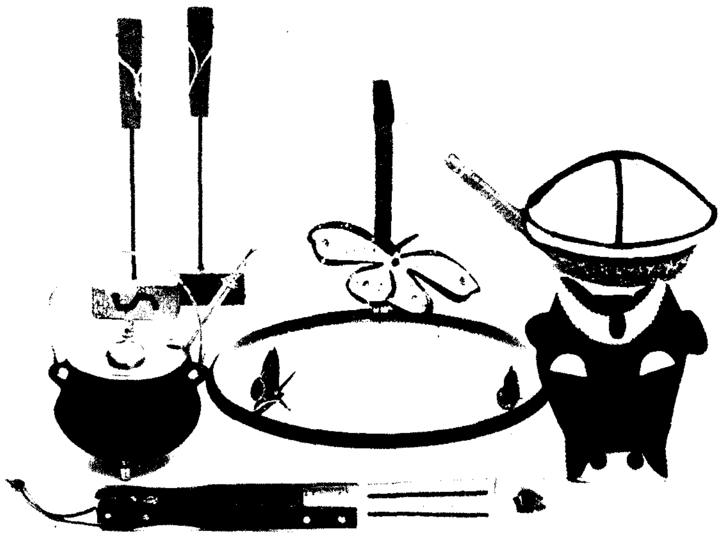
BARBECUING

al fresco or fiasco?

The delights of outdoor eating—often a hollow joke for burnt, bitten, smoked-out cook and guests on their way to the nearest diner—are more likely to be realized as a result of this year's crop of barbecuing gadgets.

Surefire items include fire bombs, long-handled char lighters, briquettes with fire paste or fluid, Cape Cod lighters, and the use of a garden duster (looks like a space gun) instead of that sometime thing, a bellows.

Singe-proofing the cook is an easy matter with new gimmicks that keep the barbecuer a good yard away from the fire. These include long-stemmed tongs and corn or frank roasters, salt and pepper shakers on poles, and a giant fry pan that cooks 25 hamburgers from a distance. For the epicure, there's a long-handled pepper mill. Asbestos gloves help remove hot pots and pans from the grill without a rush to the first-aid kit.



Cape Cod fire lighter, $10. Salt and pepper on long poles, $4. Copper food screen, $7. Hot bun basket, $3. Steer's-head pot holder, $3. Long tongs, $6

Getting the bugs out of the barbecue involves a number of decorative and efficient ideas: inexpensive net umbrellas for food keep the wildlife outside, as do costlier cones of copper screening. Easy-to-pass bun baskets hold zippered cases to protect rolls, cocktail tidbits. Hawaiian torchlights give a fine glow, and trap bugs as well.

Wonderful extras for outdoor cooks start with a set of branding irons for steaks; these burn the initials "R," "M" or "W" into the meat. Less classy but still efficient are steer-shaped metal labels for Rare, Medium, etc., to stab into the steaks. Rosin bakers turn out superb potatoes, with the flavor sealed in by neat wax coats. The baker resembles a double boiler with feet; burns charcoal in the bottom to melt rosin in the top, where spuds are dipped. All from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD LITWIN

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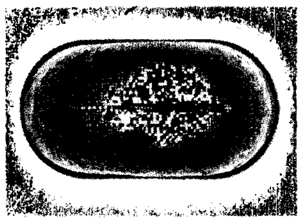
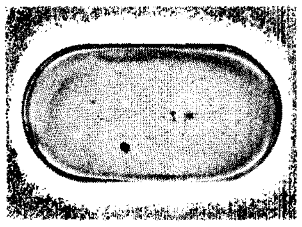


Compare these unretouched photographs of two automobile oil screens. The screen above is clogged with sludge after a service test using conventional motor oil. The screen below is still clean and sludge-free after identical test with new Alemite Motor Oil.



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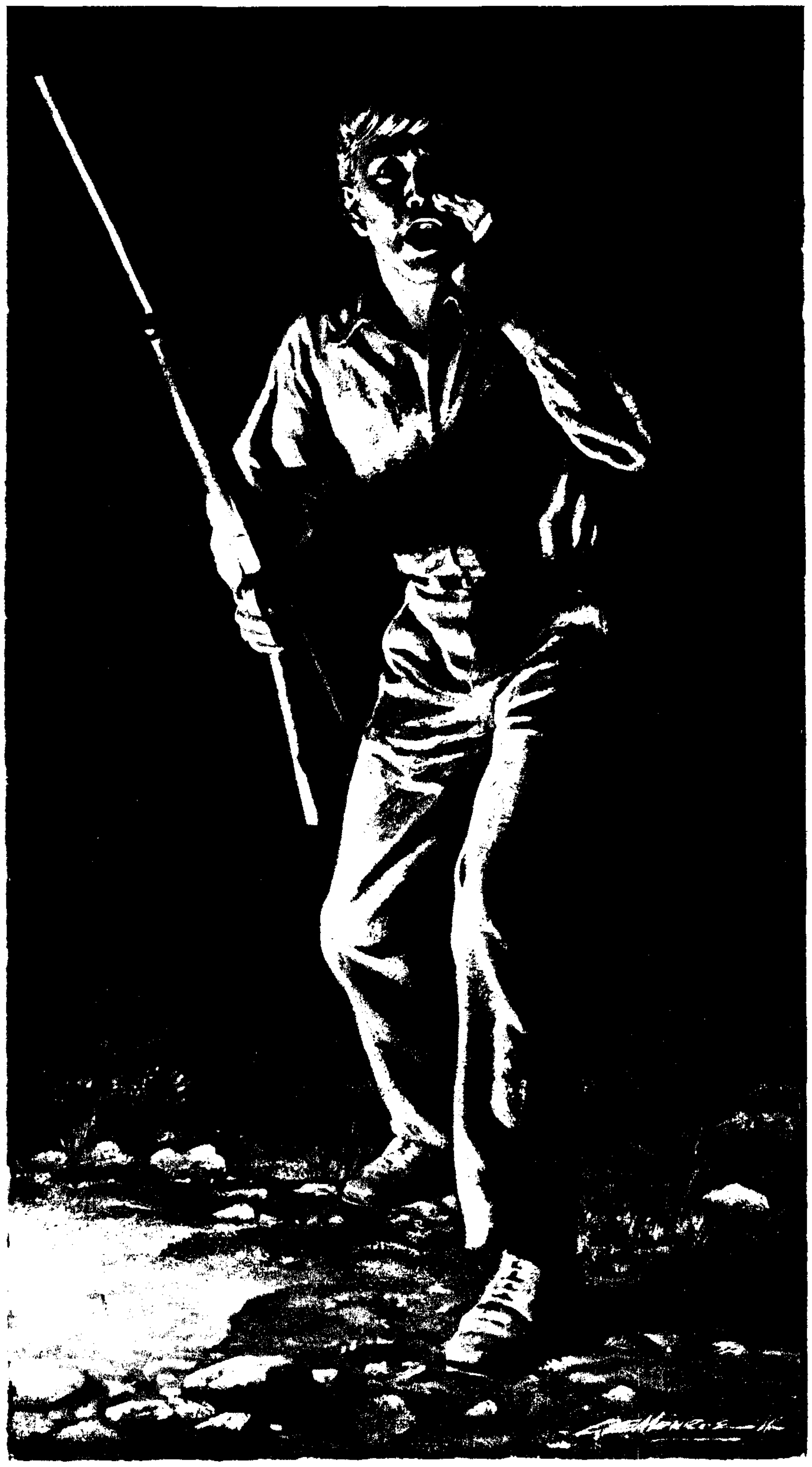

"Hurry, Mama!" I hollered. "I can't shoot till you're out of the line of fire!"

OLD YELLER

By FRED GIPSON

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That big yellow dog had got us through the awful summer; now he was up against the biggest battle of his life, and we couldn't do a thing to help

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

The Story: Late in the 1860s, my father left our home in Texas to go on a cattle drive to Abilene with the men from the nearby Salt Licks settlement. He left me—TRAVIS—in charge of our farm, promising to bring me a horse of my own if I did a good job. For a while I was handling things pretty well—doing the farm chores and looking after MAMA and my brother, ARLISS, who was four. Then one day a big ugly yellow dog turned up on the place and stole a side of meat from us. I wanted to get rid of him, but Little Arliss loved the dog on sight and threw a fit when I tried to run him off. So against my better judgment, the dog stayed. Soon after that, OLD YELLER—as we called him, because of his color and because he yelled instead of barking—saved Little Arliss from a charging she-bear, and I came to love him. He helped me with the farm work, and it got so I couldn't do without him. One day BUD SEARCY—an old man from Salt Licks who'd been left behind to look after the women and children while the men were in Abilene—came to the farm with his little granddaughter, LISBETH. Searcy was full of bad news. He predicted a drought; then he told us there was a hydrophobia plague around, and to watch out for it. I couldn't worry too much about that, though—it was time to round up the wild pigs and brand them. Old Yeller helped me, and the branding was nearly done when I had a bad accident: a bunch of the wild hogs attacked me and I got my leg slashed. If it hadn't been for Old Yeller I'd have been killed, but he fought the hogs off me. Afterward, Yeller was too badly wounded to get home. I did what I could for him, and then went for help—not knowing whether he could live until I got back.

The Last of Three Parts

IT LOOKED like I'd never get back to the little rock cave where I'd left Old Yeller. To begin with, by the time I got home, I'd traveled too far and too fast. I was so hot and weak and played out that I was trembling all over. And that hog-cut leg was sure acting up.

My leg hadn't got stiff like I'd figured. I'd used it too much. But I'd strained the cut muscle. It was jerking and twitching long before I got home; and after I got there, it wouldn't stop.

That threw a big scare into Mama. I argued and fussed, trying to tell her what a bad shape Old Yeller was in and how we needed to hurry back to him. But she wouldn't pay me any mind.

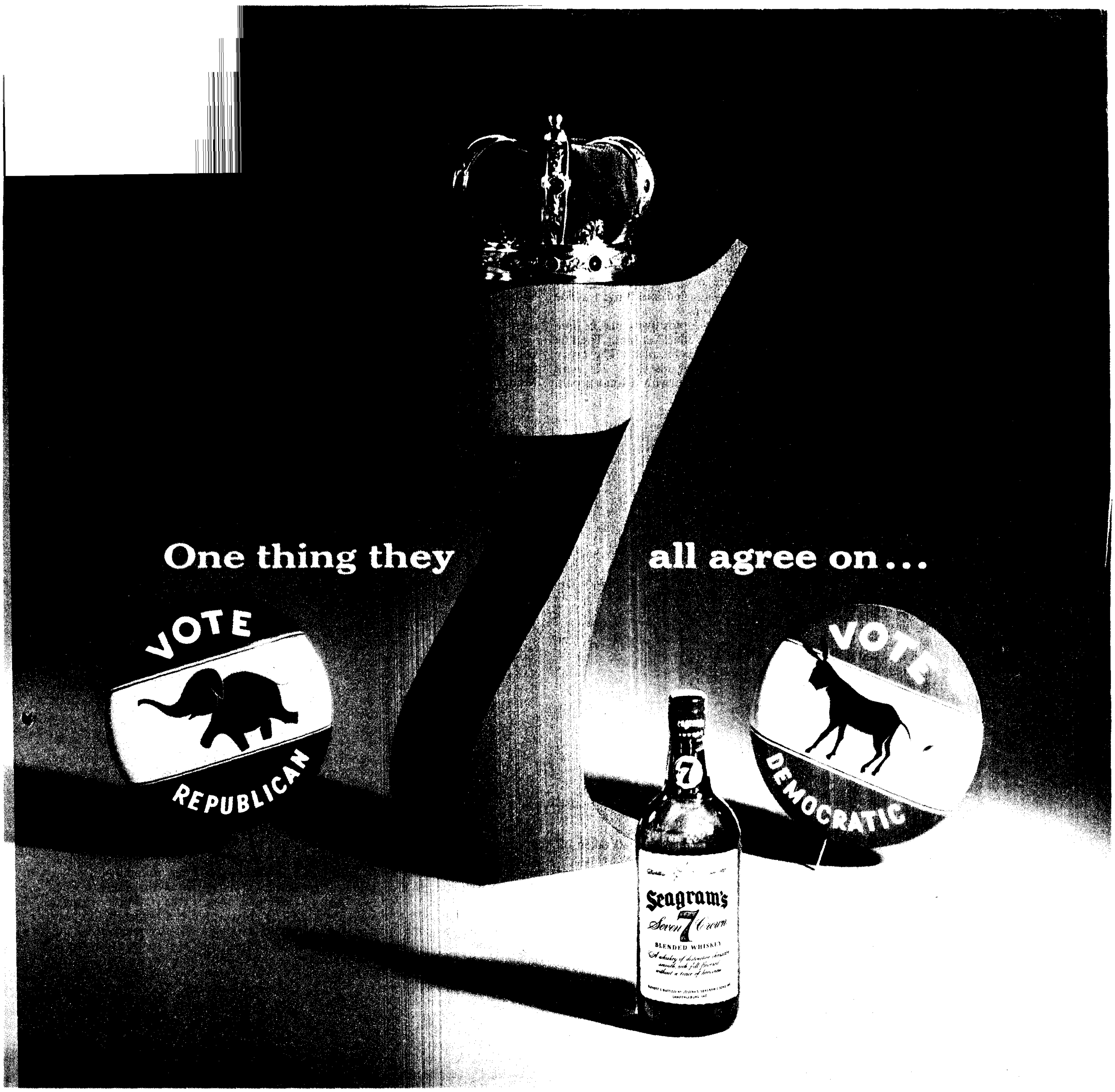
She told me: "We're not going anywhere until we've cleaned up and doctored that leg. I've seen hog cuts before. Neglect them and they can be as dangerous as snakebite. Now you just hold still till I get through."

I saw that it wasn't any use, so I held still while she got hot water and washed out the cut. But when she poured turpentine into it, I couldn't hold still. I jumped and hollered and screamed. It was like she'd burned me with a red-hot iron. It hurt worse than when the hog slashed me. I hollered with hurt till Little Arliss tuned up and went to crying too. But when the pain finally left my leg, the muscle had quit jerking.

Mama got some clean white rags and bound up the cut. Then she said, "Now, you lie down on that bed and rest. I don't want to see you take another step on that leg for a week."

I was so stunned that I couldn't say a word. All I could do was stare at her. Old Yeller, lying way off out there in the hills, about to die if he didn't get help, and Mama telling me I couldn't walk.

I got up off the stool I'd been sitting on. I said to her, "Mama, I'm going back after Old Yeller. I promised him I'd come back, and that's what I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aim to do." Then I walked through the doorway and out to the lot.

By the time I caught Jumper, our mule, Mama had her bonnet on. She was ready to go too. She looked a little flustered, like she didn't know what to do with me, but all she said was, "How'll we bring him back?"

"On Jumper," I said. "I'll ride Jumper and hold Old Yeller in my arms."

"You know better than that," she said. "He's too big and heavy. I might lift him up to you, but you couldn't stand to hold him in your arms that long. You'd give out."

"I'll hold him," I said. "If I give out, I'll rest. Then we'll go on again."

Mama stood tapping her foot for a minute while she gazed off across the hills. She said, like she was talking to herself, "We can't use the cart. There aren't any roads, and the country is too rough." Suddenly she turned to me and smiled. "I know what. Get that cowhide off the fence. I'll get some pillows."

"Cowhide?"

"Tie it across Jumper's back," Mama said. "I'll show you later."

I DIDN'T know what she had in mind, but it didn't much matter. She was going with me. I got the cowhide and slung it across Jumper's back. It rattled and spooked him so that he snorted and jumped from under it.

"You, Jumper!" I shouted at him. "You hold still."

He held still the next time. Mama brought the pillows and a long coil of rope. She had me tie the cowhide to Jumper's back and bind the pillows on top of it. Then she lifted Little Arliss up and set him on top of the pillows.

"You ride behind him," she said to me. "I'll walk." . . .

We could see the buzzards gathering long before we got there. We could see them wheeling black against the blue sky and dropping lower and lower with each circling. One we saw didn't waste time to circle. He came hurtling down in a long-slanted dive, his ugly head outstretched, his wings all but shut against his body. He shot past right over our heads, and the *whooshing* sound his body made in splitting the air sent cold chills running all through me. I guessed it was all over for Old Yeller.

Mama was walking ahead of Jumper. She looked back at me. The look in her eyes told me that she figured the same thing. I got so sick that it seemed like I couldn't stand it.

But when we moved down into the prickly-pear flats, my misery eased some. For suddenly, up out of a wash ahead, rose a flurry of flapping wings. Something had disturbed those buzzards and I thought I knew what it was.

A second later, I was sure it was Old Yeller. His yelling bark sounded thin and weak, yet just to hear it made me want to holler and run and laugh. He was still alive. He was still able to fight back!

The frightened buzzards had settled back to the ground by the time we got there. When they caught sight of us, though, they got excited and went to trying to get off the ground again. For birds that could sail around in the air all day with hardly more than a movement of their wing tips, they sure were *clumsy and awkward about getting* started. Some had to keep hopping along the wash for fifty yards, beating the air with their huge wings, before they could finally take off. And then they were slow to rise. I could have shot a dozen of them before they got away if I'd thought to bring my gun along.

There was a sort of crazy light shining in Old Yeller's eyes when I looked in at him. When I reached to drag the stump away from the opening under the rock, he snarled and lunged at me with bared fangs.

I jerked my hands away just in time and shouted "Yeller!" at him. Then he knew I wasn't a buzzard. The crazy light went out of his eyes. He sank back into the hole with a loud groan, like he'd just had a big load taken off his mind.

Gahan Wilson

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Mama helped me drag the stump away. Then we reached in and rolled him over on his back and slid him out into the light.

Without bothering to examine the blood-caked cuts that she could see all over his head and shoulders, Mama started unwinding the strips of cloth from around his body.

THEN Little Arliss came crowding past me, asking in a scared voice what was the matter with Yeller.

Mama stopped. "Arliss," she said, "do you think you could go back down this sandy wash here and catch Mama a pretty green-striped lizard? I thought I saw one around that first bend."

Little Arliss was as pleased as I was surprised. Always before, Mama had just sort of put up with his lizard-catching. Now she was wanting him to catch one just for her. A delighted grin spread over his face. He turned and ran down the wash as hard as he could go.

Mama smiled up at me, and suddenly I understood. She was just getting Little Arliss out of the way so he wouldn't have to look at the terrible sight of Yeller's slitted belly.

She said to me: "Go jerk a long hair out of Jumper's tail, son. But stand to one side, so he won't kick you."

I went and stood to one side of Jumper and jerked a long hair out of his tail. Sure enough, he snorted and kicked at me, but he missed. I took *the hair back to Mama, wondering as* much about it as I had about the green-striped lizard. But when Mama pulled a long sewing needle from her dress front and poked the small end of the tail hair through the eye, I knew then.

"Horsehair is always better than thread for sewing up a wound," she said. She didn't say why, and I never did think to ask her.

Mama asked me if any of Yeller's entrails had been cut, and I told her that I didn't think so. "Well, I won't bother them then," she said. "Anyway, if they were, I don't think I could fix them."

It was a long, slow job, sewing up Old Yeller's belly. And the way his flesh would flinch and quiver when Mama poked the needle through, it must have hurt. But if it did, Old Yeller didn't say anything about it. He just lay there and licked my hands while I held him.

WE WERE wrapping him in some clean rags Mama had brought along when here came Little Arliss. He was running as hard as he'd been when he left. He was grinning and hollering at Mama. And in his right hand he carried a green-striped lizard, too. How on earth he'd managed to catch anything as fast-running as one of those green-striped lizards, I don't know; but he sure had one.

You never saw such a proud look as he wore on his face when he handed the lizard to Mama. And I don't guess I ever saw a more helpless look on Mama's face as she took it. Mama had always been squeamish about lizards and snakes and bugs and things, and you could tell that it just made her flesh crawl to have to touch this one. But she took it and admired it and thanked Arliss. Then she asked him if he'd keep it for her till we got home. Which Little Arliss was glad to do.

"Now, Arliss," she told him, "we're going to play a game. We're playing like Old Yeller is sick and you are taking care of him. We're going to let you both ride on a cowhide, like the sick Indians do sometimes."

It always pleased Little Arliss to play any sort of game, and this was a new one that he'd never heard about before. He was so anxious to get started that we could hardly keep him out from underfoot till Mama could get things ready.

As soon as she took the cowhide off Jumper's back and spread it hairside-down upon the ground, I began to get the idea. She placed the soft pillows on top of the hide, and then helped me to ease Old Yeller's hurt body onto the pillows.

"Now, Arliss," Mama said, "you sit there on the pillows with Old Yeller and help hold him on. But remember now, don't play with him or get on top of him. We're playing like he's sick, and when your dog is sick you have to be real careful with him."

It was a fine game, and Little Arliss fell right in with it. He sat where Mama told him to. He held Old Yeller's head in his lap, waiting for the ride to start. . . .

It didn't take long. I'd already tied a rope around Jumper's neck, leaving the loop big enough so that it would *pull back against his shoulders. Then,* on each side of Jumper, we tied another rope onto the one knotted about his shoulders; the ends of these two ropes reached back to the cowhide. I took my knife and cut two slits into the edge of the cowhide, and then tied a rope into each one. We measured to get each rope the same length and made sure they were far enough back that the cowhide wouldn't touch Jumper's heels. Like most mules, Jumper was mighty fussy about anything touching his heels.

"Now, Travis, you ride him," Mama said, "and I'll lead him."

"You better let me walk," I argued. "Jumper's liable to throw a fit with that hide rattling along behind him, and you might not can hold him by yourself."

"You ride him," Mama said. "I don't want you walking on that leg any more. If Jumper acts up one time, I'll take a club to him!"

We started off, with Little Arliss crowing at what a fine ride he was getting on the dragging hide. Sure enough, at the first sound of that rattling hide, old Jumper acted up. He snorted and tried to lunge to one side. But Mama yanked down on his bridle and said, "Jumper, you wretch!" I whacked him between the ears with a dead stick. With the two of us coming at him like that, it was more than Jumper wanted. He settled down and went to traveling as quiet as he generally pulled a plow, with just now and then bending his neck around to take a look at what he was dragging. You could tell he didn't like it, but I guess he figured he'd best put up with it.

LITTLE ARLISS never had a finer time than he did on that ride home. He enjoyed every long hour of it. And a part of the time, I don't guess it was too rough on Old Yeller. The cowhide dragged smooth and even as long as we stayed in the sandy wash. When we left the wash and took out across the flats, it still didn't look bad. Mama led Jumper in a long roundabout way, keeping as much as she could to the openings where the tall grass grew. The grass would bend down before the hide, making a soft cushion over which the hide slipped easily. But this was a rough country and, try as hard as she could, Mama couldn't always dodge the rocky places. The hide slid over the rocks the same as over the grass and sand, but it couldn't help jolting the riders pretty much.

Little Arliss would laugh when the hide rattled along over the rocks and jolted him till his teeth rattled. He got as much fun out of that as the rest of the ride. But the jolting hurt Old Yeller till sometimes he couldn't hold back his whinings.

When Yeller's whimpering told us he was hurting too bad, we'd have to stop and wait for him to rest up. At other times, we stopped to give him water. Once we got the water out of a little spring that trickled down through the rocks. The next time was at Birdsong Creek, which ran by our place.

Mama'd pack water to him in my hat. He was too weak to get up and drink; so Mama would hold the water *right under his nose and I'd lift him up* off the pillows and hold him close enough that he could reach down and lap the water up with his tongue.

Having to travel so far and so slow and with so many halts, it looked like we'd never get him home. But we finally made it just about the time it

Turn this page
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on the TV shows
you never miss!..

got dark enough for the stars to show.

By then, my hurt leg was plenty stiff, stiff and numb. It was all swelled up and felt as dead as a chunk of wood. When I slid down off Jumper's back, it wouldn't hold me. I fell clear to the ground and lay in the dirt, too tired and hurt to get up.

Mama made a big to-do about how weak and hurt I was, but I didn't mind. We'd gone and brought Old Yeller home, and he was still alive. There by the starlight, I could see him licking Little Arliss' face.

Little Arliss was sound asleep.

FOR the next couple of weeks, Old Yeller and I had a rough time of it. I lay on the bed inside the cabin and Yeller lay on the cowhide just outside, in the dog run. We both hurt so bad that we were wallowing and groaning and whimpering all the time. Sometimes I hurt so bad that I didn't quite know what was happening. I'd hear grunts and groans and couldn't tell if they were mine or Yeller's. My leg had swelled up till it was about the size of a butter churn. I had such a wild hot fever that Mama nearly ran herself to death, packing fresh cold water from the spring which she used to bathe me all over, trying to run my fever down.

When Mama wasn't waiting on me, she was taking care of Old Yeller. She waited on him just like she did me. She was getting up all hours of the night to doctor our wounds, bathe us in cold water and feed us when she could get us to eat. On top of that, there were the cows to milk, Little Arliss to look after, clothes to wash, wood to cut and old Jumper to worry with.

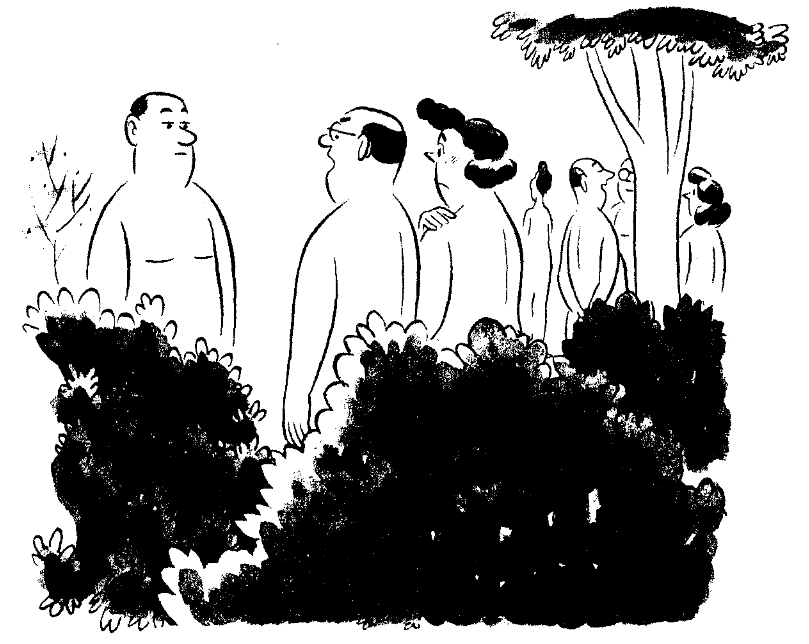
The bad drought that Bud Searcy predicted had come. The green grass all dried up till Jumper was no longer satisfied to eat it. He took to jumping the field fence and eating the corn that I'd never yet got around to gathering.

Mama couldn't let that go on; that was our bread corn. Without it, we'd have no bread for the winter. But it looked for a while like there wasn't any way to save it. Mama would go to the field and run Jumper out; then, before she got her back turned good, he'd jump back in and go to eating corn again.

Finally, Mama figured out a way to keep Jumper from jumping. She tied a drag to him. She got a rope and tied one end of it to his right forefoot. To the other end, she tied a big heavy chunk of wood. By pulling hard, Jumper could move his drag along enough to graze and get to water; but any time he tried to rear up for a jump, the drag held him down.

Altogether, Mama sure had her hands full, and Little Arliss wasn't any help. He was too little to do any work. And with neither of us to play with, he got lonesome. He'd follow Mama around every step she made, getting in the way and feeling hurt because she didn't have time to pay him any mind. When he wasn't pestering her, he was pestering me. A dozen times a day, he'd come in to stare at me and say: "Watcha doin' in bed, Travis? Why doncha get up? Why doncha get up and come play with me?"

He nearly drove me crazy till the day Bud Searcy and Lisbeth came, bringing the pup.



"I got sick of hearing her complain she didn't have a thing to wear . . ."

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

I didn't know about the pup at first. I didn't even know that Lisbeth had come. I heard Bud Searcy talking to Mama as they rode up, but I was hurting too bad even to roll over and look out the door. I remember just lying there, being mad at Searcy for coming. I knew what a bother he'd be to Mama. For all his talk of looking after the women and children of Salt Licks while the men were gone, I knew he'd never turn a hand to any real work. You wouldn't catch him offering to chop wood or gather in a corn crop. All he'd do was sit out under the dog run all day, talking and chewing tobacco and spitting juice all over the place. On top of that, he'd expect Mama to cook him up a good dinner—and maybe a supper, if he took a notion to stay that long.

In a little bit, though, I heard a quiet step at the door. I looked up. It was Lisbeth. She stood with her hands behind her back, staring at me with her big, solemn eyes. "You hurting pretty bad?" she asked.

I was hurting aplenty, but I wasn't admitting it to a girl. "I'm doing all right," I said.

"We didn't know you'd got hog-cut, or we'd come sooner," she said.

I didn't know what to say to that, so I didn't say anything.

"Well, anyhow," she said, "I brung you a surprise."

I was too sick and worn out to care about a surprise right then; but there was such an eager look in her eyes that I knew I had to say "What?" or hurt her feelings, so I said, "What?"

"One of Miss Prissy's pups!"

She brought her hands around from behind her back. In the right one, she held a dog pup about as big as a year-old possum. Its mama was Lisbeth's blue-tick bitch, Miss Prissy; and its papa, I knew, was Old Yeller.

THE pup was a dirty white in color and speckled all over with blue spots about the size of cow ticks. Lisbeth held it by the slack hide at the back of its neck. It hung there, half asleep, sagging in its own loose hide.

"Born in a badger hole," she said. "Seven of them. I brung you the best."

I thought: If that puny-looking thing is the best one, Miss Prissy must have had a sorry litter of pups. But I didn't say so. I said: "He sure looks like a dandy."

"He is," Lisbeth said. "See how I've been holding him, all this time, and he hasn't said a word."

I'd heard that one all my life—that if a pup didn't holler when you held him up by the slack hide of his neck, he was sure to turn out to be a gritty one. I didn't think much of that sign. Papa always put more stock in what color was inside a pup's mouth. If the pup's mouth was black inside, Papa said that was the one to choose. And that's the way I felt about it.

But right now I didn't care if the pup's mouth was pea-green on the inside. All I wanted was just to quit hurting. I said, "I guess Little Arliss will like it." Then I knew I'd said the wrong thing. I could tell by the look in Lisbeth's eyes that I'd hurt her feelings.

She didn't say anything. She just got real still and quiet and kept staring at me till I couldn't stand it and had to look away. Then she turned and went out of the cabin and gave the pup to Little Arliss.

It made me mad, her looking at me like that. What did she expect anyhow? Here I was laid up with a bad hog cut, hurting so bad I could hardly get my breath, and her expecting me to make a big to-do over a puny old speckled pup.

I had me a dog. Old Yeller was all cut up, worse than I was, but he was getting well. Mama had told me that. So what use did I have for a pup? Be all right for Little Arliss to play with. Keep him occupied and out from underfoot. But when Old Yeller and I got well and took to the woods again, we wouldn't have time to wait around on a fool pup, too little to follow.

I lay there in bed, mad and fretful all day, thinking how silly it was for Lisbeth to expect me to want a pup when I already had me a full-grown dog. I lay there, just waiting for a chance to tell her so, too; only she never did come back to give me a chance. She stayed outside and played with Little Arliss and the pup till her grandpa finally got ready to leave.

Then I saw her and Little Arliss come past the door, heading for where I could hear her grandpa saddling his horse. She looked in at me, then looked away, and suddenly I wasn't mad at her any more. I felt sort of mean. I wished now I could think of the right thing to say about the pup, so I could call her back and tell her. I didn't want her to go off home with her feelings still hurt.

But before I could think of anything, I heard her grandpa say to Mama: "Now, Mrs. Coates, you all are in a sort of bind here, with your man gone and that boy crippled up. I been setting out here all evening, worrying about it. That's my responsibility, you know, seeing that everybody's taken care of while the men are gone, and I think now I've got a way figured. I'll just leave our girl Lisbeth here to help you all out."

Mama said in a surprised voice: "Why, Mr. Searcy, there's no need for that. It's mighty kind of you and all, but we'll make out all right."

"No, now, Mrs. Coates; you got too big a load to carry, all by yourself. My Lisbeth, she'll be proud to help out."

"But," Mama argued, "she's such a little girl, Mr. Searcy, only seven years old. She's probably never stayed away from home of a night."

"She's little," Bud Searcy said, "but she's stout and willing. She's like me; when folks are in trouble, she'll pitch right in and do her part. You just keep her here, now. You'll see what a big help she'll be."

Mama tried to argue some more, but Bud Searcy wouldn't listen. He just told Lisbeth to be a good girl and help Mama out, like she was used to helping out at home. Then he mounted and rode on off.

I WAS like Mama. I didn't think Lisbeth Searcy would be any help around the place. She was too little and too skinny. I figured she'd just be an extra bother for Mama.

But we were wrong. Just like Bud Searcy said, she was a big help. She could tote water from the spring. She could feed the chickens, pack in wood, cook corn bread, wash dishes, wash Little Arliss and sometimes even change the poultice on my leg.

She didn't have to be told, either. She was right there on hand all the time, just looking for something to do. She was a lot better about that than I ever was. She wasn't as big and she couldn't do as much as I could, but she was more willing.

She didn't even back off when Mama hooked Jumper to the cart and headed for the field to gather in the corn. That was a job I always hated. It was hot work, and the corn shucks made my skin itch and sting till sometimes I'd wake up at night scratching like I'd stumbled into a patch of bull nettles.

But it didn't seem to bother Lisbeth. In fact, it looked like she and Mama and Little Arliss had a real good time gathering corn. I'd see them drive past the cabin, all three of them sitting on top of a cartload of corn. They would be laughing and talking and having such a romping big time, playing with the speckled pup, that before long I wished I was able to gather corn too.

In a way, it sort of hurt my pride for a little old girl like Lisbeth to come in and take over my jobs. Papa had left me to look after things. But now I was laid up, and here was a girl handling my work about as good as I could. Still, she couldn't get out and mark hogs or kill meat or swing a chopping ax. . . .

Before they were finished gathering corn, however, we were faced with a trouble a whole lot too big for any of us to handle.

The first hint of it came when the Spot heifer failed to show up one evening at milking time. Mama had come in too late from the corn gathering to go look for her before dark, and the next morning she didn't need to. Spot

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exciting things are happening on NBC TELEVISION *a service of* RCA came by herself; or rather, she came past the house.

I heard her first. The swelling in my leg was about gone down. I was weak as a rain-chilled chicken, but most of the hurting had stopped. I was able to sit up and take notice of things.

I heard a cow coming toward the house. She was bawling like cows do when they've lost a calf or when their bags are stretched too tight with milk. I recognized Spot's voice.

Spot's calf recognized it, too. The calf had stood hungry in the pen all night and now it was nearly crazy for a bait of milk. I could hear it blatting and racing around in the cowpen, so starved it could hardly wait.

I called to Mama. "Mama," I said, "you better go let old Spot in to her calf. I hear her coming."

"That pesky Spot," I heard her say impatiently. "I don't know what's got into her, staying out all night like that and letting her calf go hungry."

I heard Mama calling to Spot as she went out to the cowpen. A little later, I heard Spot beller like a fighting bull, and then Mama's voice rising high and sharp. Then here came Mama, running into the cabin, calling for Lisbeth to hurry and bring in Little Arliss. There was scare in Mama's voice. I sat up in bed as Lisbeth came running in, dragging Little Arliss after her.

Mama slammed the door shut, and then turned to me. "Spot made fight at me," she said. "I can't understand it. It was like I was some varmint that she'd never seen before."

MAMA turned and opened the door a crack. She looked out, and then threw the door wide open and stood staring toward the cowpen. "Why, look at her now," she said. "She's not paying one bit of attention to her calf. She's *just going on* past the cowpen like her calf wasn't there. She's acting as crazy as if she'd got hold of a bait of pea vine."

I sat there, listening to Spot. She was bawling again, like when I first heard her. But now she was heading off into the brush again, leaving her calf to starve. I wondered where she'd got enough pea vine to hurt her.

"But, Mama," I said, "she *couldn't* have eaten pea vine. The pea vine is all dead and gone this time of year."

"I know," Mama said. "That's what's got me so worried."

I thought of what Bud Searcy had told me about animals that didn't act right. I said, "Cows don't ever get hydrophobia, do they?"

I saw Lisbeth start at the word. She stared at me with big, solemn eyes.

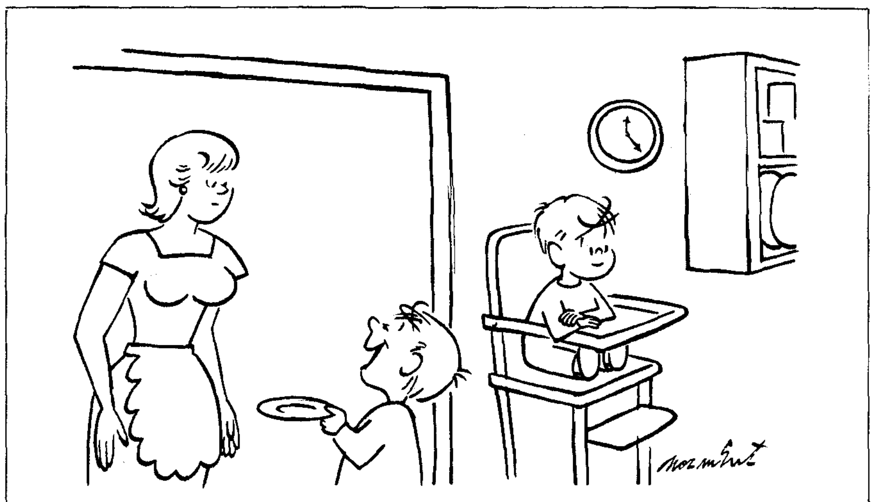
"I don't know," Mama said. "I've seen dogs with it, but I've never heard of a cow brute having it."

In the next few days, while Old Yeller and I healed fast, we all worried and watched.

All day and all night, Spot kept right on doing what she did from the start: she walked and she bawled. She walked mostly in a wide circle that brought her pretty close to the house about twice a day and then carried her so far out into the hills that we could just barely hear her. She walked with her head down. She walked slower and her bawling got weaker; but she never stopped walking and bawling.

When the bull came, he was worse, and a lot more dangerous. He came two or three days later. I was sitting out under the dog run at the time. I'd hobbled out to sit in a chair beside Old Yeller, where I could scratch him under his chewed-off ear. That's where he liked to be scratched best. Mama was in the kitchen, cooking dinner. Lisbeth and Little Arliss had gone off to the creek below the spring to play with the pup and to fish for catfish. I could see them running and laughing along the bank, chasing after grasshoppers.

THEN I heard this moaning sound and turned to watch a roan bull come out of the brush. He didn't walk like any bull I'd ever seen before. He walked with his head hung low and wobbling. He reeled and staggered, like he couldn't see where he was going. He walked head on into a mesquite tree like it wasn't there, and fell to his knees when he hit it. He scrambled to his feet and came on, grunting and staggering and moaning, heading toward the spring.



"I finally persuaded Joey to eat all his spaghetti. I told him it was worms"

COLLIER'S JOHN NORMENT

Right then, for the first time since we'd brought him home, Old Yeller came up off his cowhide bed. He'd been lying there beside me, paying no attention to sight or sound of the bull. Then, I guess the wind must have shifted and brought him the bull's scent; and evidently the scent told him for certain what I was only beginning to suspect.

He rose, with a savage growl. He moved out toward the bull, so trembly weak that he could hardly stand. His lips were lifted in an ugly snarl, baring his white fangs. His hackles stood up in a ragged ridge along the back of his neck and shoulders.

Watching him, I felt a prickling at the back of my own neck. I'd seen him act like that before, but only when there was the greatest danger. Never while just facing a bull.

Suddenly, I knew that Mama and I had been fooling ourselves. Up till now, we'd been putting off facing up to facts. We'd kept hoping that the heifer Spot would get over whatever was wrong with her. Mama and Lisbeth had kept Spot's calf from starving by letting it suck another cow. They'd had to tie the cow's hind legs together to keep her from kicking the calf off; but they'd kept the calf alive, hoping Spot would get well and come back.

Now I knew that Spot wouldn't get well—and this bull wouldn't, either. I knew they were both deathly sick with hydrophobia. Old Yeller had scented that sickness in this bull and somehow sensed how fearfully dangerous it was.

I thought of Lisbeth and Little Arliss down past the spring. I came up out of my chair, calling for Mama. "Mama!" I said. "Bring me my gun, Mama!"

Mama came hurrying to the door. "What is it, Travis?" she asked.

"That bull!" I said, pointing. "He's mad with hydrophobia and he's heading for Lisbeth and Little Arliss."

Mama took one look and said, "Oh, my heavens!" in almost a whisper. She didn't wait to get me my gun or anything else. She just tore out for the creek, hollering for Lisbeth and Little Arliss to run, to climb a tree, to do anything to get away from the bull.

I called after her, telling her to wait, to give me a chance to shoot the bull. I don't guess she ever heard me. But the bull heard her. He tried to turn on her, stumbled and went to his knees. Then he was back on his feet again as Mama went flying past. He charged straight for her. He'd have got her, too, only the sickness had his legs too wobbly. This time, when he fell, he rooted his nose into the ground and just lay there, moaning, too weak even to try to get up again.

By this time, Old Yeller was there, baying the bull, keeping out of his reach, but ready to eat him alive if he ever came to his feet again.

I didn't wait to see more. I went and got my gun. I hobbled down to where I couldn't miss and shot the roan bull between the eyes.

WE COULDN'T leave the dead bull to lie there that close to the cabin. In a few days, the scent of rotting flesh would drive us out. Also, the carcass lay so close to the spring that it could foul up our drinking water.

"We'll have to try to drag it farther from the cabin and burn it," she said.

"Burn it?" I said in surprise. "Why can't we just leave it for the buzzards and varmints to clean up?"

"Because that might spread the sickness," Mama said. "If the varmints eat it, they might get the sickness too."

Mama went to put the harness on Jumper. I sent Lisbeth to bring me a rope. I doubled the rope and tied it in a loop around the bull's horns. Mama brought Jumper, who snorted and shied away at the sight of the dead animal. Jumper had smelled deer blood plenty of times, so I guess it was the size of the bull that scared him. Or maybe, like Yeller, Jumper could scent the dead bull's sickness. I had to talk mean and threaten him with a club before we could get him close enough for Mama to hook the singletree over the loop of rope I'd tied around the bull's horns.

Then the weight of the bull was too much for him. Jumper couldn't drag it. He leaned into his collar and dug in with his hoofs. He grunted and strained. He pulled till I saw the big muscles of his haunches flatten and start quivering. But the best he could do was slide the bull carcass along the ground for about a foot before he gave up. I knew he wasn't throwing off. Jumper was full of a lot of pesky, aggravating mule tricks; but when you called on him to move a load, he'd move it or bust something.

I called on him again. I drove him at a different angle from the load, hoping he'd have better luck. He didn't. He threw everything he had into the collar, and all he did was pop a link out of his right trace chain. The flying link whistled past my ear with the speed of a bullet. It would have killed me dead if it had hit me.

Well, that was it. There was no moving the dead bull now. We could patch up that broken trace chain for pulling an ordinary load, but it would never be strong enough to pull this one —even if Jumper was.

I looked at Mama. She shook her head. "I guess there's nothing we can do but burn it here," she said. "But it's going to take a lot of wood."

IT DID, too. We'd lived there long enough to use up all the dead wood close to the cabin. Now, Mama and Lisbeth had to go way out into the brush for it. I got a piece of rawhide string and patched up the trace chain, and Mama and Lisbeth used Jumper to drag up big dead logs. I helped them pile the logs on top of the bull. We piled them up till we had the carcass completely covered, and then we set fire to them.

In a little bit, the fire was roaring. Sheets of hot flame shot high into the air. The heat and the stench of burned hair and scorching hide drove us back.

It was the biggest fire I'd ever seen. I thought there was fire enough there to burn three bulls. But when it began to die down a couple of hours later, the bull carcass wasn't half burned up. Mama and Lisbeth went back to dragging up more wood.

It took two days and nights to burn up that bull. We worked all day long each day, with Mama and Lisbeth dragging up the wood and me feeding the stinking fire. Then, at night, we could hardly sleep. This was because of the howling and snarling and fighting of the wolves lured to the place by the scent of the roasting meat. The wolves didn't get any of it; they were too afraid of the hot fire. But that didn't keep them from gathering from miles around and making the nights hideous with their howlings and snarlings.

And all night long, both nights, Old Yeller crippled back and forth between the fire and the cabin, baying savagely, warning the wolves to keep away.

Both nights I lay there, watching the eyes of the shifting wolves glow like live mesquite coals in the firelight, and listening to the weak, moaning bawl of old Spot still traveling in a circle. I lay there, feeling shivery with a fearful dread that brought up pictures in my mind of Bud Searcy's uncle, who had died of hydrophobia.

I sure did wish Papa would come home. . . .

As soon as the job of burning the bull was over, Mama told us we had to do the same for the Spot heifer. That was all Mama said about it, but I could tell by the look in her eyes how much she hated to give up. She'd had hopes for Spot's making us a real milk cow.

Mama looked tired, and more worried than I think I'd ever seen her. I guess she couldn't help thinking what I was thinking—that if hydrophobia had sickened one of our cows, it just might get them all.

"I'll do the shooting," I told her. "But I'm going to follow her out a ways from the house to do it. Closer to some wood."

"How about your leg?" Mama asked.

"That leg's getting all right," I told her. "Think it'll do it some good to be walked on."

"Well, try to kill her on bare ground," Mama cautioned. "As dry as it is now, we'll be running a risk of setting the woods afire if there's much old grass around the place."

I waited till Spot circled past the cabin again, and then took my gun and followed her, keeping a safe distance behind.

By now, Spot was so sick and starved I could hardly stand to look at her. She didn't look like a cow; she looked more like the skeleton of one. She was just skin and bones. She was so weak that she stumbled as she walked. Half a dozen times she went to her knees, and each time I'd think she'd taken her last step. But she'd always get up and go on again—and keep bawling.

I kept waiting for her to cross a bare patch of ground where it would be safe to build a fire. She didn't and I couldn't drive her, of course. She was too crazy mad to be driven anywhere. I was afraid to mess with her. She might be like the bull. If I ever let her know I was anywhere about, she might go on the fight.

I guess she was a mile from the cabin before I saw that she was about to cross a dry sandy wash, something like the one where Yeller and I had got mixed up with the hogs. That would be a good place, I knew. It was pretty far for us to have to come to burn her, but there was plenty of dry wood around. And if I could drop her out there in that wide sandy wash, there'd be no danger of a fire getting away from us.

I HURRIED around and got ahead of her. I hid behind a turkey-pear bush on the far side of the wash. But as sick and blind as she was, I think I could have stood out in the broad open without her ever seeing me. I waited till she came stumbling across the sandy bed of the wash, and then I fired, dropping her in the middle of it.

I'd used up more of my strength than I knew, following Spot so far from the cabin. By the time I got back, I was dead beat. The sweat was pouring off me and I was trembling all over.

Mama took one look at me and told me to get to bed. "We'll go start the burning," she said. "You stay on that leg any longer and it'll swell again."

I didn't argue. I knew I was too weak and tired to take another walk that far without rest. So I told Mama where to find Spot and told her to leave Little Arliss with me, and I watched her and Lisbeth head out, both mounted on Jumper. Mama was carrying a panful of live coals to start the fire with.

At the last minute, Yeller got up off his cowhide. He stood watching them a minute, like he was trying to make up his mind about something; then he went trotting after them. He was still thin and rough-looking, and crippling pretty badly in one leg. But I figured he knew better than I did whether or not he was able to travel. I didn't call him back.

As it turned out, it's a good thing I didn't. Only, afterward, I wished a thousand times that I could have had some way of looking ahead to what was going to happen. Then I would have done everything I could to keep all of them from going.

WITH Little Arliss to look after, I didn't mean to drop off to sleep. But I did and slept till sundown, when suddenly I jerked awake, feeling guilty about leaving him alone too long.

I needn't have worried. Little Arliss was right out there in the yard, playing with the speckled pup. They had themselves a game going. Arliss was racing around the cabin, dragging a short piece of frayed rope. The pup was chasing the rope. Now and then he'd get close enough to pounce on it. Then he'd let out a growl and set his teeth into it and try to shake it and hang on at the same time. Generally, he got jerked off his feet and turned a couple of somersets, but that didn't seem to bother him. The next time Arliss came racing past, the pup would tie into the rope again.

I wondered if he wouldn't get some of his baby teeth jerked out at such rough play, but guessed it wouldn't matter. He'd soon be shedding them, anyhow.

I wondered, too, what was keeping Mama and Lisbeth so long. Then I thought how far it was to where the dead cow lay, and how long it would take for just the two of them to drag up enough wood and get a fire started, and I figured they'd be lucky if they got back before dark.

I went off to the spring after a bucket of fresh water and wondered when Papa would come back. Mama had said a couple of days ago that it was about that time, and I hoped so. For one thing, I could hardly wait to see what sort of horse Papa was going to bring me. But mainly, this hydrophobia plague had me scared. I'd handled things pretty well until that came along. Of course, I'd gotten a pretty bad hog-cut, but that could have happened to anybody, even a grown man. And I was about to get well of that. But if the sickness got more of our cattle, I wouldn't know what to do.

It wasn't until dark came that I really began to get uneasy about Mama and Lisbeth. Then I could hardly stand it because they hadn't come home. I knew in my own mind why they hadn't: it had been late when they'd started out; they'd had a good long piece to go; and even with wood handy it would take them considerable time to drag up enough for the size fire they needed.

And I couldn't think of any real danger to them. They weren't far enough away from the cabin to be lost. And if they were, Jumper knew the way home. Also, Jumper was gentle; there wasn't much chance that he'd scare and throw them off. On top of all that, they had Old Yeller along. Old Yeller might be pretty weak and crippled yet, but he'd protect them from just about anything that might come their way.

Still, I was uneasy. I couldn't help having the feeling that something was wrong. I'd have gone to see about them if it hadn't been for Little Arliss. It was past his suppertime; he was getting hungry and sleepy and fussy.

I took him and the pup inside the kitchen and lighted a candle. I settled

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the two of them on the floor and gave them each a bowl of sweet milk, into which I'd crumbled cold corn bread. In a little bit, both were eating out of the same bowl. Little Arliss knew better than that and I ought to have paddled him for doing it, but I didn't. I didn't say a word; I was too worried.

I'd just about made up my mind to put Little Arliss and the pup to bed and go look for Mama and Lisbeth when I heard a sound that took me to the door in a hurry. It was the sound of dogs fighting. The sound came from way out there in the dark; but the minute I stepped outside, I could tell that the fight was moving toward the cabin. Also, I recognized the voice of Old Yeller.

IT WAS the sort of raging yell he let out when he was in a fight to the finish. It was the same savage roaring and snarling he'd done the day he fought the killer hogs off me. The sound of it chilled my blood. I stood, rooted to the ground, trying to think what it could be, what I ought to do.

Then I heard Jumper snorting keenly and Mama calling in a frightened voice: "Travis! Travis! Make a light, son, and get your gun. And hurry!"

I came alive then. I hollered back at her, to let her know that I'd heard. I ran back into the cabin and got my gun. I couldn't think at first what would make the sort of light I needed, and then I recollected a clump of bear grass that Mama'd recently grubbed out, where she wanted to start a new fall garden. Bear grass has an oily sap that makes it burn bright and fierce for a long time. A pile of it burning would make a big light.

I ran and snatched up four bunches of the half-dried bear grass. The sharp ends of the stiff blades stabbed and stung my arms and chest as I grabbed them up, but I had no time to bother about that. I ran and dumped the bunches in a pile on the bare ground outside the yard fence, and then hurried to bring a live coal from the fireplace to start them burning.

I fanned fast with my hat. The beargrass blades started to smoking, giving off their foul smell. A little flame started, flickered and wavered for a moment, and then bloomed suddenly and leaped high with a roar.

I jumped back, gun held ready, and caught my first glimpse of the screaming, howling battle that came wheeling into the circle of light. It was Old Yeller, all right, tangled with some animal as big and savage as he was.

Mama called from outside the light's rim. "Careful, son. And take close aim—it's a big loafer wolf, gone mad."

My heart nearly quit on me. There weren't many of the gray loafer wolves in our part of the country, but I knew about them. They were big and savage enough to hamstring a horse or drag down a full-grown cow. And here was Old Yeller, weak and crippled, trying to fight a mad one!

I brought up my gun, and then held fire while I hollered at Mama. "Y'all get in the cabin," I yelled. "I'm scared to shoot till I know you're out of the line of fire!"

I heard Mama whacking Jumper with a stick to make him go. I heard Jumper's snort and the clatter of his hoofs as he went galloping in a wide circle to come up behind the cabin. But even after Mama called from the door behind me, I still couldn't fire. Not without taking a chance on killing Old Yeller. . . .

I waited, my nerves on edge, while Old Yeller and the big wolf fought there in the firelight, whirling and leaping and snarling and slashing, their bared fangs gleaming white, their eyes burning green in the half-light.

Then they went down in a tumbling roll, with the big wolf on top, his huge jaws shut tight on Yeller's throat. That was my chance, and one that I'd better make good. As weak as Old Yeller was, he'd never break that throat hold.

There in the wavering light, I couldn't get a true bead on the wolf. I couldn't see my sights well enough. All I could do was guess-aim and hope for a hit. I squeezed the trigger. The gunstock slammed back against my shoulder, and such a long streak of fire spouted from the gun barrel that it blinded me for a second; I couldn't see a thing.

Then I realized that all the growling and snarling had hushed. A second later, I was running toward the two still, gray forms lying side by side.

For a second, I just knew that I'd killed Old Yeller too. Then, about the time I bent over him, he heaved a big sort of sigh and struggled up to start licking my hands and wagging his tail.

I was so relieved that it seemed like all the strength went out of me. I slumped to the ground and was sitting there, shivering, when Mama came and sat down beside me. She put one arm across my shoulders and held it there while she told me what had happened.

Like I'd figured, it had taken her and Lisbeth till dark to get the wood dragged up and the fire to going around the dead cow. Then they'd mounted old Jumper and headed for home. They'd been without water all this time and were thirsty. When they came to the crossing on Birdsong Creek, they'd dismounted to get a drink. And while they were lying down, drinking, the wolf came.

He was right on them before they knew it. Mama happened to look up and see the dark hulk of him come bounding toward them across a little clearing. He was snarling as he came, and Mama just barely had time to come to her feet and grab up a dead chinaberry pole before he sprang. She whacked him hard across the head, knocking him to the ground. Then Old Yeller was there, tying into him.

Mama and Lisbeth got back on Jumper and tore out for the house. Right after them came the wolf, like he had his mind fixed on catching them. But Old Yeller fought him too hard and too fast. Yeller wasn't big and strong enough to stop him, but he kept him slowed down and away from Jumper and Mama and Lisbeth.

"He had to've been mad, son," Mama wound up. "You know that no wolf in his right senses would have acted that way."

"Yessum," I said, "and it's sure a good thing that Old Yeller was along to keep him fought off." I shuddered at the thought of what could have happened without Old Yeller.

MAMA waited a little bit, and then said in a quiet voice: "It was a good thing for us, son, but it wasn't good for Old Yeller."

The way she said that gave me a cold feeling in the pit of my stomach. I sat up straighter. "What do you mean?" I said. "Old Yeller's all right. He's maybe chewed up some, but he can't be bad hurt. See, he's done trotting off toward the house."

Then it hit me what Mama was getting at. All my insides froze. I couldn't get my breath.

I jumped to my feet, wild with hurt and scare. "But, Mama!" I cried out. "Old Yeller's just saved your life! He's saved my life. He's saved Little Arliss' life! We can't—"

Mama got up and put her arm across my shoulder again. "I know, son," she said. "But he's been bitten by a mad wolf."

I stared off into the blackness of the night while my mind wheeled and darted this way and that, like a scared rat trying to find its way out of a trap.

"But, Mama," I said. "We don't know for certain. We could wait and see. We could tie him or shut him up in the corncrib or someplace till we know for sure!"

Mama broke down and went to crying then. She put her head on my shoulder and held me so tight that she nearly choked off my breath. "We can't take the chance, son," she sobbed. "It would be you or me or Little Arliss or Lisbeth next. I'll shoot him if you can't, but either way, we've got it to do. We can't take the chance!"

It came clear to me then that Mama was right. We couldn't take the risk. And from everything I had heard, I knew that there was very little chance of Old Yeller's escaping the sickness. It was going to kill something inside

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me to do it. but I knew then that I had to shoot my big yeller dog.

Once I knew for sure I had it to do, I don't think I really felt anything. I was just numb all over, like a dead man, walking.

Quickly, I left Mama and went to stand in the light of the burning bear grass. I reloaded my gun and called Old Yeller back from the house. I stuck the muzzle of the gun against his head and pulled the trigger.

DAYS went by, and I couldn't get over it. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't cry. I was all empty inside, but hurting. Hurting worse than I'd ever hurt in my life, with a sickness there didn't seem to be any cure for. Thinking every minute of my big yeller dog, how he'd fought the she-bear off Little Arliss, how he'd saved me from the killer hogs, how he'd fought the mad wolf off Mama and Lisbeth. And after all this I'd had to shoot him, the same as I'd shot the roan bull and the Spot heifer.

Mama tried to talk to me about it, and I let her. But while everything she said made sense, it didn't do a thing to that dead feeling I had.

Lisbeth talked to me. She didn't say much; she was too shy. But she pointed out that I had another dog, the speckled pup. "He's part Old Yeller," she said. "Yeller was his papa. And he was the best one of the bunch."

But that didn't help any either. The speckled pup might be part Old Yeller, but he wasn't Old Yeller. He hadn't saved all our lives and then been shot down like he was nothing.

Then one night it clouded up and rained till daylight. That seemed to wash away the hydrophobia plague. At least, pretty soon afterward, it died out completely.

But we didn't know that then. What seemed important to us about the rain was that the next morning after it fell, Papa came riding home.

The long ride to Kansas and back had Papa drawn down till he was as thin and knotty as a fence rail. But he had money in his pockets, a big shouting laugh for everybody, and a saddle horse for me.

The horse was a cat-stepping blue roan with a black mane and tail. Papa put me on him the first thing and made me gallop him in the clearing around the house. The roan had all the pride and fire any grown man would want in his best horse, yet was as gentle as a pet.

"Now isn't he a dandy?" Papa asked.

I said, "Yessir!" and knew that Papa was right and that I ought to be proud and thankful. But I wasn't. I didn't feel one way or another about the horse.

Papa saw something was wrong. I saw him look a question at Mama and saw Mama shake her head. Then late that evening, just before supper, he called me off down to the spring, where we sat and he talked.

"Your mama told me about the dog," he said.

I said, "Yessir."

"That was rough," he said. "That was as rough a thing as I ever heard tell of happening to a boy. And I'm proud to learn how my boy stood up to it. You couldn't ask any more of a grown man."

He stopped for a minute. He picked up some little pebbles and thumped them into the water, scattering a bunch of hairy-legged water bugs. The bugs darted across the water in all directions.

"Now, the thing to do," he went on, "is to try to forget it and go on being a man."

"How?" I asked. "How can you forget a thing like that?"

He studied me for a moment and then shook his head. "I guess I don't quite mean that," he said. "It's not a thing you can forget. I don't guess it's a thing that you ought to forget. What I mean is, things like that happen. They may seem mighty cruel and unfair, but that's how life is a part of the time.

"But that isn't the only way life is. A part of the time, it's mighty good. And a man can't afford to waste all the good part worrying about the bad parts. That makes it all bad. You understand?"

"Yessir," I said. And I did understand. Only, it still didn't do me any good. I still felt just as dead and empty.

THAT went on for a week or better, I guess, before a thing happened that brought me alive again.

It was right at dinnertime. Papa had sent me out to the lot to feed Jumper and the horses. I'd just started back when I heard a commotion in the house. I heard Mama's voice lifted high and sharp. "Why, you thieving little whelp!" she cried out. Then I heard a shrieking yelp, and out the kitchen door came the speckled pup with a big chunk of corn bread clutched in his mouth. He raced around the house, running with his tail clamped. He was yelling and squalling like somebody was beating him to death. But that still didn't keep *him* from hanging onto that piece of corn bread that he'd stolen from Mama.

Inside the house, I heard Little Arliss. He was fighting and screaming his head off at Mama for hitting his dog. And above it all, I could hear Papa's roaring laughter.

Right then, I began to feel better. The sight of that little old pup, tearing out for the brush with that piece of corn bread, seemed to loosen something inside me.

I felt better all day. I went back and rode my horse and enjoyed it. I rode way off in the brush, not going anywhere especially, just riding and looking and beginning to feel proud of owning a real horse of my own.

Then along about sundown, I rode down into Birdsong Creek, headed for the house. Up at the spring I heard a splashing and hollering. I looked ahead. Sure enough, it was Little Arliss. He was stripped naked and romping in our drinking water again. And right in there, romping with him, was that bread-stealing speckled pup.

I started to holler at them. I started to say: "*Arliss!* You get that nasty old pup out of our drinking water!"

Then I didn't. Instead, I went to laughing. I sat there and laughed till I cried. When all the time I knew that I ought to go beat them to a frazzle for messing up our drinking water.

When finally I couldn't laugh and cry another bit, I rode on up to the lot and turned my horse in. Tomorrow, I thought, I'll take Arliss and that pup out for a squirrel hunt. The pup was still mighty little. But the way I figured it, if he was big enough to act like Old Yeller, he was big enough to start learning to earn his keep. —FRED GIPSON

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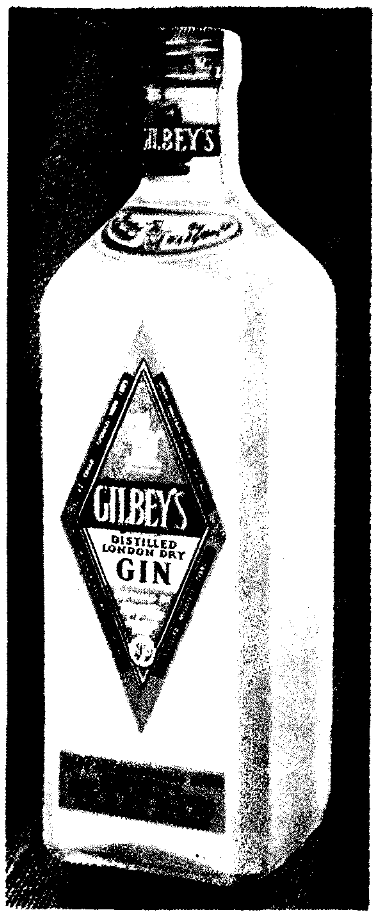

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CATFISH DERBY

Down South they're off and running each summer to hook the world's biggest "cats"

Most of us think of catfishing in the Tom Sawyer sense . . . a cane pole, a bent pin and a sleepy afternoon catching little, whisker-faced fish. Such a mind's-eye picture is valid for most of the country, but not in Savannah, Tennessee, which calls itself the catfish capital of the world. Here the gentle art of catfishing is transformed into a hair-raising, backbreaking sport. The reason is Savannah's catfish. They're big—a yard long and almost that much around.

Old-timers at the favorite fishing hole below the giant Pickwick Landing Dam regularly haul in 40- to 60-pounders. The record fish to date is a 130-pound whopper, and local legend insists that 150-pounders lurk in the depths of the Tennessee River. This July, Savannah is holding its annual month-long Catfish Derby with prizes awarded for the largest fish caught and other special events.

These outsize catfish owe their heft primarily to an abundance of shad which are stopped by the dam. They mill about in confused hordes in the waters beneath the dam. About all the catfish have to do is lie with their mouths open and food is thrust down their throats.

The biggest fish, say the experts (who use regular deep-sea tackle), are caught on the edges of the "boils" of turbulence created by the turbines. Keeping a skiff just alongside—but not on top—of the erupting water calls for tricky boat handling. But when a fish in the 50-pound class takes your line, you soon forget the perils close by.

Savannah's catfish are possibly the biggest in the world, but they're still quite a good bit short of Huckleberry Finn's fictionally record catch . . . "a catfish that was big as a man, being six feet, two inches long and weighed over 200 pounds." —PETE BARRETT

Fishermen wait just downstream of Pickwick Dam for force-fed, fattest catfish

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

Catfishing is backbreaking—in the Tennessee River (left) when they're too big to be hauled in by line

Catfishing is hair-raising—when you balance a skiff on wild water near the dam (left) while hauling in 50-pounders with deep-sea tackle (above). But at the hot, long afternoon's end, bent backs aren't too stiff, arms too leaden that they can't straighten up to lift the weighed-down rope for the final, smiling photo (below) which proves that Tennessee's catfish can be longer and wider than the stories of any angler

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MENNEN
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WHY WOMEN LIVE LONGER THAN MEN

Continued from page 23

diets and the incidence of coronary disease in various parts of the world. For this, in half a dozen years, he and his colleagues have run up travel mileage that would do credit to an airline crew. Teams have gone out from the Minnesota laboratory to, among other places, England, Italy, Spain, Finland, Sweden, South Africa, Japan and several sections of the U.S.

In each of these countries, detailed information was gathered on three points: the composition of the national diet; the frequency of coronary disease: and the concentration of cholesterol in the blood. This is what was found:

National diets varied surprisingly little in most of these countries in essential nutritional characteristics. The exception was the proportion of fats. The U.S. had the "fattest" diet, 41 per cent of calories from fats. In Great Britain, the percentage was about 35. Spain and Italy were at the other end of the scale, 22 and 20 per cent of calories from fats.

MALE CORONARY DEATHS and blood cholesterol levels were found to be in scale to the fat intake of people in the various countries studied (see chart below). In Italy, for example, the coronary death rate for men was only one fourth of ours.

Dr. Keys was aware some American specialists might snort skeptically that he must have studied underfed Italians, or that Italian doctors don't know how to diagnose coronary disease anyway. The Minnesota professor made sure his Italian subjects matched the U.S. weight norm. (One group, composed of Bologna policemen, even exceeded it.) And he persuaded Dr. Paul Dudley White—dean of American heart men long before President Eisenhower became his patient—to visit Italy to check on the standards of Italian diagnosis. Dr. White found Italian doctors as ready and able to diagnose coronary disease as U.S. physicians.

A particularly provocative study was carried out in Capetown, South Africa, by Dr. Keys and four South African colleagues. Capetown's population contains three distinct groups—Europeans, Cape colored (mulattoes) and native (Bantus). Europeans consume twice as much fat as Bantus; the Cape colored fall in between. Blood cholesterol levels and the incidence of coronary disease, age for age, had the same distribution: high in Europeans, intermediate in Cape colored, exceedingly low in Bantus.

"Now," says Dr. Keys, "here is the kicker. If race were responsible for coronary disease, American Negroes ought to be like the Bantus. But American Negroes match other Americans, not Bantus, in coronary disease.

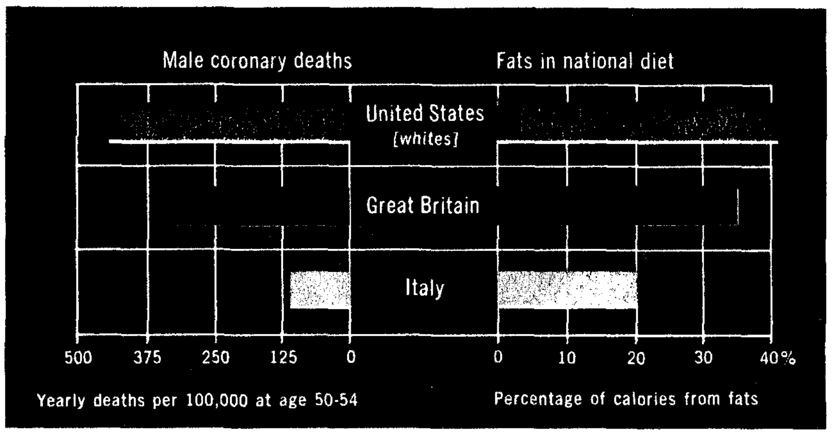
"This is clearly the result of something in the way we live. I think the high proportion of fats in our national diet is to blame.

"Our own U.S. figures," Dr. Keys adds, "also suggest that excessive consumption of fat is involved in our coronary epidemic. During the past 45 years, the fat content of our diet has increased steadily through greater consumption of fat-rich gravies, dressings and desserts, fried foods, meat and other fat-rich foods.

"According to the Department of Agriculture, in 1910, 31.8 per cent of the calories in the U.S. diet were derived from fats. In 1925, the figure was 35.1 per cent, and in 1940, 38.3 per cent. Today, the national average is above 41 per cent, and there must be many families where it is 45 per cent.

"The rise in fat consumption coincides exactly with the emergence of coronary disease as a great public health problem. I believe that a diet overabundant in fat is a major factor in the high incidence of coronary disease among American men."

By no means all of Dr. Keys's fellow scientists are convinced that there is a significant connection between excessive dietary fat and coronary



Dr. Keys and his colleagues, on the basis of studies here and abroad, have found a relationship between the figures on male heart deaths and national diets

Professor Ancel Keys, facing camera, carries on his research in Minnesota's Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene

disease. Some are critical of his use of statistics, especially statistics from abroad; they regard some of the latter as unreliable. They are fearful of precipitating changes in our diet for what they regard as a still unproved theory.

Dr. Keys's conclusions, on the other hand, are supported by a number of distinguished authorities. Dr. Fredrick J. Stare and his colleagues at Harvard have found, for example, that high-fat diets induce artery disease in monkeys. Dr. Louis N. Katz, director of cardiovascular research at Chicago's Michael Reese Hospital, adds, "We have no final answers on coronary disease, but I think excessive dietary fat is definitely involved."

Dr. Keys's studies are also given support by other research. In 1951, Army doctors carried out a remarkable study which showed that vast numbers of American males not only have high blood cholesterol, but also the kind of artery damage that probably goes with high blood cholesterol. Autopsies were performed upon young American soldiers killed in battle in Korea. In case after case, men in their twenties, and some even younger, were found to have coronary arteries seriously blocked by fatty deposits.

The interesting findings of Dr. Keys by no means tell the whole story: Other elements of the diet besides fat may be involved. Moreover, American women and men eat from the same table. What about the odd circumstance that not only do women have less coronary disease than men, but diets that send the blood cholesterol levels of men soaring have little effect on the blood cholesterol levels of women?

Nor has anything been said of the role that lack of exercise may play in the male heart problem. Modern technology has made nearly all jobs in America sedentary. The male worker on the assembly line today (no less than his office boss) may find his job nerve-racking, but he sits down at it and does not use many of his muscles. Many heart-disease researchers (including Dr. Keys) believe that lack of exercise is a major factor in the upsurge of coronary disease. Careful studies in England suggest that sedentary work predisposes people to heart attack.

IT IS IDLE, however, to dream of turning the clock back to an era when more of us had to perform rigorous physical labor. The trend of everyday living is in the opposite direction. As for transferring women's built-in resistance to coronary disease, experiments in which female hormones were given to men have dropped their blood cholesterol level, but have also produced bizarre results (such as the development of breasts) and so far have been tried on only a few patients who have already had heart attacks.

The fact that men cannot absorb excess fats in their diet as well as women, however, points to the possibility that a simple and practicable means exists for doing something about the alarming gap between male and female life spans. To cut the huge coronary toll among American husbands and fathers, it is not necessary for our men to go on near-starvation diets or live like Bantus. Dr. Keys himself points out that such high-fat foods as milk, meat, poultry and eggs are nutritionally desirable in other respects. A moderate reduction in fat-containing foods need not and should not sacrifice good nutrition.

Dr. Keys has not recommended a fat-free diet, but rather one containing a 20 to 30 per cent proportion of calories from fats. Thus a modest adjustment in the daily eating habits of American men might add substantially to their life expectancy.

There is evidence that some fats (olive, peanut and corn oil, for example) may be less troublesome than others. And experiments are under way looking toward processing and cooking methods which will render high-fat foods substantially inoffensive. In the meantime, Dr. Keys feels that most American men would benefit by cutting back their percentages of obviously fatty foods, fat-rich gravies, dressings and desserts, and reducing fried foods in favor of broiled.

"Holding down the proportion of fats should greatly improve your chances of seeing your children through college personally," he says. "That is certainly preferable to seeing them through on the proceeds of life insurance." THE END

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Ordeal by handcart

The Mormon Trek: *They were strange-looking pioneers—sallow men and women of the cities, old people, frail children—but they struggled indomitably on foot across 1,400 miles of savage prairie and mountain, through blazing heat and howling blizzards, defeating death itself in one of the most stirring episodes in the expansion of the West*

By WALLACE STEGNER

In all its history, the American West never saw a more unlikely band of pioneers than the 499 who were camped on the banks of the Iowa River at Iowa City in late May, 1856. They were not colorful—only improbable. Looking for the bronzed and resolute and weather-seasoned among them, you would have seen instead starved cheeks, pale skins, bad teeth, thin chests, all the stigmata of unhealthy work and bad diet. Spindle-legged children loud with new-found freedom picked around camp goggling at strangenesses. There were many gray heads and white heads, many women. They looked more like the population of the poor farm on a picnic than like pioneers about to cross the plains.

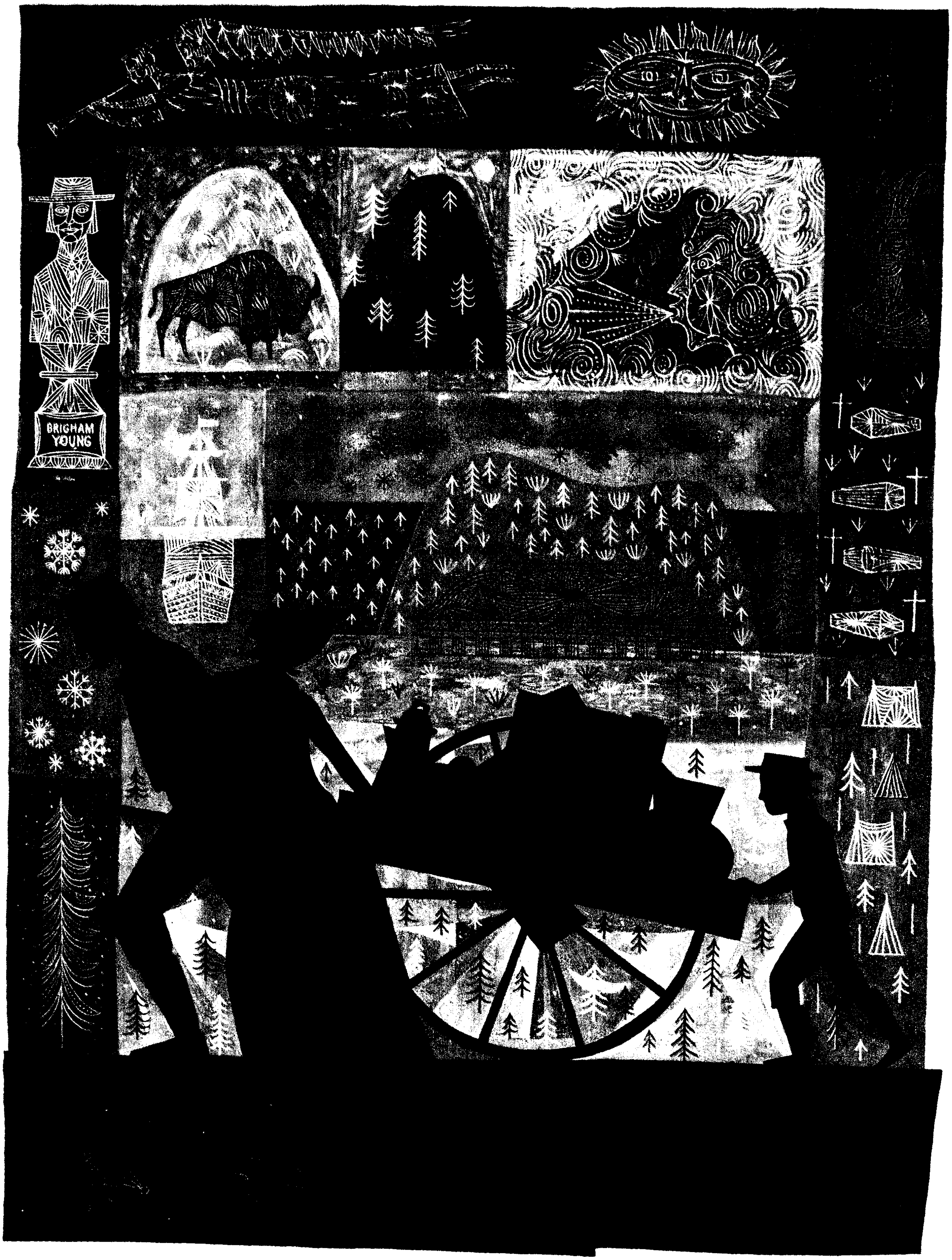
Most of them, until they were marched from their crowded immigrant ships and loaded aboard trains and rushed to the end of the Rock Island line and dumped here at the brink of the West, had never pitched a tent, slept on the ground, cooked outdoors or built a campfire. They had none of the skills that make frontiersmen. But they had some of the stuff that makes heroes.

Mainly Welshmen and Englishmen from the depressed collieries and mill towns, mainly the unsuccessful and poor, they were life's discards. But their intention was so impudent it was almost sublime. Propertyless, ill equipped, untried and untrained, they were going to chance the Mormon Trail across 1,400 miles of Indian country to the Mormon Zion in Great Salt Lake City. And they were going to chance it on foot, hauling their belongings in handcarts.

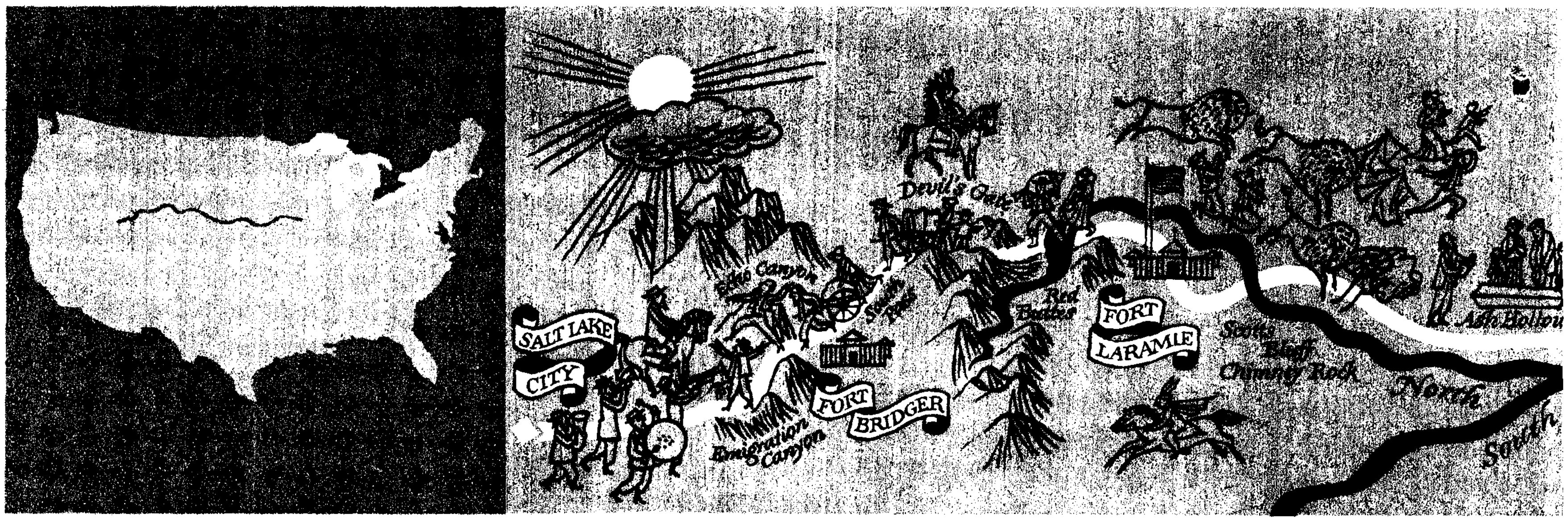
This was the true climax of the historical movement known as the Mormon Migration, one of the great human rivers that poured into the West and peopled it. Oregon, California and Great Salt Lake City were the three goals of the earliest Western pioneers; the Mormon sanctuary at the edge of the Great Basin attracted fewer immigrants than the other two, but those upon whom it exerted its pull came like filings to a magnet, drawn by intense religious zeal and the faith that once they were "gathered in to Zion," near to the Temple and ordinances of the church, they would be readied for inheriting heaven in the flesh. The church grew very largely by proselytizing immigrants from abroad, chiefly in Scandinavia and the British Isles. Brigham Young, pondering ways to bring settlers to the Mormon Zion when neither the converts nor the church's Perpetual Emigration Fund could raise more than a few dollars a head, had devised the handcart scheme himself. "Let them gird up their loins and walk through," he said, "and nothing shall hinder or stay them."

In the summer of 1856 between two and three thousand people, organized into five great caravans, would take Brother Brigham's word and try his method. Their faith was strong, and their church advisers told

EAGLE COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY


BRIGHAM YOUNG

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS VROMAN



This is the route followed by the handcart pioneers—the Mormon Trail, first taken by the original settlers of Salt Lake City in 1847, after they were forced to depart fron

them that without oxen to stray or to be driven off by Indians they would travel faster and more safely than most trains of wagons. The story of these five handcart companies, three leaving Iowa City in June and two in July, is a story of hardship and heroism crowned with horror. The batch of tenderfeet on the banks of the Iowa River at the end of May would make up the first two of the five companies. Theirs would be the hardship and the heroism; the horror would come later.

So far they had caught only straining glimpses of America through smeared train windows or from station platforms. Now they encountered things that piety and hope had not anticipated. The Iowa heat was intense and steamy. Reared under north Europe's gray skies, the pale novices sweltered, crowded three or four families to a tent, while they waited for the handcarts to be built. Children whined with prickly heat, there was not enough food, Iowa natives were often hostile and uncharitable to Mormons. In the long grass of river bottom and woods, unseen insects bit their ankles and left red, swollen, itching patches. In Birmingham, their English take-off point, nobody had told them about chiggers. And when the heat wave finally broke, the rain came with such a rush of thunder, lightning and wind that some were scared stiff, and some prayed, and some struggled to rescue beds afloat in the unditched tents, and some grappled toppling and split tents and tried to keep them up in the tempest. Archer Walters, a carpenter from Sheffield, had worked all day building carts and was up most of the night tending his wife and daughter, sick with some barbarous frontier ailment they called the "American fever." It might have been anything from malaria to typhoid.

Archer Walters was more skilled than most of his companions, but otherwise he was fairly representative. Four nights after the thunderstorm blew their camp around their ears, a woman in the Walters tent bore a baby—of course at one thirty in the morning, to the maximum disruption of sleep. Five days later, Walters made his first coffin—a small one. Two days later he made another, also small. The sickly, stick-legged children had small resistance to the "American fever" and the "cholera morbus." The big picnic with its minor irritations was sobered by real tragedy.

But the handcarts were ready now, made of oak and hickory and built the width of a wagon so as to roll easily in the ruts of the Oregon and Mormon Trails, and with a flimsy box or a net of sacking to hold the loads. They loaded up with joy and thanksgiving and some heartburning—the load limit was 17 pounds for each adult, 10 for each child. They organized as two companies, and on June 9th the first of them strung out in a long cavalcade across the rolling Iowa prairie; by the 11th the full hundred handcarts of the two divisions were all on the road. Behind them came five commissary wagons pulled by three span of oxen each, the only wagons in their caravan.

They made it a celebration, with jokes and horseplay, and some young sisters stepped out briskly ahead of everybody. Even those so sick they must ride in wagons or carts were glad to be moving. At night they danced to the music of the band that had been part of their hegira since they left Birmingham. On Sundays there was morning and evening "meeting," with prayers and exhortations for all, and scoldings for the undisciplined among them.

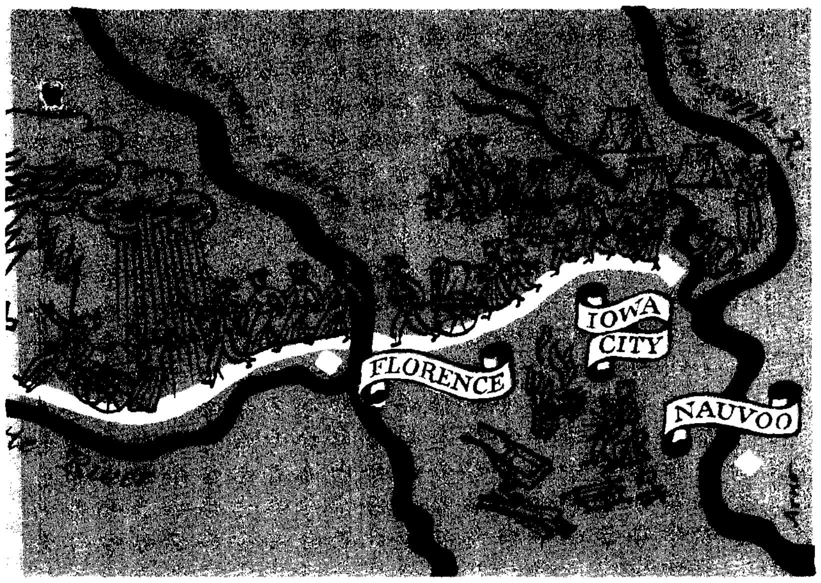
But from the beginning there were families that gathered anxiously around beds where the sick tossed in fever, or walked clustered by carts where children rode unknowing and delirious under the shade of a propped blanket. The elders prayed over the sick, practiced the laying-on of hands, "rebuked" the illness. But every so often the camp gathered at a graveside to testify to God's inscrutable will.

It was for children that Archer Walters went on making coffins. On June 15th, one for John Lee's son and another for Sister Prator's child. On June 17th, one for Job Welling's son. James Bowers, aged forty-four, interrupted the series of children's deaths on June 22d, and Walters made his first full-sized coffin, but on June 26th he was back to the small ones—one for Sister Sheen's child, and on July 2d, one for Brother Card's daughter. All across Iowa's hot green miles they marked their way with headstones of new lumber, and on mornings when one of those graves must be left behind, there were men and women who went numbly, head down, pulling like sleepwalkers on the handles of the carts.

Yet as a company they were meek, they bowed to God's will, trusting His promises. Somewhere up or down the line good spirits would break out in song, a foolish marching song that had grown up among them spontaneously, and it would spread until it took them all raggedly in, out of time like the music of a long parade:

For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the Valley, oh.

They were singing it when they ferried the dirty Missouri and came into Florence, near present Omaha. This was the old town of Winter Quarters, where the original Mormon pioneers had suffered miserably through the winter of 1846. But the first two handcart companies, though they had suffered their pitiful deaths, were in good shape when they arrived in Florence. They had walked more than 300 miles in a month, the sun had burned them brown and camp life had toughened their muscles. There were fewer sick; the children marched on callused bare feet to the music of the Birmingham band. A few pilgrims, fed up with walking in the heat and dust and thunderstorms, departed the outfit while it was resting and repairing its carts. The others, after a 10-day rest, took off cheerfully on July 20th to walk across the more than 1,000 miles of unpeopled wilder-

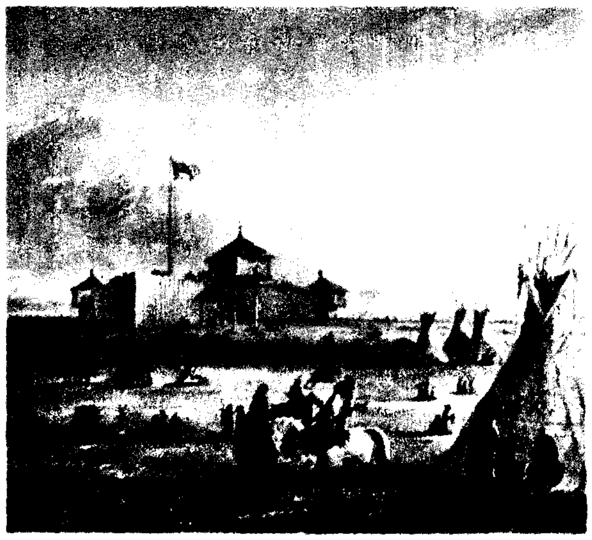


Nauvoo, Illinois. The trail is shown at the left on a map of the modern U.S.A.

ness that still separated them from Zion. They still traveled as two companies.

Signs of God's power on the exposed plains were awesome. On July 26th, ". . . we had not got far and it began to lightning and soon the thunder roared and about the middle of the train of handcarts the lightning struck a brother and he fell to rise no more in that body. By the name of Henry Walker, from Carlisle Conference, aged fifty-eight years. Left a wife and children . . . I put the body, with the help of others, on the handcart and pulled him to camp and buried him without a coffin for there were no boards to be had."

Thus Archer Walters. They were past the place where coffin boards could be found, but as the journey lengthened and rations shrank and fatigue grew, the deaths started again, this time among the older and weaker members. Brother Missel Rossin was found dead beside the trail one day, and a couple of weeks later, far up the Platte, Brother Stoddard, aged fifty-four, gave out. Two days later, Brother Sanderson, an old man who had once confusedly wandered out and lost himself on the prairie, lay down and did not get up.



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Fort Laramie, last settlement before the Rocky Mountains, as it was depicted some years prior to the handcart trek by the great artist of the early West, Alfred Jacob Miller

But the two handcart caravans, traveling only a day or two apart, were a large company, and the scattered deaths were no more frequent than in the usual wagon train. And some people even recovered and grew healthier as the journey went on. Archer Walters recorded the complete recovery of his wife Harriet, but was moved to remark also that now she had her strength back, Harriet was "very ill-tempered at times."

Their story is only the story of a march. They slogged on under the searing August sun, took shelter as they could from the wild weather of the plains, waded the rivers, patched up their warped and rickety carts, saw Indians, saw buffalo, had a little fresh meat but rarely enough. And they watched the landmarks of the long Mormon Trail fall steadily behind them: the forks of the Platte, Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock, Scotts Bluff, Fort Laramie. Brother Ellsworth, the leader of the first company, of which the Walters were a part, addressed them in meeting and complimented them that bickering was less among them, but thundered out at sneak thieves who had stolen food from the wagons. "Unless they repent their flesh would rot from their bones and go to Hell," said Archer Walters to his diary. On the other side, the pilgrims muttered a little, privately, about Captain Ellsworth. He was too fond of walking at the head of the column with all the young sisters—and how did it happen that if a sick person wanted to ride a wagon the captain was always disgusted, but if one of the young sisters wanted to, he could arrange it?

Actually their bickering and their morale problems were insignificant, and if anyone stole from the wagons he stole from sheer hunger, for their rations by now were lean. Archer Walters swapped a "dagger" for some meal and bacon at Fort Laramie, and was so powerfully taken with the smell of the bacon that he and his son Henry ate some raw, unable to wait till it could be cooked.

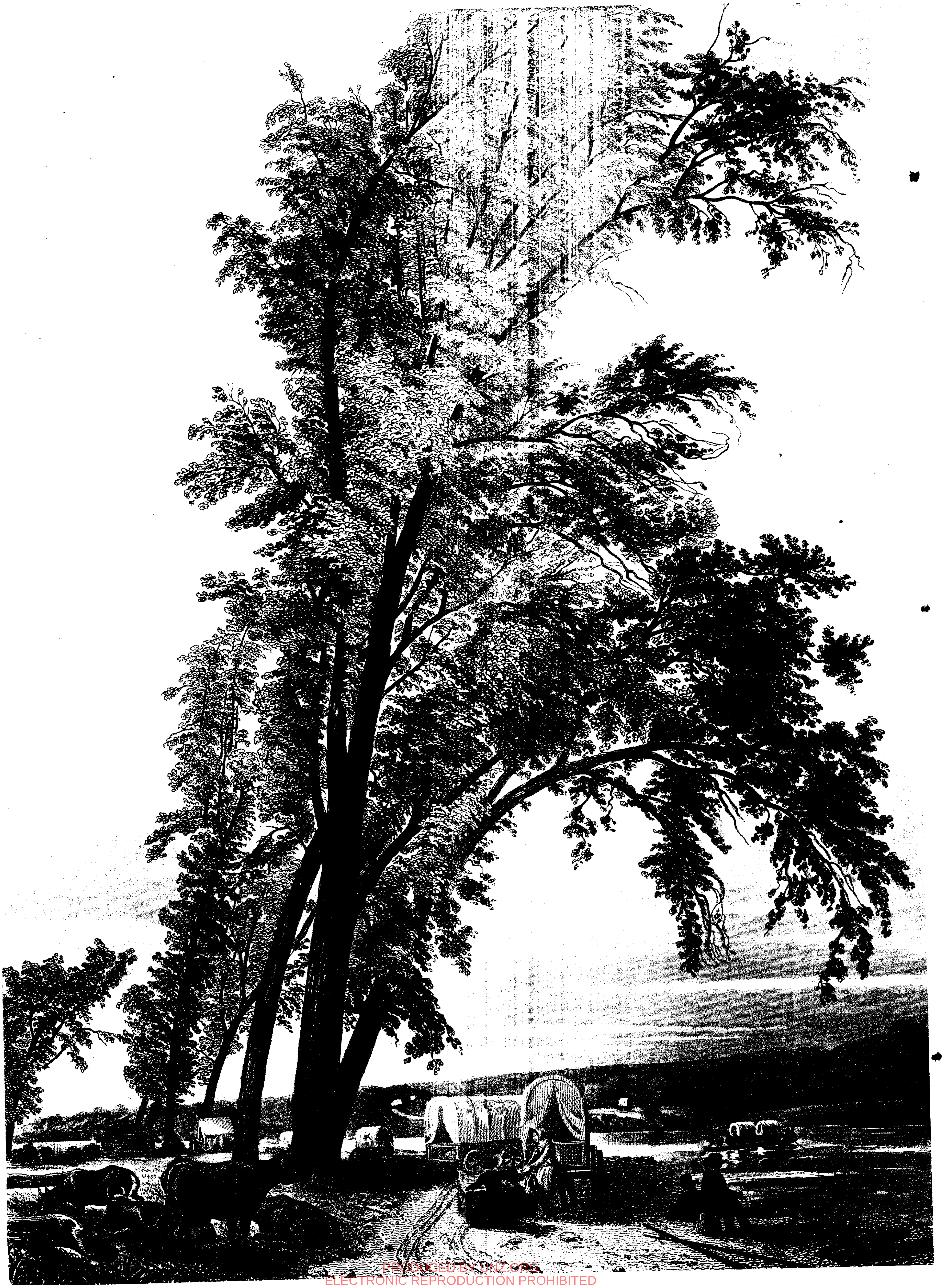
"Very poorly, faint and hungry," they crossed the Platte for the last time at Red Buttes, and forced themselves on toward the Sweetwater. The day before they passed Devil's Gate they walked 26 miles; that day Brother Nipras died and was laid in a shallow roadside grave. The day they crossed South Pass and camped at Pacific Springs they had walked 28 miles, and they were muttering at Captain Ellsworth for walking so fast, nearly four miles an hour. Brother Ellsworth was walking fast because he was worried. Forcing all he could from their tired bodies, he led them down into the valley of the Green River, on toward Fort Bridger and the outposts of Zion, where they could look for supplies and help.

The last entry in Archer Walters' journal records, appropriately enough, a death, Sister Mayer's. Then the journal stops. It stops because Walters had no more strength for nonessentials. Weakened by exposure and overwork and a diet of a few ounces of flour a day, he still managed to drag his rickety cart on across the Wyoming plateau and across Bear River at modern Evanston, and on through Echo Canyon and the high valleys of the Wasatch, until on September 26th, a fine fall day, they broke out of the mouth of Emigration Canyon, from which the first pioneers had looked upon Salt Lake Valley nine years before, to find half the population of Zion drawn up to welcome and applaud them. Brigham Young and his first counselor, Heber C. Kimball, were there, along with Captain Pitt's brass band. To the pilgrims, it was like seeing the Angel Gabriel and the heavenly choir.

Foot soldiers of Zion, they were cheered and greeted as brothers and sisters, so that some did hornpipes for joy, and some had bursts of sudden unexpected tears, and some remembered with a bitter pang the graves by the trailside. But when the Saints from the valley asked why they had sent ahead no word of their coming, the pilgrims pulled proudly from their pockets letters they had written in Florence, away back on the Missouri a thousand miles ago. There had been nobody to give them to. The foot soldiers with the handcarts, the scrawny paupers from Europe's back streets, the ragged cavalcade of old men, women, children, family groups of all sizes and ages, had outdistanced everything on the road. Not an ox train, not a mule train, not even a horseman had passed them.

Captain Ellsworth reported their experiences to the assembled Saints in the auditorium they called the Bowery. Personally, he regretted that they had had a single wagon with them. Not only had they been delayed many times, waiting for the teams or hunting strayed oxen, but the presence of the commissary wagons had weakened the faith of the brothers and sisters: every time they felt a little sick they had wanted to ride.

"I am persuaded," said Captain Ellsworth, "that if there had been no wagons for such people, there would have been none sick, or weak, but



that their faith would have been strong in the name of the Lord."

Maybe so. To Harriet Walters, who had herself been sick to death for two thirds of the journey, and had watched her patient husband nearly kill himself pulling her or their sick daughter Sarah, walking all day and mending carts or building coffins at night, and finally reaching the valley more dead than alive, that must have seemed hard doctrine. It must have seemed harder when two weeks later Archer Walters died of his trip to Zion. But in a way the fanatical Ellsworth was right. The more the Lord demanded of His people, the more they would give.

The first two companies thought they had given a good deal, in spite of Captain Ellsworth's insinuations. Later companies would be asked to give more.

Two weeks after the first 500 left Iowa City, a group composed mainly of Welshmen took out after them. This third party had such a phenomenally lucky passage, discounting the usual discomforts of the trail, and the occasional and expected deaths, that they seemed to demonstrate beyond all doubt the excellence of Brigham Young's handcart plan. In spite of the presence of many old people—one woman of seventy-three walked every step of the way—this company averaged 20 miles a day, as against the ordinary ox-train average of little better than 10. They came into Salt Lake Valley with loud hosannas only a week behind the first parties.

But later that summer two more companies would try it, and theirs was a different story.

Some of them didn't sail from Liverpool until the end of May. It was July before they assembled in Iowa City, where they found no handcarts prepared and no seasoned lumber to build them from. More than 1,000 strong, they waited a long, worrisome time until 260 carts could be made from green wood. On July 15th, 500 of them finally got away. The other 576 did not get on the road until July 26th.

As far as the Missouri they fared well. The first party, under Captain Willie, arrived on August 11th, the second under Captain Martin on the 22d, while the Willie company was still resting in Florence and mending its carts.

Reunited in a great mass meeting, the two companies debated whether or not to take the chance of starting across so late in the season. They made the mistake that many a party of Western travelers more seasoned than they had made: they gambled on the weather. Eager to reach Zion, they persuaded themselves that the Lord would temper the wind to His lambs, and hold back the winter.

On each cart, as insurance, they laid an extra hundred pounds of flour, and the human draft animals pulled this overload bravely enough, and the carts bore it, until they crossed that invisible line that divides the humid Midwest from the arid West. Then their green carts began to warp and disintegrate and collapse; their shrieking wooden axles wore down under the grinding of the sand. Patching every night, greasing the axles with soap or bacon rind or whatever would slip, they hurried on, the two companies about a week apart. Behind both came two Mormon parties traveling by ox-drawn wagon and hurrying even more belatedly to beat the onset of winter.

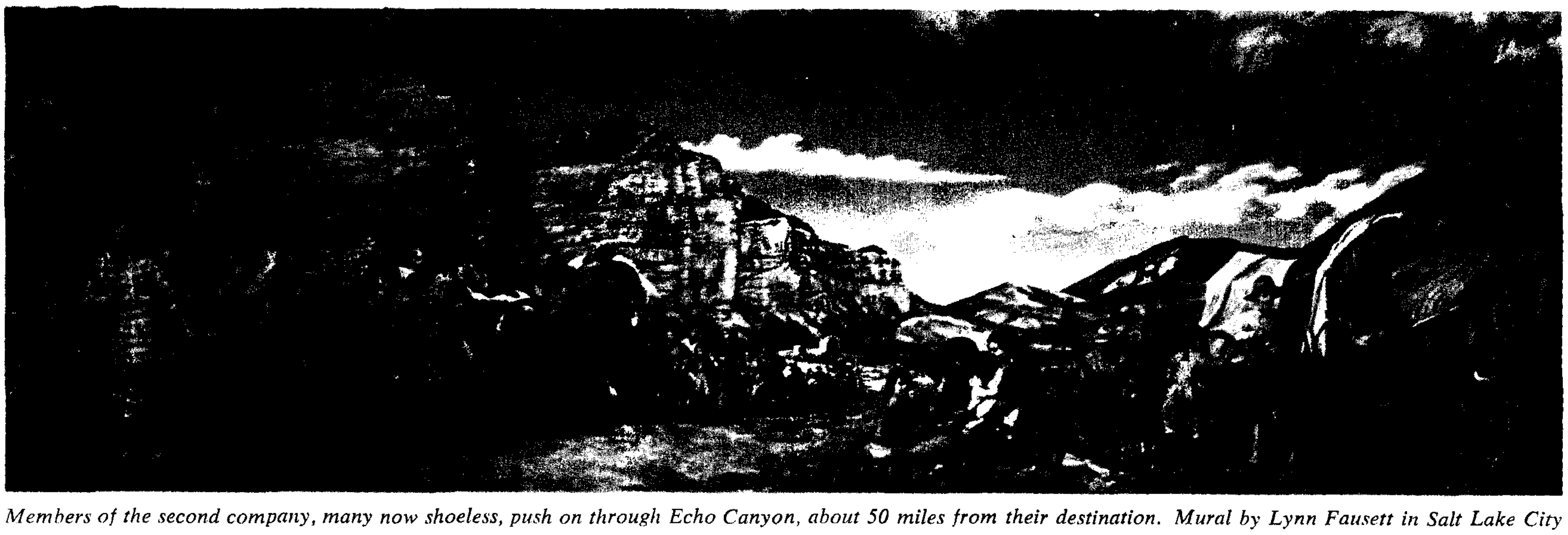
Left, the tree-shaded Council Bluffs ferry, where the Mormon Trail crossed the Missouri, was a welcome sight to the handcart groups. At this point they had walked 300 miles, but were almost at Florence, Neb., for years a Mormon haven

Knowing they were dangerously late, the pilgrims on foot hated the delays of their collapsing carts. And then came something more serious: one night a stampeding herd of buffalo came right through their camp, and when they crawled out from under the carts and rounded up all the cattle they could find, they were 30 head short. Those had been not only draft animals for their commissary wagons but beef insurance, and the flour they had to unload from the wagons and pull on the handcarts strained their crazy carts as much as their endurance.

Fort Laramie saw the Willie company on September 1st. Ahead lay 500 more miles, the hardest 500, mountainous all the way, and at high altitudes where the cold came early. They had had their deaths, but they were still in fair condition. Counting heads and estimating daily marches, Willie cut their flour allowance from a pound a day per head to three quarters of a pound. The harder the road and the longer the marches, the smaller their rations and the frailer their strength. Some of them threw away belongings, lightening the carts for the last lap. They could not hope to reach Salt Lake Valley on the food they had, but they hoped for supplies at South Pass or Fort Bridger, and they sent word on ahead by some fast-traveling returning missionaries.

Nights were cold and got colder as they labored up the Sweetwater and climbed the long hard grade toward the Continental Divide. There were more deaths. The older and weaker members drooped and failed under the grind, stumbled into camp with faces drawn and set with exhaustion, and sometimes they lay down for a moment's rest and died without ever knowing how completely worn out they were. "Life went out," a survivor wrote afterward, "as smoothly as a lamp ceases to burn when the oil is gone. At first the deaths occurred slowly and irregularly, but in a few days at more frequent intervals, until we soon thought it unusual to leave a campground without burying one or more persons . . . Many a father pulled his cart with his little children on it, until the day preceding his death."

There was a gray day in October when the people plodding along in a long ragged column felt something brush their faces, and looked up. Snow. They did not stop their patient dull plodding. Even when two mounted strangers who said they were messengers from a relief party en route from Salt Lake appeared out of the snow-filled afternoon, the pilgrims had little left to rally with. Foot after tired foot, they forced themselves on a few



Members of the second company, many now shoeless, push on through Echo Canyon, about 50 miles from their destination. Mural by Lynn Fausett in Salt Lake City more miles and camped in some willows. When they awoke, the snow was a foot deep, their few starving draft animals were scattered in the storm, and there were five new corpses to be buried.

Without strength to hunt their stock or walk farther, they stalled there in the snow, and because the ground was hard-frozen and their strength was gone, they could not now even dig graves for their dead, but simply buried them together in a snowdrift.

Several days' travel behind them, the Martin party had reached Red Buttes and the last crossing of the Platte. They had not lost as many oxen as the Willie party, and had thus fared a little better, but their situation was even more desperate because they had farther to go. The hundred buffalo robes they had bought in Fort Laramie were a mixed blessing: a family might keep warmer because of them, but die of hauling the extra weight. Some families had already thrown theirs away. Before them the Platte ran slush ice, and there was no ferry.

Grimly fathers picked up their children and waded out into the river; women hiked their skirts and waded after them. Blue, shivering, starving, they huddled into camp on the other side, and that was where the first snow caught them.

For three days they sat there; they could do nothing else. Deaths got so frequent they had to appoint a burial squad of the strongest men. Margaret Dalglish, a stout Scotch girl worn down to skin and bones, but still keeping up, looked across at another young girl by the fire one evening and saw her die in the act of raising a cracker to her mouth. A day or two later she watched as 18 of their company were buried in one snow grave.

When the storm blew out, they wallowed on a few miles toward the Sweetwater, but before they reached it another three-day storm halted them.

A woman named Elizabeth Kingsford, alarmed when her husband was not even able to swallow his morsel of supper, wrapped him in their blankets and lay down beside him with all her clothes on.

About midnight, terribly cold, she rolled closer and put her hand on him and knew that he was dead. She cried out, but her cries brought no one. The rest of the night she lay grim and dry-eyed beside her husband's corpse, and when the camp could move again, she struggled on with her three children.

A night or two later they were so worn out that nobody in the group had strength to pitch their tent. The mother sat down on a rock with one child in her lap and one huddled against each side, and so sat out the night—without hope, almost without thought, without anything left except the indomitable spark that would not quite flicker out.

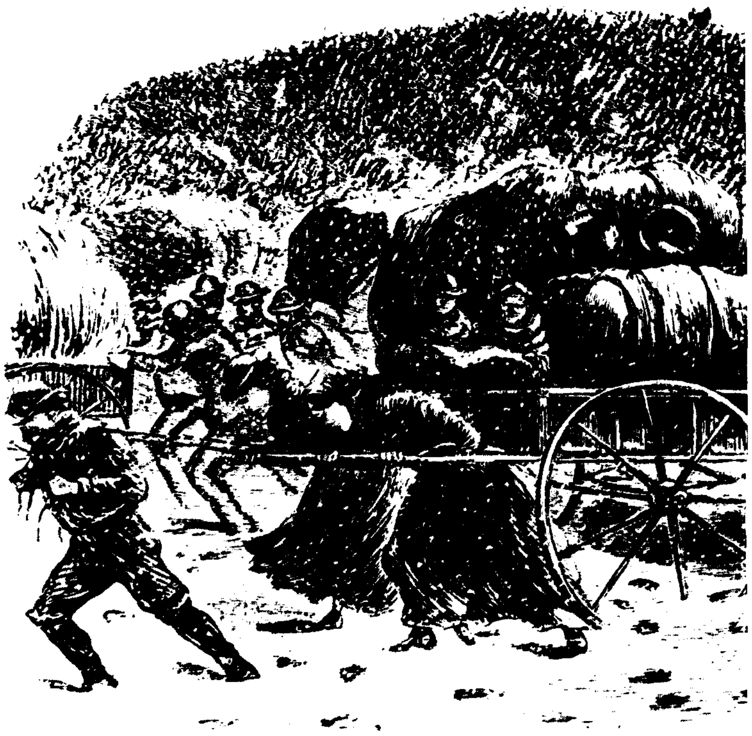
In Salt Lake City the missionaries bearing news of the Willie and Martin companies arrived during the October Conference of the Church, when all the settlers from all the settlements in Zion were gathered for exhortation and renewal. Brigham Young promptly adjourned the conference and called for wagons, supplies and volunteers. This was the sort of operation at which the Mormon people had always been as good as anyone in the world. They had met enough crises together to know how, and they were bound by a sense of brotherhood to the converts struggling toward them across the mountains. Twenty-seven young men took off with wagonloads of food, warm clothing and bedding.

The rescuers themselves had nothing easy to look forward to—a forced drive across three or four hundred miles of wintry mountains. They crowded their teams recklessly day after day, looking ahead for the vanguard of the walkers. But the mountain valleys reached on snowy and empty, the ramparts of Echo Canyon bounced back the thud and rattle of their broad tires, they rose out of the canyon and saw the shining Uintas to the southward and the great high Wyoming plain ahead, and still no one appeared.

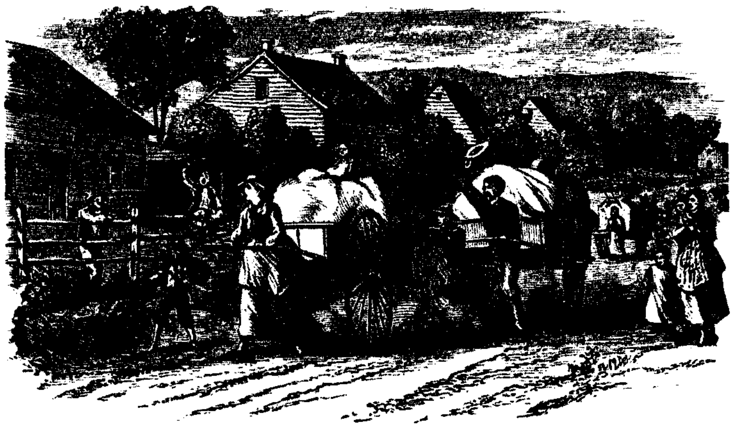
By Fort Bridger they were seriously alarmed, and would have pushed on even faster, but a new storm came blindingly out of the north and stopped them. That was the night of October 20th. That same night Captain Willie and one companion, frostbitten and exhausted and riding two worn-out animals, appeared out of the blizzard to tell them that if they didn't come at once there was no use to come at all.

They broke camp at once and started again. Even these, trailwise and hardy and young and well fed, had all they could do, but they did not stop again until they reached the camp where the Willie company lay. The night before rescue reached them, nine more had died. The rest had not eaten for 48 hours.

The rescuers built up great fires, distributed clothes and bedding, handed out food. But even though the company had lost a sixth of its original number, there were still more than 400 people, far more than the rescue party could feed or clothe. And beyond them lay the Martin company, as bad off or worse. The rescuers divided, one-half staying to help the Willie company on toward Fort Bridger, the others pushing on to find the Martin party. They found it camped and waiting for the end between Red Buttes and the Sweetwater. In their hurry and weakness many had thrown away too much. Some of them now were without bedding, and some of the children were barefoot in the snow. They had no food except a little stringy beef from draft animals that had worn them-


Two companies left Iowa in July, too late in the year. Winter caught them

BETTMANN ARCHIVE


Passing an Iowa town early in the trek, when danger seemed remote

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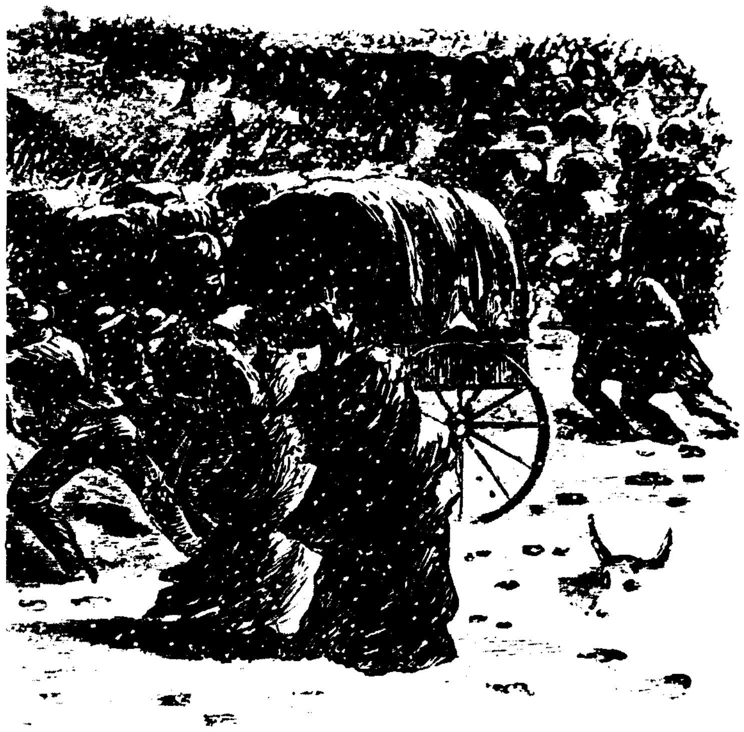
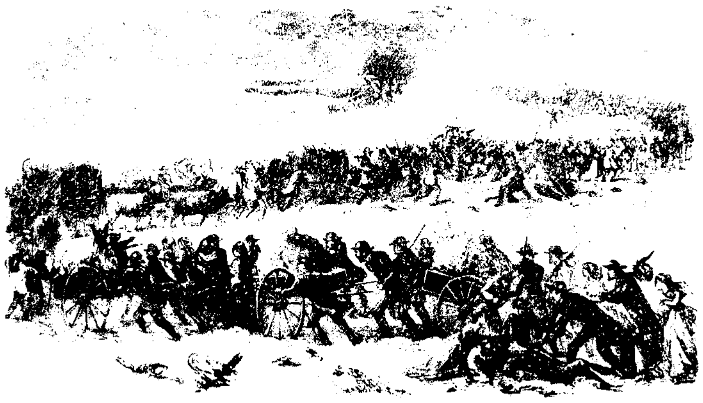


on the trail. Most prints on these pages come from contemporary journals

selves out in the harness, and even that food had given them dysentery. Since the party crossed the Platte nine days before, 56 had died.

Even then, with both handcart companies located, and the stalled wagon trains still farther back reached with supplies and encouragement, rescue was far from sure. Exhaustion and death were not rendered impossible because a few men had arrived with a few pounds of food and a great load of hope. The deaths went on, and it took days of toil and agony to work the stricken camps along the road to the Green River, where they met more supply wagons rushed through by Brigham Young, and where there were shelter and firewood. As quickly as they could, the rescue wagons loaded up the weakest and started them for Salt Lake City. The stronger ones came along under their own power, but with a broad, broken trail to follow and with constant help when they needed it. Much of the Martin company's gear was left with that of the two wagon trains at Devil's Gate, with a wintering party to look after it. The wagon trains never did reach Salt Lake that season, but wintered at Fort Bridger.

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



Many handcart people, poorly clad and exhausted, died in the snow

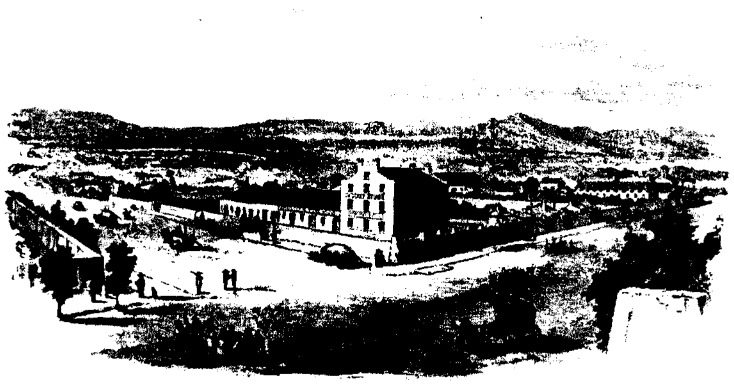
It is hard to imagine the emotions of rescue, the dazed joy of being snatched from the very toppling brink, and hard to feel how hope that has been crushed little by little, day by day, until it is apparently dead, can come back with a rush like life itself returning. It is quite as hard to visualize the hardship that even rescue entailed—that jolting, racking, freezing, grief-numbed, drained and exhausted 300 miles on through the winter mountains to sanctuary. In Echo Canyon, between the battlements of red sandrock, a child was born in one of the wagons. How his mother survived long enough to bring him to life will never be fully understood by anyone who read his story. He was wrapped in the "garments," the holy underwear, of one of the young rescuers, and they named him, with a haunting appropriateness, Echo. Against all probability, both he and his mother lived.

The first of the rescued reached Salt Lake on November 9th, a day of tears and thanksgiving. For many days afterward the others were straggling in, some riding the wagons, some still grimly hauling their battered carts, still defiantly on their own legs. Margaret Dalglish, that gaunt image of Scotch fortitude, dragged her pitiful handful of possessions to the very rim of the valley, but when she looked down and saw the end of it, safety, the City of the Saints, she did something extraordinary. She tugged the cart to the edge of the road and gave it a push and watched it roll and crash and tumble and burst apart, scattering down the ravine the last things she owned on earth. Then she went on into Salt Lake to start the new life with nothing but her gaunt bones, her empty hands, her stout heart.

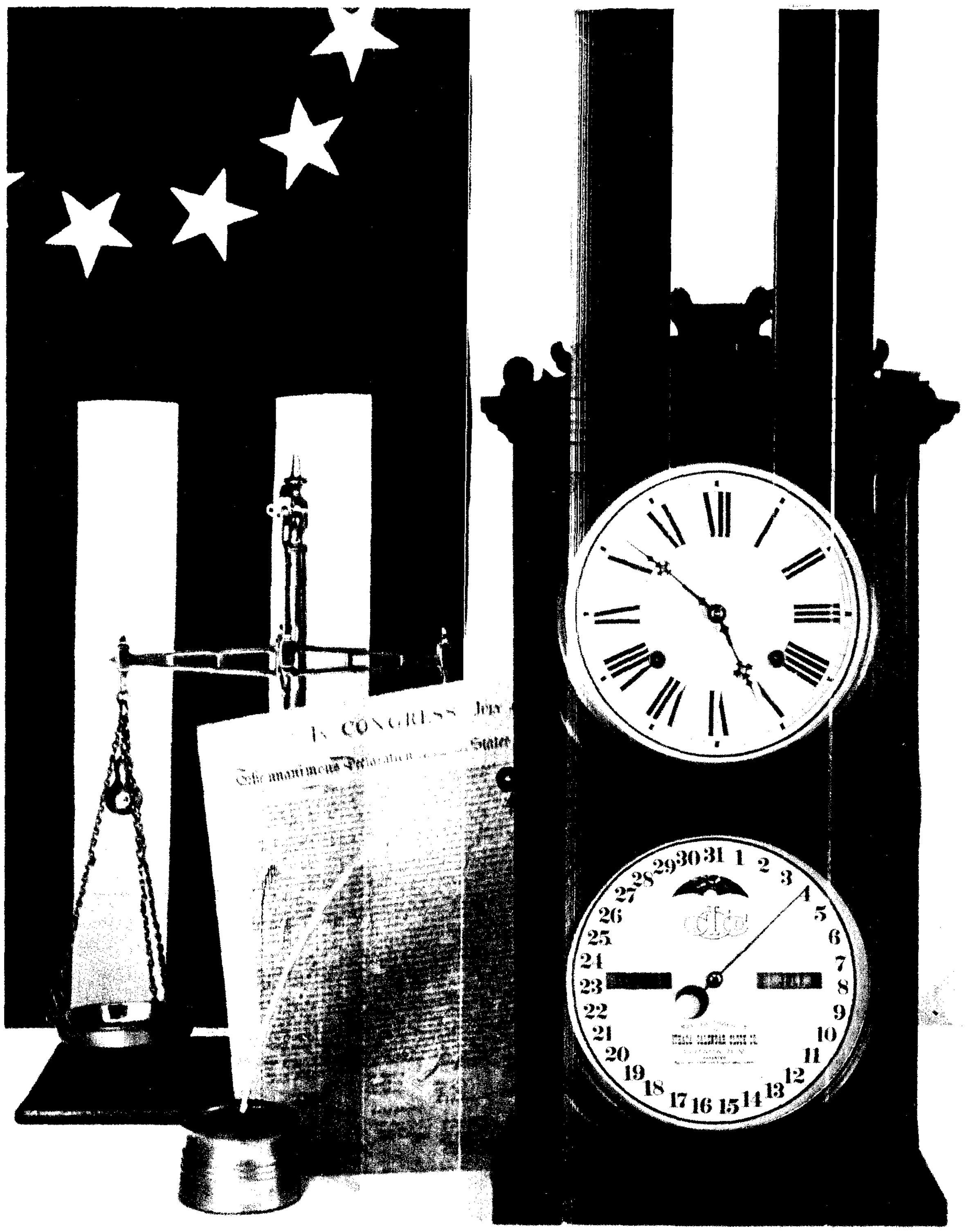
That is the story of one of the worst disasters in all the history of Western settlement. Other tragedies have taken the imaginations of historians more, for some reason, perhaps because the Mormons have been considered a "peculiar" people and the civilization they established in the valleys of the mountains an eccentric one. The three successful handcart caravans and the two tragic ones are an overlooked episode in our histories of the West. The grisly story of the Donner party in the Sierra Nevada in 1846, and the almost-as-grisly experience of John Charles Frémont's party in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado two years later are known to hundreds where the story of the handcart companies is known to one. But Frémont lost 11 men, the Donner party about 40. The Willie and Martin handcart companies, never able to count their casualties with accuracy, lost well over 200 people. If the nerve and endurance and faith necessary to break the Western wilderness had a single climactic illustration, it was here.

Perhaps their suffering seems less dramatic because the handcart pioneers bore it meekly, praising God, instead of fighting for life with the ferocity of animals and eating their dead to keep their own life beating, as both the Frémont and Donner parties did. And assuredly the handcart pilgrims were less hardy, less skilled, less well equipped to be pioneers. But if courage and endurance make a story, if human kindness and helpfulness and brotherly love in the midst of raw horror are worth recording, this half-forgotten episode of the Mormon migration is one of the great tales of the West and of America. THE END

CULVER SERVICE



End of the trail: part of Salt Lake City as it looked around 1856



JOHN LOCKE

Of Time and a Principle

The essence of the Declaration of Independence is contained in these words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." This is the fulcrum, designed and set in place by Thomas Jefferson and a band of fellow patriots, upon which the American nation has flourished for 180 years. Time is the surest test of value; the years have developed no flaw in the workmanship of Jefferson and his colleagues. On the contrary, their fulcrum supports the vast weight of modern America as faithfully as it supported the little nation which, with their guidance, struck out to win its freedom. It will continue to do so as long as Americans remember that Jefferson's Revolution continues to this day, that freedom can be won, but never secured, that the heritage from the authors of the Declaration is a principle precisely as strong as the respect in which it is held.

Collier's for July 6, 1956

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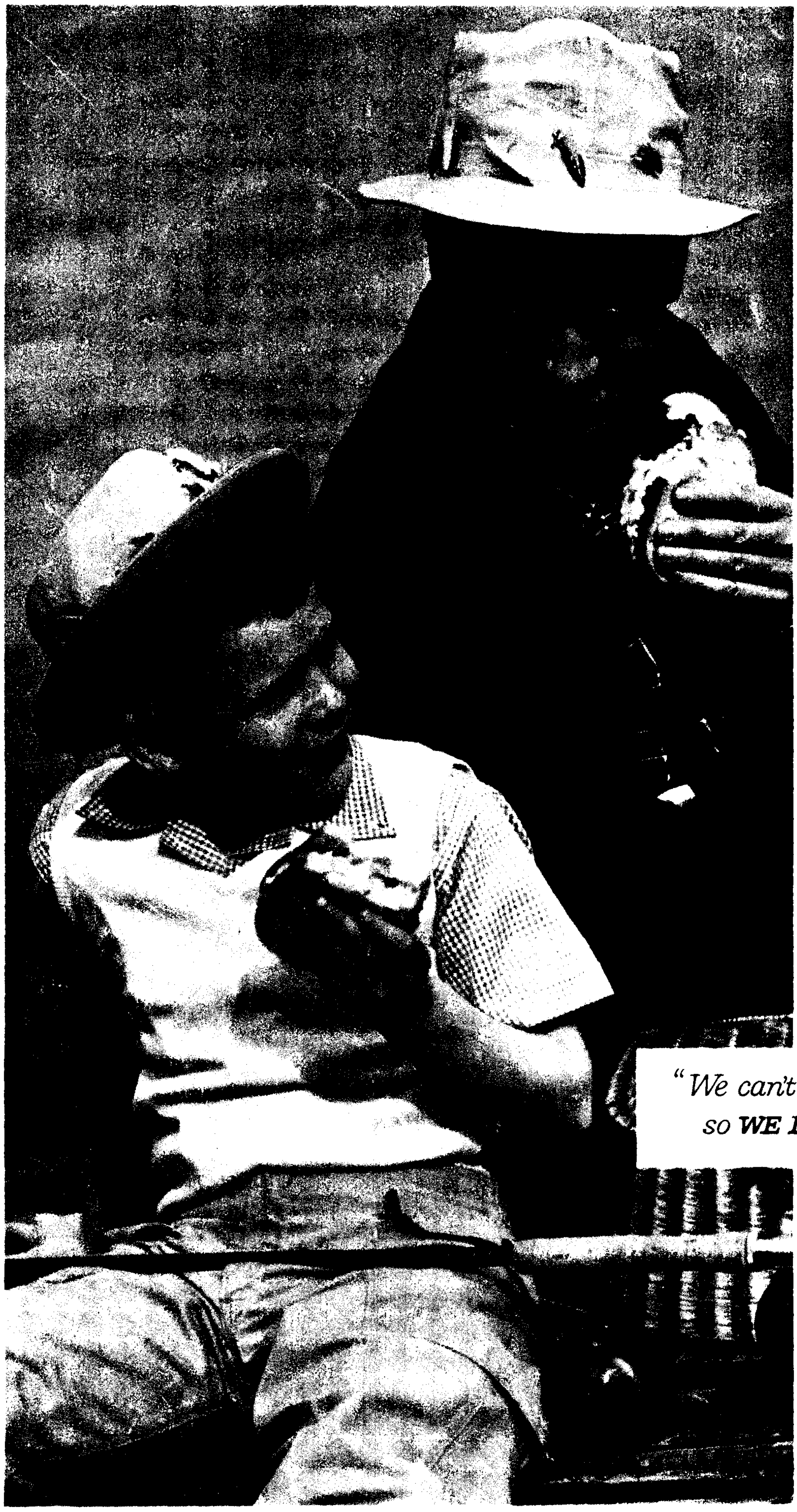
ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*



JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

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AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

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ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!